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WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IT?

BY JOHN CAMPBELL HAYWOOD

A good archer is not known by his arrows, but by his aim. — ENGLISH PROVERB

I

I TELL these stories just as I saw them lived.

One seat was unoccupied in the smoker. It became mine by prompt possession. The window seat held a man who at once addressed me by name.

'How are you?' he said. 'I have not seen you for years.'

I turned and took his outstretched hand. His face was familiar, but I could not place him, and frankly said so.

'I'm Charley.' He smiled amiably and folded up his papers. 'You used to be pretty good to me in the old days when we met on West Street.'

Then I remembered Charley. Always seedy, a sort of hack accountant, often out of a job, pockets empty, but with a smiling face 'going forth to meet the future without fear and with a manly heart'; perhaps getting his deserts from life, but with an attractive attitude toward misfortune, never a whine, never a rail against fate; always seeing the silver lining though the clouds were drab; always sober.

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A

As he said when we met, I was 'pretty good to him,' according to his lights. I never knew his full name. I do not now! But this was a different Charley, fatter of face, richly, even expensively, dressed. Prosperity oozed. The cheerful smile was genuine — not, as it had sometimes been, clearly forced against fate. His hands were gloved and folded over the head of an expensive cane. He was going, he told me, 'down-state to see his mother.'

'I am mighty glad, Charley,' I said, 'to see that you are evidently doing well. Can't keep a good man down, can they?'

Charley laughed. 'Well, I played in pretty hard luck for some time after I last saw you. That must be six or seven years ago, is n't it? But a fellow got me my present job, and I've made more money in the last twelve months than I made in twelve years before. And if it keeps up, I won't have to worry for a few years to come, anyway.'

'Good for you!' I spoke heartily. 'Don't retire too soon from whatever it is. Idleness has killed stronger men

than you. Work never did.' You see, I had studied Charley and am old enough to have fathered him.

He looked quizzically at me for a moment, his eyes twinkling.

'I'm a dry agent. I work for the Government.'

Then he lay back in his seat and grinned widely. He had meant to startle me — and did. But I love what is interesting in my fellow man, and this was intensely interesting. I am also a seeker after knowledge.

'I did not know they paid such handsome salaries — or you are extravagant. That cane must have set you back twenty dollars.'

The tone of my voice checked Charley's grin. 'They don't,' he said, and looked out of the window.

'Then it must be graft.'

He did not tell more of the story at once. I drew it out of him by adroit questioning and direct accusation. He was in the window seat, too, so could not get away, and was going farther than I was. And, as he had said, I had been pretty good to him when luck was against him. It is nice to find remembrance and gratitude in small affairs — and rare. It had comforted him to bare his soul to me. It was always clean and decent.

'Grafter, yes, I suppose you would call it that if you consider taking ill-gotten gains and part of his hundred-per-cent profit from a lawbreaker grafting. I don't, and there are scores like me in this game who think the same as I do, just as there are millions like you, who do not hesitate to take a drink of bootleg stuff when you can get it. It is easy picking, anywhere from a hundred to a thousand dollars a week, according to the town you're in. Of course, we make raids and that sort of thing, and the fellow gets fined a couple of hundred and opens up next day. Mike's turn one week and Pietro's

the next. And if they come across after that, we let them alone for several months. Handle any hooch ourselves? [That in answer to my question.] Not so you would notice it. That's the chief's job and too risky for an underling. Of course, if a chap gets too raw and someone complains to the chief, you get shifted to another town, or fired. Depends on the chief's digestion, I guess.'

My station was approaching.

'Well, good-bye, Charley. It seems a rotten business all round. Hope you keep out of jail.'

We shook hands. 'Sure it's rotten,' said Charley, 'but you never heard of an agent going to jail, did you?'

I had to answer no.

'Well, why? I am not the only one in the game.'

II

The next scene was in the parlor of a well-furnished house in a residential neighborhood of well-to-do people. The house was surrounded by half an acre of ground, well-kept lawns, trim hedges, and neat shrubbery. A wide driveway led to a three-car garage in the rear.

My host was a man of about thirty-five, an American, an ex-soldier with an excellent war record after two years' service overseas; a clean-cut, splendid-looking fellow, with a charming wife. Two volatile children played jack-in-the-box with me through the folding doors that led into the dining-room. It was a lovely home of unquestionably refined people. The man's business had been for eighteen months, and is still for all I know to the contrary, operating three trucks on regular trips to and from Canada with liquors. He is assisted by six ex-soldiers. Only one of the seven ever touches hard liquor in any form. They are beer drinkers — but not 'near.'

My host entertained me with many interesting stories of his road life. He explained that there were thirty-six places where the Canadian Government allows one bottle per man. The restrictions are severe, the price moderate, the liquor unadulterated. His men visit at these places as often as the law allows, conceal the goods until the desired quantity is obtained, then bring it in. He has never had any trouble with the revenue or police officers, to whom, when he is stopped, he pays from twenty-five to one hundred dollars, 'according,' as he told me, 'to what kind of breakfast they have had.' He explained this joke to my innocence by saying that he ran by night with one stop, and the officers whom he met came on duty for the early morning watch and breakfasted before they left their homes. But he used to be afraid of 'hi-jackers'—road pirates—until he hit on a contrivance that keeps them away. He showed me this,—I am not going to explain it,—in fact, gave me an exhibition of its use. For the purpose of the play, I simulated a hi-jacker holding him up on the road. Then the joke was on me. It certainly was. It cost me a clean collar. He also showed me five bullet-holes in the back of his car—a hi-jacker's mark of disrespectful attention.

What the wife said was interesting, also: 'After the war and his wounds my husband developed a restless, unhappy disposition. His old firm did not take him back, and he was out of work for a long time. He is naturally adventurous and when this silly law of Bryan's [that is what she said] made this business possible and profitable for him, he went into it, and I'm glad he did. He is better in mind and body. His boys are, too. Afraid of the risk? Who, me? Tommy there was born three months after he went overseas. And he was away two years—fighting.'

III

Still another scene: up five flights of stairs in an Italian tenement—a noisy tenement, with children's voices predominating. Now and then as I toiled upward, the shrill tones of an Italian mother vibrated through the narrow hallways. Black-eyed youngsters rushed from some doorway to peer curiously at me, perhaps to say, 'How do, meester?' with the nice courtesy that is a part of them. I know many little Pietros and Mariettas and their fathers and mothers, and sometimes wish our paternal government understood them as well as I think I do, and treated our aliens with the consideration that is their due as our guests in a land whose ways, language, and laws are all foreign to them.

On the fifth floor I found the people I sought—a big, broad-shouldered Italian and his buxom wife; also her two brothers, a boarder, and four children. In the living-room, ranged against the wall, stood four fifty-gallon puncheons—all full, or nearly so, as I verified with my cane. The man said it was 'ver' fine wine. I maka heem myself.'

There were johns and demijohns in all four rooms—the bath, from the color of it, I judged, supported the wine press. Yes, you have guessed rightly. The men made the wine and distributed it as called for. It was not for family use only. Marco said he had bought three tons of grapes. Just how much wine that will make, he did not say, but it was excellent claret.

They were a fine family, full of vigor, clean and sweet. They were intelligent and thoughtful and I enjoyed my visit to them. But they were criminals. I wondered as I talked to them, and heard them heatedly discuss the restrictions they

were under and the forfeiture of one hundred and twenty-five bottles of wine on its way to a celebration that was held in Jersey in honor of the marriage of their Princess Yolande, because 'sometime some damma fool getta droonk,' what the moral of it all was. I wondered more when I heard Marco say, 'Our blessed Lord maka da wine. He maka merry at da marriage festa.'

IV

And again: an old wharf in a little seaport town, with a shed at the end of it. I had two hours to wait for a train. My work was done. A stroll to the shore line showed me the wharf, and at the end of it, seated on a string-piece, an old sailorman smoking a pipe. I walked toward him, clattering my feet on the old boards that I might not take him unaware. As I drew alongside him, I saw that he was looking down upon a broad, staunchly built launch, painted gray inside and out, and that a younger man was tinkering with its engine.

I am an old sailorman myself. Several years' service and seven voyages around the world in clipper windjammers taught me the free-masonry of the sea, so it was not long before the old man and I were seated side by side, swapping tobacco and yarns of the deep waters.

He said he had 'follered the sea for thirty-eight years, then joined his two sons lobst'rin'.' He was a fine old salt, owned to sixty-five years, and wore a white fringe known as 'Cape Cods' round his bronzed and weather-beaten face. We had much in common. It appeared that he was mate of the Neptune (not the real name), when she lay at a wheat wharf in Vallejo, California, and I was on the Illawarra just astern, after a record run from Australia. I spoke of the trimness of

the American boat, her iron ratlins, the broad reach of her yardarms, the whiteness of her cotton canvas as it dried in the sun. And he remembered my ship and the 'brass bounders,' as he called our aristocratic middies and apprentices, who were a nuisance to him in many ways.

Then he told me that he had 'ree-tired from lobst'rin' and, with his sons, ran two lighter launches out to the rum fleet. No, it was not his venture. His chief had put a new engine in the one boat they owned and had bought them another. They went only to one particular ship. When she came up from wherever she hailed from, the chief notified them and 'we gets it ashore.' No boats were allowed alongside their ship without the pass-word, and that was changed every trip. No, no danger at all; he'd be mighty glad of my company any time I wanted to go along. His boats were fast and beamy, and any chap that followed him was likely to get left in the shallows. He showed me a contrivance or two in the boat at the wharf that would be aggravating to a chaser, to say the least. It was when I questioned the morality of it that the old salt grew choleric.

'Hell's bells!' he said, knocking out his pipe as if to leave me in wrath. 'You ast the same question a passel o' women asts, an' I answers you the same way. I bin a God-fearin' man all my life. I ain't abused licker, but I've had my grog pretty reg'lar ashore and afloat. Now a lot o' holier-than-thou-so-foller-me landlubbers comes along an' says my pussonal habits is a disgrace an' a crime, an' pass a law sayin' it's a crime to drink a glass o' grog. To hell with them! Why, our own man knows where there's four thousand cases cached in this town right now, an' fur's I know he voted for the law — an' gets a case fur th' askin'. I ain't found

nobody in sympathy with this lickster law what I'd trust with a nickel round the corner if I wanted change. A passel o' dum hypocrites!

The man was prejudiced. There is no getting round that. I am not responsible for his views; I only quote what he said. When he had cooled off, he told me further that there were a great many up and down the coast who had given up lobstering and fishing and waited upon the rum fleet. He knew most of them, as he had the *Wanderlust* of a sailor, and often went among them to compare notes when his ship was away, loading up. Most of them had their regular ships, or a ship, assigned to them, same as he had. He did not believe the yarns about sea pirates. He shrewdly said that much of that talk was like a lot you read in the papers 'put in by the drys an' meant to be discouragin'. Besides,' he said, 'most of their rails is greased.'

The old salt walked with me to the station, and pointed out the neat little cottage he lived in, and the Methodist Church he attended.

V

Again: a farmhouse standing out bleak and barren against the sky line. To the left, a mass of burned wood and twisted iron showed where the barns had stood. Over the ruins a solitary upright, charred to its centre, held above the debris a piece of the tin roof that clanged dismally as each wintry blast struck it. Within the farmhouse the farmer, a weather-seared man of nearly sixty years. In the corner of the big living-room, a box stove cracked and sizzled with warmth. On the table, between the host and a visitor who was making himself much at home, a bottle of homemade apple-whiskey, glasses, and a bowl of crullers. The long, deep

windows of the living-room presented to the view a wind-swept lawn and a picket fence and gate, and beyond them a snow-banked lane, which led, perhaps half a mile below the house, into the State highway.

Through the window I saw, body bent to the wintry blasts, a horseman coming up the lane. As he drew near, I recognized his uniform and wondered what my host would do. The horseman dismounted and threw his bridle over the gatepost. The farmer went into the kitchen in the rear. I felt uneasy. State police! The bottle was on the table. The horseman came into the room — no knock, no greeting. He threw his half-frozen gauntlets on a chair. Then the farmer came in, a steaming cup in his hand. Into the cup he poured some of the apple-whiskey.

While the horseman was drinking what, to my imagination, seemed a rather nauseous mixture of tea and liquor, I saw through the window the farmer take a steaming bucket to his horse. The State policeman, a fine, stalwart fellow, whose eyes brightened with the warmth and comfort of the drink, made one remark in my presence. As he drew on his gauntlets and buttoned his cape to go out into the bitter wintry day, he said: 'By —, that puts new life into a man!' And then I saw him and his horse canter down the snow-bounded and wind-swept lane.

That is nothing, you say. Oh, no, of course not; except that the farmer knew, and I knew, and the State policeman knew, where there were several gallons of the contraband. But he has not reported it yet.

There have been silhouetted for you half a dozen widely varying types: Charley, the revenue agent of the sullied soul; the ex-soldier rum-runner and his wife; Marco, the Italian wine-maker; the choleric old salt; the

friendly farmer and the State policeman. In none of them does there seem any inherent wickedness. They are all like a lot of children playing hooky from their consciences, and rather glorying in the ease with which their self-appointed monitors can be circumvented. None of them would report a violation if they saw it, yet none of them would hesitate a

moment in calling a halt, if they saw or knew of any infraction of any other criminal law. Whatever is the measurement of their moral obliquity, it is quite clear that it bears no relation to other forms of criminal inclination.

The situation which confronts us is not a pleasant one. What shall we do about it?

GOVERNMENT AT THE CROSSROADS

BY ELMER MURPHY

I

THE most unregenerate of Bourbons and the most modern of those modernists who preach the gospel of change under the creed of 'progressivism' have reached the common conclusion that the old political order is passing. Upon this point, at least, clashing opinion converges, and the ultraconservative — such as former Representative Cannon, now enshrined in tradition as 'Uncle Joe,' the disciple and successor of 'Tsar' Reed — and the ultraliberal — typified by Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart, who springs full-panoplied from the obscurity of the Iowa National Guard — are one. Behind the strange accord are conflicting emotions. Those whose faces are turned toward the past are aware only of the deepening shadows. Those who look to the future are on the alert to catch the first glimmering of the coming dawn. But both admit, with equal candor, that something in the nature of a political Götterdämmerung is at hand. The old gods are tottering or have fallen. The old

reverence for established political institutions has given way to a clamorous outcry. The 'normalcy' of which the late President Harding once spoke, and for which those whose experience identifies them with the past rather than the present more ardently hope, has become a vanishing illusion.

The circumstances that have given rise to these forebodings, these inspiring anticipations and high desires for peace, are but dimly outlined against a background of political restiveness characteristic of the time. In what measure they reflect the evolution of new processes of government, and in what measure only a passing popular mood, it is for the contemplative calm of later years to determine. But it is apparent that something has happened — one may suspect that a great deal has happened — to deflect government from its accustomed course. What might at close range seem a fleeting cloud of confusion takes on in larger perspective the aspect of a transition

which, if it bears but generally in the direction of the disquieting unknown, bears unmistakably away from things as they are. Regularity and normality — the friendly wind and fair weather for which the political helmsman yearns — may be attained in time, but it is becoming more and more doubtful that they will be attained by a reversion to old methods of direction and control. These have been wrecked beyond the probability of restoration. The course of the first two years of President Harding's administration and the Sixty-seventh Congress was strewn with the débris.

If the causes are obscure, the effects are written for anyone to read. One might count it a manifestation of the inevitable rise and fall of human fortunes in the flowing tide of political advancement that leaders should disappear, but not leadership; that parties should come and go, but not party; and that national policies should be taken up and discarded, but not national polity. Yet all these things have happened or are in process of happening. Controversy has strayed from the normal course of debating what government shall accomplish, and has turned to the tortuous paths of the mechanism of accomplishment.

It is not by reason of a passing temperamental whim — post-war psychosis — that the House of Representatives has ceased to look upon the Senate as a council of elder statesmen; or that the Senate, itself riven by animosities, has hedged the president about with restrictions and subjected the members of his Cabinet to suspicious scrutiny; or that President Harding launched his legislative enterprises with the air of one who was casting his bread upon the Congressional waters in the faint hope that it would be returned to him in the form of enactments ready for his signature.

Close scrutiny reveals a gradual transformation of parliamentary methods. The House has ceased to be a compact legislative organization subject to the control of the Speaker, as it was when Reed wielded an authority little short of despotic. The time has passed when the work of the Senate, as Senator Edmunds once said, was done by six men, instead of ninety-six. The President can no longer summon the leaders of the two legislative bodies to the White House and by taking counsel with them chart the course of public affairs. The day of 'invisible government' is done. The revolt against it, like most revolts of its kind, encompassed its destruction by obliterating the conditions under which it had thrived. But to get at the evil it had pulled down the house, and President Harding and those of his Administration upon whom the responsibilities of government devolved wandered in the litter of its ruins.

The transition has had a positive side. If popular activity has been absorbed for the most part in tearing down, there has been, at the same time, a feeble and rather instinctive attempt at setting up. Out of the turbulence have begun to emerge certain tendencies which, vague as they are, may in time mark the pattern to be followed in erecting a structure to take the place of that which has been destroyed. Without entirely abandoning party allegiance, members of Congress have shown a disposition to come together in blocs — what the old Federalists would have condemned as factions. As nationalism has waned, sectionalism has become more assertive. The decline of leadership has been followed by a multiplication of leaders, from the viewpoint of organization a riotous outburst of political individualism. Parliamentary majorities, no longer under the control of those who bend their ener-

gies to the single purpose of party domination, have become more or less casual combinations suited to the needs of varied enterprise.

All of these may be largely symptomatic, passing ripples of disquiet and discontent, but they mark the shifting of the slow-moving political current from familiar channels. The drift is away from delegated political authority, in the direction of what, for lack of a better name, has been called 'progressive democracy' or 'direct popular control'; in larger view, a swing from the republican to the democratic theory of government.

Under the impetus of war and its aftermath of readjustment the dissolution of the old system came with startling rapidity, although it had begun long before the war was more than a fleck on the Balkan horizon. The cycle of reaction against 'invisible government,' to which it may be attributed, was concealed, if not halted, by the outburst of patriotic fervor which obliterated partisanship and lifted Congress high above the levels of contentiousness and discord. But the war had nothing to do with the political disintegration which was disclosed when the martial tumult had passed, except possibly to intensify the discontent at the bottom of it, which was asserted in undoing rather than in doing, in tearing down rather than in setting up. Perhaps, too, payment was being exacted for the unfulfilled promises that all the dross of political inequality was to be burned away in the crucible of conflict. The farmer and the laborer might be forgiven their assumption of credit for victory in view of the reiterated assurances that it was dependent upon their effort before it was attained. In the first flush of enthusiasm democracy slipped its mooring of common responsibility and drifted out on a visionary sea of captivating desires.

When the shadow of war was lifted, President Harding and the dwindling group of leaders commissioned to direct the destinies of government found themselves confronted by a situation that had been in the making for more than a decade. Centralized political authority had been so weakened that it was little more than the inertia of tradition. Penrose, last of the 'bosses,' had lived just long enough to see his sceptre become a broken reed. There was none to succeed him — not because there was any lack of available candidates for the place, but because the 'boss,' as a symbol of organization and control, had passed out of existence. The party, as it was constituted, no longer served as the expression of a common purpose. The disciplinary machinery by which its decrees had been enforced had ceased to function. The political rank and file had taken a leaf out of the book of Bolshevik theory which prescribed that regimental privates might choose their own officers and formulate their own rules of conduct. The party recalcitrant no longer stood in fear of the drumhead court, composed of those vaguely known as party leaders, which could summarily order his decapitation. Stronger influences than party retribution had come into play — the demands of a truculent constituency, which conceived the paramount interest of the country to be that in which it was most interested.

Lack of the qualities of leadership alone does not account for the retrocession of the dominating figures set up under the old régime into the enshrouding mists of obscurity, or the sudden springing into view of such spokesmen as Senator Brookhart, who drapes the mantle of agrarian apostleship about him, with the self-possession of an office-boy suddenly elevated to the board of directors. Delegated

political authority, the committing into the hands of the selected few of the fortunes of the many after they have served a long period of apprenticeship to prove their capacity as leaders, — if not to take orders, — has given way to a political sectionalism which sets up its minor prophets overnight. Penrose was 'boss,' not because he was Penrose, but because he had been tried in the old school of organization which, to him, was a governmental institution almost as fundamental as the Constitution itself. And whatever his defects might have been, this characteristic, so often and so unreservedly condemned as a fault, came more nearly being regarded as a virtue when he stood almost alone, an uncompromising but impressive figure, shorn of his power and with the system by which it was created crumbling about him, than at any other time in his long and noteworthy career.

Leadership is compounded of the quality of following as well as of leading, and what had happened was not so much that the leaders had ceased to lead as that the followers had ceased to follow. The latter, during the war, had adhered to the inevitable rule of setting up their 'big three' or their 'big nine,' as the case might be, and investing them with power to reshape the destinies of the world.

But they went to the other extreme when the circumstances which called for their creation had passed. They made a clean sweep of the war oligarchy. Every leader tumbled from his pedestal, even Lloyd George yielding, not to another leader who had gradually tightened his grip on the reins of government, but to a party, or, to be even more specific, to a reversion of sentiment. People got tired of them.

President Wilson, as well, went down before the engulfing wave; and however much one might be inclined to attribute

his overthrow to rebellion against his leadership, one cannot quite escape the conclusion that it was due in no small measure to the fact that the people declined any longer to be led. In this respect his career runs parallel to that of Penrose. Just as the late Senator from Pennsylvania came nearer being recognized for what he was when the system which he had upheld began to totter to its collapse, so President Wilson emerged from the defeat of Wilsonism, — an autocracy bred of war as well as of his own inclination, — if not a more heroic figure than he had been before, certainly one who in the more kindly light of a purely human relationship held to ideals for which he suffered much.

President Harding, and those with whom he was surrounded, soon discovered that they had risen high, not on an incoming but on an outgoing wave of popular reaction. It was toppling not merely leaders but leadership, and those of the post-war as well as of the war period have had to struggle to keep abreast of the following trough of obscurity. The dust of indifference has begun to settle upon those who have taken up the burdens of peace. Even the older Progressives, who were incessantly clutching at the fringes of the future, found themselves slipping into the past with the corroding film of venerability upon them.

It was a temperamental characteristic of President Harding to observe scrupulously what he regarded the constitutional balance between the legislative and executive branches of the government, but it explains only in part the cross-purposes at which they labored. It was not altogether the fault of Mr. Wilson that a recalcitrant Congress was his undoing. He had survived the war and the artificial stimulus it gave to leadership long enough to reap some of the harvest of revolt, the

seeds of which had been planted before he was elected. Both men discovered that Congress and the President had grown apart, not only by reason of differences of opinion, but because the political ties which bound them together had been loosened. The strands had been cut by those insurrectionists who were determined to defeat, if not to destroy, an organization the leaders of which would not admit them to its inner sanctuary. Their motives might have been of the highest. Their aim might have been to destroy corruption and special privilege, but the fact remains that they undermined the citadel of government. In purging leadership, as it was constituted, of the evil that was in it, they sapped its strength. The operation was successful but the patient died.

By force of circumstance the Chief Executive now has no choice but to abandon his legislative programme to the fortuity of congressional fate. President Harding could gather about him the 'best minds,'—one of the innovations in political nomenclature which stamps the word 'boss' as archaic,—but these were nothing more in the aggregate than a consulting body, with no more direct influence upon Congress than a society for the promotion of psychic research. They were not in any sense a board of party strategy, such as that which had once forgathered in the Senate Chamber. President Harding could and did make personal appeals to members of Congress,—rather as a citizen than as President,—but he had no thunderbolts to launch. Whether he would have launched them or not is beside the mark. All that was left to him was to let Congress take its own course, hoping that an enlightened public opinion would fix the responsibility for whatever happened where it belonged. In other words, the short cut between

Capitol and White House which party afforded had fallen into disuse. The Chief Executive was obliged to take the roundabout way from the White House to the people,—the swing around the circle,—hoping that the people would see to it that Congress should fall in with his legislative plans. This way is a lane of many turnings. It involves the loss of time, the waiting upon the slow development of popular approval or disapproval; but it is the only course left open to a President when he faces the storm of controversy.

II

The same influences that had clipped the wings of presidential leadership had tethered leadership in Congress. The majority was no longer the servant of leadership, but leadership was the creature of the majority. And the majority was not an organized group, but a coalescence of ideas as inconstant and as elusive as a shimmering moon-path on the sea. Authority no longer reposed in the hands of the inner few who guided legislative deliberations, but had been diffused among the many, becoming a controlling influence, if it was called into play at all, only by combination and compromise until it was reduced to terms of action.

In the House of Representatives the reformation took on the guise of an open and spectacular mutiny, a parliamentary insurrection. The Speaker, the *deus ex machina* under the old order, who in the days of Reed and Cannon had exercised absolute sway, setting up the legislative committees and the powerful Committee on Rules, which mapped the course of legislative progress, was stripped of the trappings of authority. He became merely a presiding officer, necessary for the conduct of the business of the House as the gavel he wields is necessary for the preserva-

tion of order. A modicum of his power was transferred to the floor-leader, but it became the business of the floor-leader, not to bend the majority to his will, but to shape his course to its demands. He led, not by virtue of his leadership, but because he contrived to keep ahead. He and his associates of the steering committee are engaged chiefly, not in telling their followers what is to be done, but in discovering what they wish to do and setting their course accordingly. They not only find it necessary to compromise, to alter and recast legislative projects, to muster a preponderance of the voting strength sufficient for the needs of the day and hour only, but in not a few instances have discovered to their discomfiture that, when the roll is called, their adherents have gone over to the other side.

In the Senate, which clings Niobe-like to the dead ashes of its past, the old forms of leadership and control are retained, but they are little more than the husks of a vanished power. What in the more popular branch had flamed into revolt, in the upper house has taken the quiet course of decay. It has become a habit to lay upon the slender patrician shoulders of the Senator from Massachusetts the burden of the sins of governmental omission because he did not hold his colleagues consistently to their task. Even his colleagues have had their misgivings, and have forced upon him assistant leaders, a curious confession of the incompetency of leadership.

There were times when the Senator from Massachusetts pleased nobody, not because he lacked the art of pleasing, but because his colleagues were not to be pleased. To the liberals he was too rigid, to the conservatives too compromising. He stood, like Catherine de' Medici, in the midst of hostile factions, each one of which believed that the ultimate good was to be attained

chiefly by cutting the throats of all the others. But the striking fact of his leadership was not that he failed to lead, but that he was able to keep alive at all an office which had become little more than a shadowy tradition.

There is a very soothing theory that political leadership will revive when issues are evolved — a theory that springs from the complacent philosophy that when the house takes fire someone will come forward to put the fire out. Washington was at hand to save the Confederation and set government upon a firm foundation. Lincoln maintained it in security when it was threatened by disruption from within. Presumptively there are no leaders now at hand because there is no occasion for leadership.

The people are absorbed in the diverting experiment of Prohibition because there is nothing more important to occupy their attention. Or, as Mr. Hughes has said, with the prayerlike appeal that characterized President Harding's exhortation, 'Would that the spirit of America had one voice, one message! But there is a babel of voices, a confusion of tongues. If danger threatens us, we happily stand united; but when we are least concerned as to our own safety we are most divided in our counsels.'

It is true that national issues were noticeably lacking in the Congress that has just closed. Having put aside the things of war, the politicians dragged out of the cupboard the old banners of peace. But they had ceased to be political standards. The tariff fell apart into a multitude of local issues, permeated by the same dry rot which had eaten its way into most of the issues that had done service in past conflicts — sectionalism. If national policies had almost disappeared, it was not because they had ceased to exist, but because they had been obscured by

lesser controversies. They might have withstood the storm of many an election, but they succumbed to a change in the political point of view. Most members of Congress were no longer concerned about national affairs, but about the interests of their own neighborhoods.

Perhaps the most misleading thing about Congress is the arbitrary classification of its membership as Republican, Democratic, Socialist, and Republican and Progressive. The last two are of no consequence because there is only one of each. In the Sixty-seventh Congress Meyer London was the lone Socialist, and Senator Hiram Johnson was the only Republican who had the courage to put himself down also as a Progressive. Senator Ladd did not go quite so far; he dropped the conjunction, merely qualifying himself as a Nonpartisan Republican—a strange flower in the garden of political terminology.

In the forthcoming Congress the Farmer-Labor Party achieves official existence. This, at least, is an attempt to fit classification to actual conditions, and incidentally illustrates how far the Senate has strayed from the path marked out for it by the constitutional fathers. Its members are no longer ambassadors of states, spokesmen of lesser sovereignties which once overshadowed the Federal existence, but representatives of a class. Calling things by their real names is a step in the direction of clarity; but whether it heralds the division of Congress into the minorities of which it is actually composed remains to be seen.

Party nomenclature as it is now applied to the legislative branch is all but obsolete. It would mean just as much and serve just as practical a purpose to call the majority and the minority the Blues and the Reds, or the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. The only

certainly one has about a Republican is that he is not a Democrat, and about a Democrat, that he is not a Republican; and that distinction is not very illuminating to the bewildered voter. A North Dakota Republican is as different from an Ohio Republican as a wild horse of the Central Asian plateau is from a hackney. The character or degree of Republicanism is determined by each constituency in the light of its own requirements and traditions. Parties as they exist in Congress are an agglomeration of heterogeneous notions, and each member is as free as the wind to follow his own impulses so long as he keeps within the limitations prescribed by those to whom he owes his election, and, which is more important, to whom he will look for reelection.

Both of the old parties are in the same plight, and the only positive quality of 'Progressivism' is that it is negative. It is the apotheosis of discord, political individualism run to seed. In a broad and charitable perspective it might be considered a revolt against the capitalistic or materialistic conception of government, which sets property above persons, creates a hierarchy of business, and subordinates social justice to money-making. It is a fine and idealistic impulse, as universal as Christendom. But it is a state of mind rather than a party, or even a political faction. No one has been able to compress its loftiness of purpose into the vernacular of a legislative programme. No two adherents of the cause have been able to agree upon, or even to formulate, constructive policies founded upon the principles of which its creed is compounded. The object of its solicitude is, according to one, the ultimate consumer; according to another, the laborer or the farmer; according to a third, the downtrodden and oppressed. Wall Street and finance are anathema to it. But in spite of

their zeal, its neophytes are not drawn together by any spirit of brotherly love. There are as many different degrees of Progressivism as there are Progressives. Each chooses his own path. If the older parties have, in the larger view, become a political babel, Progressivism has become a bedlam.

The theory of direct representation must be weighed no longer as a theory but as an accomplished fact. It is a distinctive tenet of the Progressive faith, but it is observed no less by many of the conservatives. Senator Ashurst carried it to a logical extremity a few years ago by broadcasting telegrams to selected constituents in his state, asking how he should vote on specific measures. Senator Capper has devised an elaborate system by which he sounds agrarian sentiment. Many, perhaps most, of the members of the House of Representatives await the crystallization of public opinion in their districts before striking an attitude toward a legislative question, whether propounded by the majority leadership or not; and to vote against one's convictions is at times even haloed with the mystical light of self-sacrifice, as if the greatest good were to be achieved by having no opinions at all. The system might be good or it might be bad, but it has in large measure taken the place of that older system by which a member was earmarked before he was elected, committing himself to certain general policies and obligating himself in advance to follow a course defined in his party manifestoes.

The national platform was never more than a feeble structure, a cautiously drawn bill of particulars, filed either by the administration in power to justify the continuation of its control, or by the party out of power to fortify its claims for precedence. But, with the more important pronouncements of the candidates, it served the

purpose of defining in general terms the issue over which the impending struggle was to be fought. At national conventions proponents of legislation sat patiently outside the locked doors behind which the committees on resolutions deliberated, oftentimes far into the small hours of the morning, awaiting an opportunity to make their pleas. This was, for the most part, a futile proceeding. More often than not the platform was drafted before the committee met, but that did not make it the less important. It was the expression of a purpose.

Under the present system neither the platform nor the utterances of the party candidate can carry any assurance of fulfillment. Members of Congress are not elected upon the national platform. It is beyond the province of party either to approve or to disapprove of them. The national considerations which prevail in the selection of a President have little weight in Congress, and Congress is the main scene of legislative conflict.

The proponents of legislation find it no longer necessary to wait in patience at the door of the resolutions committee. They are no longer solicitous about party indorsement, but set to work upon the constituent Member of Congress, whose predicament is not unlike that of the man with the seven devils. At the outset of the Wilson administration Congress drove out the satanic 'lobby,' to the beating of drums and the blowing of trumpets, only to find since that it has returned with numerous companions who have made its last state worse than the first. The legislative agent is persistent and ubiquitous. He speaks for countless organizations created for countless purposes, from the enactment of 'blue laws' to the amendment of the Constitution to discourage further amendment.

In spite of the changes that have so profoundly affected the business of governing, methods of administration are still cut after the old pattern. The organization of Congress is based upon the theory that the majority party rules. It chooses the presiding officers, organizes the committees, and sets up the legislative mechanism. This is the one moment, and the only moment, in the life of a Congress when partisan allegiance shines as a virtue. There is a clamorous unanimity. Everyone claims a voice in the management of the affairs of the majority as a staunch party adherent.

This, together with the very human propensity to run in grooves, explains the reluctance of the recalcitrants to efface the party label. To declare openly their apostasy and hoist their own colors would involve the forfeiture of their claims for preference. It is one thing to share in the official emoluments of the majority; it is quite another to face the lean larder of the minority. Mere dissent does not impose the privations that would follow on the heels of revolt.

A third party offers no way out. It would encounter the same disintegrating forces that have permeated those already in existence, and add to the confusion. The problem which confronts the government is not the failure of parties, but party. Politicians, who in no derogatory sense may be called practical, contend generally that a third party is a mirage of well-meaning malcontents. There is room for only two, the 'ins' and the 'outs,' by whatever names they may be called. A third party may begin as third, but it succeeds as one of two. Experience justifies this conclusion. From the days of the 'Quids' and 'Locofocos' to the 'Bull Moose' there has been a series of them, but they have not long survived a general election. Whatever virtues

they have are promptly absorbed by their elder brethren. In Congress there are now well-defined factions which have some of the characteristics of parliamentary parties, but none of their members have cast off entirely their allegiance to the old organizations, however tepid it has grown.

The parliamentary system in the United States cannot very well be adapted to a profusion of parties. The Chief Executive exercises also a legislative function. If not the alpha, he is at least the omega of the legislative process, sometimes initiating it and always approving or disapproving its results. He is the head of the government as well as of the state, prime minister and president in one.

Congress might evolve a majority out of a number of minorities. That procedure is already followed to some extent in both the House and the Senate; but there is no place for a leader who might be able so to compose differences as to ensure the adoption of a legislative programme, because his place is already taken by the President. In such a situation the President would have the choice either of opposing Congress and taking the fight to the people, or of relinquishing his ministerial functions, becoming simply the President, content to serve his four years and to retire into the obscurity which would inevitably await him when they were at an end.

All this might seem to be the attenuated thread-spinning to which politicians are given, and of little concern to the private citizen who is not brought into contact with government. But no one to whose lot it has fallen to follow the tortuous course of legislation — from committee to House, from House to Senate, from Senate to committee, and back again, running the rapids of factional tumult, skirting the shoals of indifference, or stagnating in the murky

pools of aimless oratory — can long escape the misgiving that there is something back of it to which the private citizen must, sooner or later, give his attention.

It is not simply that the old days have gone, — there was much in them the passing of which one need not regret, — or that the glamour of parliamentary jousting and the clashing of party champions, behind whom their followers arrayed themselves with flaunting colors, have disappeared. The real work of Congress has nearly always been done inconspicuously.

Yet the changes that have occurred are not so subtle that they must be probed for under a glass, or so slight that they may be regarded as mere political fretwork on the larger design of national purpose. They are obvious enough to one who sits in the gallery of the Senate and watches the weaving and interweaving of personal ambitions, animosities, contentiousness, and purposeless discord, even a flippant casualness, which mark the pattern of its deliberations.

For the conclusion is inevitable that Congress has become less a national workshop than a debating ground, a hustings whence appeals are made, not

to the common intelligence, but to limited constituencies. Much of its time is wasted in the campaigning which formerly was over and done when election day arrived, and the party to which the conduct of government was committed sought to justify itself by its accomplishments until the next election day came.

These changes are not an indictment of the character of most of the men who constitute the legislative body. They are individually probably as high-minded as those who have gone before them. Many have served under the old régime as well as the new. Even the best of them must adapt themselves in some degree to the shifting of responsibility and control from the parties to which they have given their allegiance more directly to the people who elect them. They must conform to a political system by which the pulse of Congress has been made to beat to the emotional and sentimental vagaries of subordinate groups, representing everything from a pious aspiration to a sectional bloc, and by which its attention has been fixed upon the passing ripples of popular whim rather than upon the ground swell of popular accord.

'TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OUT'

BY CARROLL PERRY

I

GYPSY TEMPLETON rose from his chair at the head of the table, and rapped for order. He had been Class Secretary for a quarter of a century. But he was more than the Class Secretary: he was the Class. All of us, I suppose, would agree to that. Though we had lost, perhaps, a good share of our stage properties during our wanderings up and down that 'wide, wide world' we had loved to sing about in college days, there was one illusion that stayed with us all, namely, that Templeton was a 'Prince.'

In stature, in feature, in personal style, he had only to appear and he took you captive, a captive for life. No one could explain this, and few cared to try.

And do you remember those two sisters of Templeton, who used to visit him at Wykeham each year in October? Especially I like to recall the elder, who always sat next her brother on the box of their four-in-hand as we rolled through crimson roadways like Markham Woods, and listened to the crickling of autumn leaves under the wheels. Her red cloak, dark hair, sweeping black ostrich-feather, and her flashing smile — still they hold defiance against the years. Unquestionably I was in love with her, and, for a mere mortal, my chances seemed fairly good. But Templeton brought me to ruin. He was the most unworldly soul to be found on the globe, and this is what I overheard him say about me: 'Louise,

you ought to take the Commodore; and I will support him.' Somehow things changed directly after this, and for almost a year I groaned aloud whenever I thought of that idiotic stroke in fine diplomacy.

Templeton was one of those rare individuals who fall in love with an *institution* and never get over it; one of those to whom Alma Mater means also wife and children. Such men, found here and there throughout the United States, are never, in the ordinary sense, graduated from college. Their classmates graduate, but they themselves remain Juniors till they die. Like Gypsy Templeton, they form attachments, they become citizens of the world, they may become familiar with Europe and the East; they are welcomed everywhere for their charm, or their wealth; but in reality the world without is merely a tavern to them. Alma Mater is their hearth.

Jim Sturgis put it rightly, put it better than he knew, when he said, 'Gypsy Templeton is such a damned *untroubled* soul.' Was he lacking in human sympathies? He was the exact opposite of that. He knew every man who had graduated and all the 'some-time' members of the class as well. These last he managed to fetch back to the reunions in equal proportions to the graduates. He knew just who had died in the quarter-century, and how it all happened, and in what condition they had left their families.

Once, at a former Commencement, as Gypsy and I were lying on a shady lawn beneath a great elm, an awkward small boy of thirteen stole up and asked: 'Is this Mr. Templeton? because Mother said I was to find you and to tell you that it's all right.'

Templeton rose to his feet, took the youngster by the hand, and together they sauntered off over the grass toward a syringa bush, where they talked a few minutes. When he came back, Gypsy resumed his quiet talk about a wonderful bargain he had found in London — a first edition of somebody I cannot now recall.

For Templeton was a collector. He loved books, old books, and he knew about them. He had a representative at every great sale in Europe. His treasures were said to be of unique importance. One thing he knew about them that nobody else knew: he knew their eventual destination.

In whatever places Templeton might pitch his tent during other months of the year, he could always be found at Wykeham during the month of May. He used to say there was nothing in the world like standing on a mountain road and watching slim white birches hiding way down in the leafing woods. And once, not long ago, he had won from me a small wager that the bobolinks would arrive at Wykeham on the night of the tenth of May. He refused to take his winnings, however, on the ground that he was betting on a certainty: he had observed the thing, he said smilingly, for almost thirty years.

On fine evenings of that magical month he would saunter down the village street, enjoying his quiet smoke, and sometimes I would join him; but never if he turned off sharp to the left, at the foot of the hill. This would mean that he was going to a silent place, sweet and removed, wherein stood a low cross above the grave of the old

professor-friend who was supposed to have given Gypsy a soul. If Templeton had a religion at all, it got itself uttered here. Gilson, the gentle old professor of German literature, who had swung himself along on his crutch ever since a wrestling-match in his own far-off undergraduate days, had remained unmarried to the end; and he had loved Gypsy as he would have loved a son of his loins. Graven on the cross were these words: —

Meine Trübsal
War mein Glück.

II

As Templeton came to the close of his brief but delightful introductory speech of welcome, Stanley Bankson solemnly rose, unannounced. 'We are here,' he began, 'because we are here; but that is not the *real* reason.' (Cries of 'Good work, Stan!' 'Go it, old Ruat Cœlum!' 'We have with us to-night Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson!' etc., etc.) 'The real reason is that the hands have been played, the game is up; and we may just as well come back to Wykeham and say so, frank and friendly, face to face, man to man. For here is the place where it ought to get said if the thing is worth saying at all.'

Gypsy Templeton looked uneasy, for he knew this mood of Bankson's very well, and called it his 'Vine and Verity' mood. Stanley's legs were very unsteady; but, heretical as this sounds to the present-day collegian, his legs were not the important part of him. Very little about the speech betrayed alcohol, save the ruthlessness of it.

'Gentle brothers,' continued Bankson, 'we are forty-seven years old, and this is the Big Showdown. By this time we have, or we have not; we are, or we are not; here and now we quit bluffing; it's the Big Showdown. We shall all make speeches to-night, but, trying

never so hard to be honest, we shall none of us make a conscious disclosure. Our words will give about as real an expression of our actual lives as our cuff-links will give. And I have not the least doubt in the world that many of us will continue to support the delusion that this place has done something for us, or to us. Of all the delusions by which intelligence victimizes itself, the delusion of the "formative period" is the stupidest. Neither this place, with all its beauty, nor this college of good reputation has ever done anything more for any of us than to give us a comfortable lodging for a few nights. This class came here a Boy Camp on a hike. We ate for a while, we slept for a while, and when we left on a June morning, we carved with our jack-knives a few initials on the pine door of the Hut. The same kit that we had on our backs when we pushed open the door we carried away; neither more, nor less, nor any wise different.' And Stanley sat down. 'Oh, the devil!' growled Jim Sturgis to me; 'let's go home.'

Followed next the Reverend George Working. No one knew much about Working, for he lived in the Far West. None of us had ever heard him preach, though it had once fallen to my lot to hear him read the service; and it reminded me of the curate described by Carlyle who read 'with the moaning hoo-hoo of predetermined pathos.' His eyes were of the mildest blue, his mouth wide, and his lips thin. The pallor we had noted in college days had never left him; this, with the round clerical collar that looked as if it had been thrown over his neck by the hazard of ring-toss, made him, as the female portion of his parish was accustomed to declare, 'wonderfully spiritual.' He sang his speech. The burden of it consisted largely in this: the greatly increased number of 'celebrations' in his parish church during the last five years.

Billy Brimley, who was champagne-serious, could n't understand these 'celebrations' at all. He rose from the table, went up to Templeton's chair, and insisted with great earnestness on Gypsy's explaining the whole matter to him three times.

None of this, somehow, seemed to march with Working's square jaw. This man, as I happened to know, had put up one of the stiffest fights in the whole industrial history of a Rocky Mountain state. He had fought like a bulldog for years, and had won. He had declared war on typhoid fever among the families of the miners. He had fought the mine-owners for a clean water-supply; then he had fought the union itself, whose leaders had been bribed by the company. Twice he had been shot at, and once his youngest child had been kidnapped for a week. Then he had carried his fight to the floor of the State Legislature, had been beaten for two sessions, and finally he had won on the closing day of the third. And here he was — singing his speech! And no word about saving the women and babies.

A noncollegian spectator, had he been present at this class banquet, would have thought it somewhat odd that we listened so impatiently to any talk that had to do with the subject of education, or the function of a college. Most of us consumed three times the amount of cigars we really wanted in the instinctive endeavor to raise a smoke-screen against foreign attack of this character.

One of our best men, who had lost an only child, a daughter, took up much of our valuable time by an earnest discussion of the proper education for a college boy in the present age of our modern world. He seemed to feel that a responsibility lay upon all of us to open college doors, and to procure a college life for all industrious, com-

petent, promising youth. He said his belief was that well-to-do men, whose sons proved to be loafers by the time they had finished their Freshman year, should remove them from college, and be compelled to put in their places ambitious youths who, though without any means, had a hunger for higher training.

This notion was received with the contempt it deserved. Billy Brimley declared this was Socialism, and Socialism of the *rankest kind*, but, on being reminded by Jim Sturgis that he was a jackass, Billy subsided, yielding thus to the kind of argument he liked, and the only kind he could understand.

'Anyhow,' Jim whispered to me, 'the speech is consistent enough, for he has maintained three hard-working boys in college for the last ten years.'

Then came a lament from Johnny Stimson about the disappearance of Greek. Johnny was a professor of chemistry somewhere in the Far West. He said that a man without imagination was n't worth a nickel to himself, or to anybody else. What all this had to do with a liking for Greek I could not make out. There was a funny story about Stimson, however; it seems that he had produced a fertilizer that added eight millions of dollars in a single year to the yield of the fruit orchards of the Pacific Coast. When asked by a man out there why he had been unwilling to make any personal profit from this scientific discovery of his, he answered, 'How could I? Why, *I found my wife on this coast!*'

III

One might suppose that a body of social phenomena, comprising less than one half of one per cent of the American people, could hardly be described as a really operative factor. Numerically the college graduate does not exist at all.

Yet romantically and ideally he is one of the saving graces of the national life. This makes a look across the tables on the occasion of the 'Big Showdown' such a tragi-comic business.

For here we all were, with our big failures and our little successes, exacting tolerance generously, according it somewhat too meagrely; rejoicing in our particular friendships that had lasted and grown through the years; proud and grateful as Wykeham men, though we found our difficulties with songs we thought we remembered.

Come put your glasses on, glasses on,
glasses on,

Come put your glasses on
And whoop it up for Wykeham!

Here were types to be found everywhere throughout the Alumnus Kingdom: the spare and worried clergyman who had given up his useful parish-work in the big textile town in order to reach 'the larger audience' with what is called 'the pen.' Here was the broad-shouldered physician, who was *reached after* by all sorts of people because he was human — because the vitalities in his soul were so much more healing than the things in his little black bag. He had outlived his illusions about the big-city practice without quitting the scientific studies that were being made by the big-city men. Here was the first scholar of the class who once talked to me in youthful rhapsody about his discovery of that ideal world of Lessing — now selling maps for a publishing-house in Chicago.

Here was our most gifted man, who had been a cabinet officer at Washington in a great administration, sitting, urbane and inscrutable, alongside a classmate who carried rural mail in Vermont.

And here was Matt Barclay, a broker on the Exchange, whose life had been bounded on the east by every town as far as Stamford, and on the

west by every town as far as Morris-town. His life was a constant jump after cheaper rent; now you could find it up the New Haven Road, now you came back to New York itself and tried it out there again for the third time. Some years a very early train; each year cheaper cigarettes.

But Barclay was happy and had a good wife; he complained a great deal about his children, however: 'They never seem to do very well in the local schools.'

When I looked at Matt Barclay, I thought of his early background as it had been revealed to me on a summer visit during the college years. I recalled a great rich farming domain out in Central New York, a big square white house, stately red barns of enormous size, windmills whirling above deep artesian wells, and great maple trees full of rest and shade. His father, a graduate of Wykeham in the class of '66, was a handsome stalwart man with iron-gray hair and a hearty laugh; his mother, wholesome and attractive, always seemed to match her spirit with some sort of flower, a wild rose, or a bit of heliotrope.

I don't know whether to laugh or to weep when I think of those first ten minutes in that ample home. For when Matt and I had carried our luggage up to his room, which commanded a view of a beautiful lake a mile away, he closed the door carefully, and said, in a subdued tone, 'I don't know whether I told you, Commodore, but both father and mother have some queer notions they like to talk about a good deal. Mother is awfully interested in the W. C. T. U. and Child-Labor laws; and Father is crazy over John Fiske.'

On week-days Barclay senior would spend most of his time working with his men. Toward four o'clock he would come back, take his tub, put on the gray suit, and go out to the old well to

pull up his cigars, kept in a butter crock twelve feet down. This solemn ritual was never omitted. He would select, carefully, two of these Henry Clays, then lower the crock again into the cool depths, and betake himself into his study and to a new book by John Fiske. 'He rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race,' said Mr. Barclay, 'and he makes you feel the same way, when you open a new work of his.'

On Sundays he went to this room directly from the breakfast table, and he stayed there all day. When his wife called out, 'Henry, are n't you going to church?' he would give the same old reply: 'I think I won't go this morning, my dear.' 'However,' — I heard him say on one of these occasions, — 'I will send a good text to the dominie, if it is n't too late in the morning: "What hath the Lord required of thee but to *be interesting*, to *think honestly* and to *write clearly*?"'

Oh! the smell of the sunrise, and the sound of intelligent conversation, and the taste of the cream! And here was Barclay Junior, a broker on the Exchange. 'One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street next! No stops!'

I asked after his father.

'Dad's well; they're both well,' said he very quietly, 'and still at the *producing end* of the game.'

'Pretty cold winters out in Central New York!' said I.

'Well,' he answered, 'their winters they have spent in Santa Barbara for many years. They are back home now and my wife had a letter from there last week. The old gentleman's latest craze is a book by this English guy, H. G. Wells. He wrote that *The Undying Fire* was about the best thing on education he had read for a long time.'

It was growing late, and the banquet was drawing to a close. Little of vital importance remained save an informal discussion whether, as the twenty-five-

year class, we ought to organize a movement toward ousting the Dean of the College, or whether we should wait for some reason for this. It was thought that our class, composed almost wholly of natural leaders, could not shirk responsibility in this matter. Some did not like the Dean because, it seemed, he was 'always around.' Others did not like him because, it seemed, he was 'never there.'

Thus we voiced a great principle well understood throughout the Alumni world in the United States, the principle known as 'the comprehensive view.' For the Long-Distance, or Alumni, mind supplies the intellectual 'attrition' which keeps a college wholesome, happy, at work throughout the year; and without this an Alumni organization could hardly be said to possess any *raison d'être* at all. But we were sleepy and wanted to go to bed; so we postponed definite action, merely providing for 'the publicity,' in case of further discussion.

IV

As a group of us climbed the hill by West College about three o'clock in the morning, whom should we overtake but Stubby Purdy, laboring up the path. His bald head glinted in the moonlight. He held his straw hat in his left hand, while from his right hung a long wilted collar, the third for the evening. With this collar he was slapping his knee, keeping time to a popular jazz-tune. He was radiantly happy, and had cut the class banquet, though he had come all the way from Denver — his first return in the twenty-five years.

'Where the deuce *were* you, Stubby?'

'I went to the Senior Ball,' said he, without a trace of shame on his face. 'You fellows danced all the way through college, when I did n't know

how, and when I used to look in through the windows. But you fellows are old-timers now, and the dancing game is another kind of affair altogether. In your time it was rhythm. What we are going to do now is to break down rhythm, the way the prism breaks down light.' Stubby's enthusiasm mounted. 'Now take this tango: there's a *philosophy* to it — it's a question of decomposition.' I had never seen on his face such a look of fervent spirituality! 'But I'm sorry about the dinner, Gyp, honest to goodness I am.'

'You are forgiven,' said Templeton; and he added, with that engaging laugh, as he put his hand on Stubby's steaming shoulder, 'Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.'

Among the letters posted at Wykeham next day, I may give two. The first was sent by a member who had become the head of an important and successful normal school in the Southwest.

'DEAR GIRL, —

'You were right! I feel ten years younger for having come back to W. It seemed a rather unnecessary expense to come so far, considering I was here for our Fifteenth; but I can never be thankful enough to you for insisting. And I guess it has settled the question in regard to Ned and Jimmy. They must come here to college if they have to walk from Missouri! It gets you, dear girl, it gets you. Several of the old Faculty are left and they all seemed so friendly — and they remembered. It sounds preposterous, yet it's true. I don't know why I stayed away in those early years, except that I never felt that I had made good. From the start you felt that I had, but you were the only one.

'And the grip of the externals has loosened for the rest of my life. I can walk by the Fraternity houses now

without a twinge. I guess, as a matter of cold fact, I was a pretty raw specimen when I first saw this wonderful place.

'And what a generous human lot this class of ours is! Templeton made me sit right next him at the banquet, and he sent his kind regards to you. Where did you ever meet him?

'P.S. Get the hat — you must — the one with the green feather I liked. We can afford it all right.'

The second letter was sent by one of our men to A Certain Woman.

'DEAR SOVEREIGN, —

'Everything here speaks of you, and you dominate the scene. Wherever I go, you, with your tall figure, are passing lightly over the lawns down the lengthening shadows. This little life here gets whatever reality it has from you, and all its value; and your signature is over everything. Lord! how narrow the place is, and how provincial. They don't speak my language at all. They don't register. I find the same old rot about service and citizenship and solidarity. The worst of it is, I feel that you yourself more than half believe in it all.

'Later. Your letter just arrived. Good Heavens! don't come on here now! In a place like this people would n't understand. It is not done.

'You say you wish to share everything with me; that these four years so long ago (when I was only a boy!) make an intolerable gap *in your life*; that you are bound, somehow, to throw a bridge

over that gap! But how many times have I begged you to eliminate the rhetoric? And we will talk about our difficult future when I get back. I am staying on a few days longer than I planned. I will let you know what day. Meet me at the south entrance of the Country Club. Will go there direct from the Twentieth Century Express, and you can dismiss your man.

'P.S. Besides, my boy is here — taking his examinations for entrance.'

V

A day or two after Commencement, Templeton, in New York, was sitting in his favorite dark corner of the great room of the University Club that looks out upon the avenue. The heat outside was devastating, and by three o'clock the thermometer had climbed sullenly to one hundred degrees. A Columbia man was saying to Gypsy, 'Did you have a good time at your Wykeham Reunion?'

'The old place,' answered Templeton, 'was beautiful enough to make you cry; but seeing all the men again was Hell, simply Hell. I'll never go back to another reunion — until the next time.'

As his companion loosened his belt and disappeared, Gypsy took out of his pocket a dispatch just received from abroad, together with a little code-book, and worked out the message for the third time with the same old inscrutable smile.

'The Montaigne owned by Diderot for eleven thousand, cable.'

THE STORY OF THE SIREN

BY E. M. FORSTER

Few things have been more beautiful than my notebook on the Deist Controversy as it fell downward through the waters of the Mediterranean. It dived, like a piece of black slate, but opened soon, disclosing leaves of pale green, which quivered into blue. Now it had vanished, now it was a piece of magical India rubber stretching out to infinity, now it was a book again, but bigger than the book of all knowledge. It grew more fantastic as it reached the bottom, where a puff of sand welcomed it and obscured it from view. But it reappeared, quite sane though a little tremulous, lying decently open on its back, while unseen fingers fidgeted among its leaves.

'It is such a pity,' said my aunt, 'that you will not finish your work in the hotel. Then you would be free to enjoy yourself and this would never have happened.'

'Nothing of it but will change into something rich and strange,' warbled the chaplain, while his sister said, 'Why, it's gone into the water!' As for the boatmen, one of them laughed, while the other, without a word of warning, stood up and began to take his clothes off.

'Holy Moses!' cried the Colonel. 'Is the fellow mad?'

'Yes, thank him, dear,' said my aunt: 'that is to say, tell him he is very kind, but perhaps another time.'

'All the same I do want my book back,' I complained. 'It's for my Fellowship Dissertation. There won't be much left of it by another time.'

'I have an idea,' said some woman or other through her parasol. 'Let us leave this child of Nature to dive for the book while we go on to the other grotto. We can land him either on this rock or on the ledge inside, and he will be ready when we return.'

The idea seemed good; and I improved it by saying I would be left behind too, to lighten the boat. So the two of us were deposited outside the little grotto on a great sunlit rock that guarded the harmonies within. Let us call them blue, though they suggest rather the spirit of what is clean — cleanliness passed from the domestic to the sublime, the cleanliness of all the sea gathered together and radiating light. The Blue Grotto at Capri contains only more blue water, not bluer water. That color and that spirit is the heritage of every cave in the Mediterranean into which the sun can shine and the sea flow.

As soon as the boat left I realized how imprudent I had been to trust myself on a sloping rock with an unknown Sicilian. With a jerk he became alive, seizing my arm and saying, 'Go to the end of the grotto and I will show you something beautiful.'

He made me jump off the rock on to the ledge over a dazzling crack of sea; he drew me away from the light till I was standing on the tiny beach of sand which emerged like powdered turquoise at the farther end. There he left me with his clothes, and returned swiftly to the summit of the entrance rock. For a moment he stood naked in the

brilliant sun, looking down at the spot where the book lay. Then he crossed himself, raised his hands above his head, and dived.

If the book was wonderful, the man is past all description. His effect was that of a silver statue, alive beneath the sea, through whom life throbbed in blue and green. Something infinitely happy, infinitely wise — but it was impossible that it should emerge from the depths sunburned and dripping, holding the notebook on the Deist Controversy between its teeth.

A gratuity is generally expected by those who bathe. Whatever I offered, he was sure to want more, and I was disinclined for an argument in a place so beautiful and also so solitary. It was a relief that he should say in conversational tones, 'In a place like this one might see the Siren.'

I was delighted with him for thus falling into the key of his surroundings. We had been left together in a magic world, apart from all the common-places that are called reality, a world of blue whose floor was the sea and whose walls and roof of rock trembled with the sea's reflections. Here only the fantastic would be tolerable, and it was in that spirit I echoed his words. 'One might easily see the Siren.'

He watched me curiously while he dressed. I was parting the sticky leaves of the notebook as I sat on the sand.

'Ah!' he said at last. 'You may have read the little book that was printed last year. Who would have thought that our Siren would have given the foreigners pleasure!'

(I read it afterward. Its account is, not unnaturally, incomplete, in spite of there being a woodcut of the young person, and the words of her song.)

'She comes out of this blue water, does n't she,' I suggested, 'and sits on the rock at the entrance, combing her hair.'

I wanted to draw him out, for I was interested in his sudden gravity, and there was a suggestion of irony in his last remark that puzzled me.

'Have you ever seen her?'

'Often and often.'

'I, never.'

'But you have heard her sing!'

He put on his coat and said impatiently, 'How can she sing under the water? Who could? She sometimes tries, but nothing comes from her but great bubbles.'

'She should climb on to the rock.'

'How can she?' he cried again, quite angry. 'The priests have blessed the air, so she cannot breathe it, and blessed the rocks, so that she cannot sit on them. But the sea no man can bless, because it is too big, and always changing. So she lives in the sea.'

I was silent.

At this his face took a gentler expression. He looked at me as though something was on his mind, and going out to the entrance rock gazed at the external blue. Then returning into our twilight he said, 'As a rule only good people see the Siren.'

I made no comment. There was a pause, and he continued. 'That is a very strange thing, and the priests do not know how to account for it; for she of course is wicked. Not only those who fast and go to Mass are in danger, but even those who are merely good in daily life. No one in the village had seen her for two generations. I am not surprised. We all cross ourselves before we enter the water, but it is unnecessary. Giuseppe, we thought, was safer than most. We loved him, and many of us he loved: but that is a different thing from being good.'

I asked who Giuseppe was.

'That day — I was seventeen and my brother was twenty and a great deal stronger than I was, and it was the year when the visitors, who have

brought such prosperity and so many alterations into the village, first began to come. One English lady in particular, of very high birth, came, and has written a book about the place, and it was through her that the Improvement Syndicate was formed, which is about to connect the hotels with the station by a funicular railway.'

'Don't tell me about that lady in here,' I observed.

'That day we took her and her friends to see the grottoes. As we rowed close under the cliffs I put out my hand, as one does, and caught a little crab, and having pulled off its claws offered it as a curiosity. The ladies groaned, but a gentleman was pleased, and held out money. Being inexperienced, I refused it, saying that his pleasure was sufficient reward! Giuseppe, who was rowing behind, was very angry with me and reached out with his hand and hit me on the side of the mouth, so that a tooth cut my lip, and I bled. I tried to hit him back, but he always was too quick for me, and as I stretched round he kicked me under the armpit, so that for a moment I could not even row. There was a great noise among the ladies, and I heard afterward that they were planning to take me away from my brother and train me as a waiter. That, at all events, never came to pass.

'When we reached the grotto — not here, but a larger one — the gentleman was very anxious that one of us should dive for money, and the ladies consented, as they sometimes do. Giuseppe, who had discovered how much pleasure it gives foreigners to see us in the water, refused to dive for anything but silver, and the gentleman threw in a two-lira piece.

'Just before my brother sprang off he caught sight of me holding my bruise, and crying, for I could not help it. He laughed and said, "This

time, at all events, I shall not see the Siren!" and went into the water without crossing himself. But he saw her.'

He broke off and accepted a cigarette. I watched the golden entrance rock and the quivering walls and the magic water through which great bubbles constantly rose.

At last he dropped his hot ash into the ripples and turned his head away, and said, 'He came up without the coin. We pulled him into the boat, and he was so large that he seemed to fill it, and so wet that we could not dress him. I have never seen a man so wet. I and the gentleman rowed back, and we covered Giuseppe with sacking and propped him up in the stern.'

'He was drowned, then?' I murmured, supposing that to be the point.

'He was not,' he cried angrily. 'He saw the Siren. I told you.'

I was silenced again.

'We put him to bed, though he was not ill. The doctor came, and took money, and the priest came and spattered him with holy water. But it was no good. He was too big — like a piece of the sea. He kissed the thumb-bones of San Biagio and they never dried till evening.'

'What did he look like?' I ventured.

'Like anyone who has seen the Siren. If you have seen her "often and often" how is it you do not know? Unhappy, unhappy because he knew everything. Every living thing made him unhappy because he knew it would die. And all he cared to do was sleep.'

I bent over my notebook.

'He did no work, he forgot to eat, he forgot whether he had his clothes on. All the work fell on me, and my sister had to go out to service. We tried to make him into a beggar, but he was too robust to inspire pity, and as for an idiot, he had not the right look in his eyes. He would stand in the street looking at people, and the more

he looked at them the more unhappy he became. When a child was born he would cover his face with his hands. If anyone was married—he was terrible then, and would frighten them as they came out of church. Who would have believed he would marry himself! I caused that, I. I was reading out of the paper how a girl at Ragusa had “gone mad through bathing in the sea.” Giuseppe got up, and in a week he and that girl came in.

‘He never told me anything, but it seems that he went straight to her house, broke into her room, and carried her off. She was the daughter of a rich mine-owner, so you may imagine our peril. Her father came down, with a clever lawyer, but they could do no more than I. They argued and they threatened, but at last they had to go back and we lost nothing—that is to say, no money. We took Giuseppe and Maria to the church and had them married. Ugh! that wedding! The priest made no jokes afterward, and coming out the children threw stones. . . . I think I would have died to make her happy; but as always happens, one could do nothing.’

‘Were they unhappy together then?’

‘They loved each other, but love is not happiness. We can all get love. Love is nothing. Love is everywhere since the death of Jesus Christ. I had two people to work for now, for she was like him in everything—one never knew which of them was speaking. I had to sell our own boat and work under the bad old man you have to-day. Worst of all, people began to hate us. The children first—everything begins with them—and then the women and last of all the men. For the cause of every misfortune was—you will not betray me?’

I promised good faith, and immediately he burst into the frantic blasphemy of one who has escaped from

supervision, cursing the priests, who had ruined his life, he said. ‘Thus are we tricked!’ was his cry, and he stood up and kicked at the azure ripples with his feet, till he had obscured them with a cloud of sand.

I too was moved. The story of Giuseppe, for all its absurdity and superstition, came nearer to reality than anything I had known before. I don’t know why, but it filled me with desire to help others—the greatest of all our desires, I suppose, and the most fruitless. The desire soon passed.

‘She was about to have a child. That was the end of everything. People said to me, “When will your charming nephew be born? What a cheerful, attractive child he will be, with such a father and mother!” I kept my face steady and replied, “I think he may be. Out of sadness shall come gladness”—it is one of our proverbs. And my answer frightened them very much, and they told the priests, who were frightened too. Then the whisper started that the child would be Antichrist. You need not be afraid: he was never born.

‘An old witch began to prophesy, and no one stopped her. Giuseppe and the girl, she said, had silent devils, who could do little harm. But the child would always be speaking and laughing and perverting, and last of all he would go into the sea and fetch up the Siren into the air and all the world would see her and hear her sing. As soon as she sang, the Seven Vials would be opened and the Pope would die and Mongibello flame, and the veil of Santa Agata would be burned. Then the boy and the Siren would marry, and together they would rule the world, forever and ever.

‘The whole village was in tumult, and the hotel-keepers became alarmed, for the tourist season was just beginning. They met together and decided

that Giuseppe and the girl must be sent inland until the child was born, and they subscribed the money. The night before they were to start there was a full moon and wind from the east, and all along the coast the sea shot up over the cliffs in silver clouds. It is a wonderful sight, and Maria said she must see it once more.

"Do not go," I said. "I saw the priest go by, and someone with him. And the hotel-keepers do not like you to be seen, and if we displease them also we shall starve."

"I want to go," she replied. "The sea is stormy, and I may never feel it again."

"No, he is right," said Giuseppe. "Do not go — or let one of us go with you."

"I want to go alone," she said; and she went alone.

'I tied up their luggage in a piece of cloth, and then I was so unhappy at thinking I should lose them that I went and sat down by my brother and put my arm round his neck, and he put his arm round me, which he had not done for more than a year, and we remained thus I don't remember how long.

'Suddenly the door flew open and moonlight and wind came in together, and a child's voice said laughing, "They have pushed her over the cliffs into the sea."

'I stepped to the drawer where I keep my knives.

"Sit down again," said Giuseppe — Giuseppe of all people! "If she is dead, why should others die too?"

"I guess who it is," I cried, "and I will kill him."

'I was almost out of the door, but he tripped me up and, kneeling upon me, took hold of both my hands and sprained my wrists; first my right one, then my left. No one but Giuseppe would have thought of such a thing.

It hurt more than you would suppose, and I fainted. When I woke up, he was gone, and I never saw him again.'

But Giuseppe disgusted me.

'I told you he was wicked,' he said. 'No one would have expected him to see the Siren.'

'How do you know he did see her?'

'Because he did not see her "often and often," but once.'

'Why do you love him if he is wicked?'

He laughed for the first time. That was his only reply.

'Is that the end?' I asked.

'I never killed her murderer, for by the time my wrists were well he was in America; and one cannot kill a priest. As for Giuseppe, he went all over the world too, looking for someone else who had seen the Siren — either a man, or, better still, a woman, for then the child might still have been born. At last he came to Liverpool, — is the district probable? — and there he began to cough, and spat blood until he died.

'I do not suppose there is anyone living now who has seen her. There has seldom been more than one in a generation, and never in my life will there be both a man and a woman from whom that child can be born, who will fetch up the Siren from the sea, and destroy silence, and save the world!'

'Save the world?' I cried. 'Did the prophecy end like that?'

He leaned back against the rock, breathing deep. Through all the blue-green reflections I saw him color. I heard him say: 'Silence and loneliness cannot last forever. It may be a hundred or a thousand years, but the sea lasts longer, and she shall come out of it and sing.' I would have asked him more, but at that moment the whole cave darkened, and there rode in through its narrow entrance the returning boat.

DIVORCE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

It has long been evident to the diletante observer of human affairs that the only morally comfortable polity to live under is a theocracy. Morally, in the strictest sense; not physically, and certainly not socially. Perhaps not even intellectually. But the moral ease of knowing that there is divine sanction for the law you have to keep must be very great. Genuine theocracies have never lasted very long, and I do not know that there is one anywhere on the planet now in real working order. Certainly even in countries where a church has been 'established' — a sort of compromise with the theocratic idea — there have been continual clashes between the civil and ecclesiastical law. In America we have had no theocracy since 1776; and I suppose that even Massachusetts Bay Colony was not one, technically, though it combined pretty consciously the theocratic régime of the Old Testament with that of John Calvin.

We still have, however, all over the world, vestiges of the theocratic conception. Every religion that is worth its salt has tried sooner or later to establish itself, if not by physical force, at least by legal suasion. Christianity itself has justified its violences by Christ's statement that He came not to bring peace, but a sword. And after the sword was dropped, the Church did its best to gain its end by other means. In every Occidental country, people still find their liberties curtailed by

laws that sprang from religion alone; by laws, that is, whose social warrant is theological. Even in the United States, where we have never, since we were a nation, had an established church, we live in a welter of religious tabus made law. For the religious tabu, overthrown by a laxer generation, reappears disguised as a prejudice; and many of our statutes are expressions of prejudice rather than statements of principle scientifically or socially arrived at. We have remaining with us, as individual citizens, some of the inconveniences of a theocratic past, though none — absolutely none — of the moral ease of theocracy.

The question of divorce is not simply a legal matter: it is a social question, about which every adult member of our modern community may have an opinion. I say 'may have'; perhaps I should say, 'may have if he can.' None of our laws or statutes derives more directly from ecclesiastical influence than those concerning divorce; and about nothing else, really, are we in such a complete mess. South Carolina, I believe, grants no divorces at all; some states only on 'statutory grounds'; others, one seems to make out, for almost anything. In Hawaii — one of our territories — leprosy is sufficient ground for divorce with the privilege of remarrying. There used to be states that granted divorce for 'incompatibility of temper' — certainly as reasonable a ground as any. I do not pretend

to know the precise variations of the divorce laws: I know only, like everyone else, that they do vary — amusingly, perplexingly, or shockingly, according to your point of view. I know — like everyone else — that people are always agitating for uniform divorce laws. I know that all sorts of groups feel that we exist, legally, in an absurd and disgusting confusion about both divorce and marriage. It is so big and perplexing a question that even the people who advocate this or that adjustment do not really pretend that their suggestions will solve the problem. Mitigation is all that anyone seems to hope for. He would be hardy indeed who should venture to propose a solution.

I fancy it is still true that in most sections of America the fact that a man or a woman has been divorced — especially if he or she has remarried — is something to be set down, until further information comes in, on the debit side of the account. In some American worlds, people have achieved a state of mind in which one's divorce is of no more moral significance than the color of one's eyes; but these worlds are still few, and, in comparison, small. The prejudice is lessening all the time; and I wonder if there is left any group of individuals, large enough to count as a social group, which does not know and receive and like certain divorced and remarried people. I fancy not. Yet it can still be said, I think, that divorce, as such, is looked at askance. Most people, if pinned down, would probably say that in their opinion certain circumstances justified divorce absolutely, but that promiscuous and light-minded divorcing shocked them. A good many people, too (apart from Roman Catholics, I mean), draw a definite distinction between a divorce which is a mere legal separation and a divorce with remarriage.

In other words, there is still a deep conflict between the civil law and the ecclesiastical — the latter of which remains as a prejudice in the minds of many people for whom it has ceased to have the force of a tabu. Most Americans had thrown over the Church — whether Catholic or Anglican — before they ever landed on these shores. There was Catholic Maryland, and there was Anglican Virginia; but the main stream of American civilization, as it happens, has been Protestant and Nonconformist. As far as I know, the Protestant sects have never elevated marriage into a sacrament, since they have acknowledged, in the theological sense, no sacraments at all. The position of Rome has been, for many centuries, uncompromising, of course: marriage is a sacrament, and does not admit of divorce on any grounds. The Anglican position is wavering; but the stricter Anglicans admit divorce with remarriage no more than Rome. Episcopalians who wish to divorce and remarry must do it under the protection of the civil law and the dissenting clergy.

Logically speaking, if you consider marriage not in the light of a sacrament but in the light of a civil contract, you must permit remarriage, as you must permit an individual who has dissolved, legally, one partnership, to form another if that be to his interest. If, on the other hand, anything of the sacramental idea still inheres in your view of marriage, you cannot quite stomach remarriage during the lifetime of the divorced wife or husband. The average dissenting Protestant, though he does not believe, and never did believe, that marriage is a sacrament, still has echoes in his mind of 'whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' The Protestant sects may have no theological principles against divorce, — the mere fact of our divorce

laws shows that they have not had, — but even Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians have not escaped those early centuries of Church history, when the sects lay silent and unperfected in the womb of Rome. The Puritan threw over the sacramental idea, lock, stock, and barrel; he threw over the celibacy of the clergy; he threw over the indissolubility of marriage. But he could not throw over that vaguer and more powerful thing, the Christian attitude to sex. Nor did Saint Paul — whom he greatly revered — help him to do so.

We shall hardly get at the heart of this conflict about divorce without realizing that the prejudice against divorce derives from asceticism; and that Rome, which is as usual logical and uncompromising, practically admits it. I am no theologian; but I believe it can hardly be questioned that on the subject of sex the Church took its attitude early and never abandoned it. To quote Milton: 'It was for many ages that marriage lay in disgrace with most of the ancient doctors, as a work of the flesh, almost a defilement, wholly denied to priests, and the second time dissuaded to all, as he that reads Tertullian or Jerome may see at large.' In the eyes of those who shaped dogmas and policies, celibacy was holier and more acceptable to God than marriage. Rome has never pretended anything else; and all Catholic dealing with marriage is based on the ascetic ideal. The Church admits with Saint Paul, 'It is better to marry than to burn'; but it never allows the married to forget that they fall short in sanctity of the deliberately and successfully celibate. It is the spiritually inferior who take unto themselves wives and husbands.

I hazard the statement — and I have heard a good deal of unvarnished preaching on the subject of marriage from Catholic pulpits — that the reason for the Church's prohibition of divorce,

like its prohibition of anything resembling birth-control, is to be found, if you go relentlessly back, to asceticism pure and simple. To put it crudely, if you are going to marry and live after the flesh, the Church will, if it can, see to it that you escape none of the penalties of living after the flesh. So far as it can, the Church minimizes, for the married, whatever may be the pleasures of marriage. It sees to it that there shall be a minimum of passion and a maximum of sacrifice; because marriage itself is only a concession to the weakness of the race, the universal appetites that religion itself cannot deny.

The Church will permit you to marry, but it will make you pay. I am saying this in no hostility to the Church or to the Fathers. What else, indeed, was a convincingly ascetic Church to do?

Now the Protestant might carry his notions of liberty to the point of insisting on the right to divorce; even (like Milton) on the positive right to remarry; but he could not escape the thousand years of religious history that lay directly behind him. The prejudice against divorce, like the prejudice against dissemination of birth-control information, is religious in origin. And since we have reached a day in which people do not like the notion of laws that spring from religious prejudice, we find a curious tendency in the public mind to discover a social warrant for such laws as its prejudices make it desire to keep on the statute books.

We have always prided ourselves particularly on American noninterference with religious belief; and rightly. The civil law has no more business to embody Catholic belief about divorce than it has to embody Jewish or Mohammedan belief. But that it should adumbrate historic Christian prejudices is natural. A Protestant country

like our own would be expected to make legal provision for divorce. But a Christian population would not be expected to accustom itself quickly to the notion of free and promiscuous divorce. The mere fact that for most people marriage involves a religious ceremony and solemn vows in the presence of witnesses shows that even among Protestants marriage has always been looked upon as something more than a civil contract.

II

It was necessary to show the genesis of popular prejudice against divorce in order to get at the reasons why that popular prejudice not only is weakening but also is ceasing to be effective. This is one contemporary phenomenon that cannot be attributed to the influx of foreign population; for most of our immigrants bring with them either Catholic or Jewish prejudices, if not definite beliefs. It is not the guests of Ellis Island who are divorcing all over the place. It is either the Americans themselves, or the really Americanized. You can blame the inferior stocks that have deluged our country for much corruption of the body politic and the social system; but you cannot accuse them of giving us the divorce habit.

If you leave to one side special religious convictions, which cannot be embodied in law in any country which practises religious freedom, you have left two aspects under which any citizen may legitimately consider the divorce question: scientific and social. Let us leave the scientific side of it to the biologists and anthropologists. It is the social and personal aspect of the matter that more directly and legitimately concerns us.

Only, I think, if you are still living with the ascetic ideal, will the notion of divorce in itself shock you. Otherwise you will echo John Milton. Is marriage

a thing to be apologetic about; to be penalized; to be confessed as a weakness? Or is the Occidental world outgrowing the Christian attitude to sex? You have got to make up your mind about that before you can make up your mind about divorce. In that pursuit of happiness to which the Declaration of Independence tells us we have a right, does the pursuit of a happy and satisfactory conjugal relation have a place? If it has not, why do we not tighten up the divorce laws and abolish the several Alsatias? If it has, why not make the divorce laws decent — at present they are not, in most states — and make it possible for two people who are unhappy to part legally and remarry more happily without dragging either one through the mire of scandal? If it has, why penalize 'collusion': in other words, why do your best to prevent people's divorcing when both of them want to? The cry against divorce on the score that in most divorces one person is sacrificed becomes absurd enough when you realize that only on the basis of one person's wanting it and the other person's not wanting it is a divorce obtainable at all.

The only psychological — I do not say religious — excuse for making divorce impossible, or even difficult, is a cynicism which believes that almost any two people who have once chosen to come together will be as happy in that as in any other combination. I find, I may say, that cynicism fairly prevalent among my own acquaintance. There is a tendency among civilized people, who live 'above the law,' to underrate the sensitiveness of the average man, whose weaknesses laws are designed to control. Did you ever know anyone who admitted that laws existed to control him? Moral snobishness abounds among thinking people. Laws, that is, are framed to take care of the potentially criminal

classes. The argument of intelligent people against easier and more decent divorce is usually based on a complete contempt for the romantic or spiritual quality of the average marriage. Save for the more outstanding cases of infidelity, cruelty, or neglect, they consider that those two people might as well continue to be yoked together because they would do no better yoked otherwise.

Then they play, as their trump card, 'duty to the children.' If it is humanly possible, two people who have children should remain together for the children's sake.

In the vast number of cases, married people who are not happy together, but who have children, *will* stay together, out of sheer economic necessity. In these days, it is only a rich man who can afford separate establishments; and many a man must stick to an unloved wife because he cannot afford to give her the alimony that the courts would certainly allow her. It is cheaper to bring children up under the same roof with both parents than to make any sort of division whatever. The economic difficulty may, I think, be trusted to take care of the great majority of cases.

When the children are used as an argument, however, it is not on economic, but on social or sentimental, grounds. And there, I believe, the pleaders are wrong.

The courts can be trusted to see to it that, in any given divorce, the children are considered. It is usually the 'innocent' party to the divorce who is granted the custody of the children. Usually it is the father, of course, who is the support of the family. There are plenty of exceptions, but that may be taken as the rule. If he gets the divorce, he goes on supporting his children at home. If the mother gets the divorce, the father is sure to be mulcted

of as much money as possible to enable the mother to bring them up.

This is not the place to discuss the evils and disgraces of alimony. Some provision for alimony must be made in the laws, or dangerous impunities would be created. Only an enlightened and educated public opinion, which shall react on the judges of the land, can ever give assurance that alimony should be ordered with any degree of decency and justice.

How any self-respecting woman, whose husband no longer desires her presence in his household and who is no longer rendering him any of the services in payment of which the wife is supported by the husband, can take alimony, unless she is physically incapacitated from earning her bread, one does not see, any more than one 'sees' the average breach-of-promise suit. Or how, if she takes it on the excuse of providing for their children, she can reconcile it with her conscience to nurture those children in hostility to the parent who is paying for them. It would seem that in many cases — not in all — custody of the children should be awarded to the parent who supports them. But, as I say, only an enlightened public opinion can take care of the alimony question.

As for the 'duty to the children' as a sentimental argument against divorce, it is probably less to the interest of real sentiment than most arguments. We all remember the pathetic rôle of Maisie in *What Maisie Knew*, passing shuttlecock fashion from one vituperative parent to the other. 'She was a ready vessel for bitterness; a deep little porcelain cup in which biting acids could be mixed.' A child who divides its time between divorced parents who hate each other is in sorry case. But that it is in less sorry case than the child who lives with two undivorced parents who hate each other, I have

come, after many years, to believe absolutely. This is an important matter, for nowadays the welfare of children is the one point on which all reformers agree. Since the child is made the most frequent argument against divorce, it is well to consider the validity of that argument.

They make, usually, one of two statements, if not both of them: first, that any child needs both a father and a mother to bring it up properly; and that it is disillusioning to the child — an abnormal situation which is morally bad for it — to grow up with its parents separated. The first consideration is practical; and there is no doubt that a child gets its best preparation for life if the father and mother can coöperate harmoniously in the task. A child should have, ideally speaking, the formative influence both of the adult man and the adult woman. No question about it. Yet children are successfully brought up, all the time, by one parent, when they have been deprived by death of the other. The burden is heavier on the remaining parent than on the child itself. If, that is, parents are right-minded and faithful. It is safe to say, I think, that the value of coöperation depends largely on its being harmonious; and why two people who long to get rid of each other should be harmonious about the bringing-up of their children, I do not see.

As for its being disillusioning to the child to be brought up by one parent, — or even by both parents alternately, as occasionally happens, — knowing that the other is living, somewhere else, it would seem to be self-evident that for a child to witness constant friction is more disillusioning than for it to witness occasional friction or to hear about the friction second-hand. I can, indeed, imagine cases where two married people agree to disagree, keeping up a perfect civility in formal relations, arranging

their lives so that they seldom see each other and then only in company. But those cases presuppose great wealth, spacious lives, a multiplicity of social interests — a scale of living, in other words, far above the average, never to be considered anything but exceptional. Most homes are terribly intimate places. A child is always unfortunate whose parents do not get on with each other, because its views of the relation of marriage are bound to be queer. One of the most important things for any child to acquire is a sense of the normality and beauty of the marriage relation. But it will never be acquired by a child living in a home where there is no love between the parents. It may be said that it will not be learned by any child who lives with one parent who has repudiated the other. Perhaps not often; but at least it has a better chance of respecting one parent than if it lives under conditions where it is difficult to respect either.

The point is that nothing can be more unlucky for a child than to have the spectacle of the unfortunate marriage daily thrust upon it.

The sentimental argument — not the practical one, which will take care of itself — of the children is probably based on false premises. Ought one then to say: let all people divorce freely who for any reason wish to? However much one may romantically incline to answer 'yes,' it should be kept in mind that to make divorce entirely easy will lead to many divorces in which there is not much point; perhaps to so many divorces that we shall be, socially, in a very inchoate condition.

The fact that you cannot, in most states, get a divorce without mud-slinging is a disgraceful fact. Yet if we have 'divorce on demand,' are we not going to have half the married folk in the country divorcing in some moment of impatience or weariness? In such a case,

would not marriage be robbed of all its dignity? There can be no law of any sort that will cover all cases properly, that will not work hardship to individuals. And just as the alimony question can be decently resolved only by educating public opinion, so can the divorce question be only so resolved.

In the superstate, laws would be discreet and delicate, because the citizens themselves would be discreet and delicate. But as it is, laws must take care of the moral thug. Alimony exists to cover the case of the man who would, if alimony were not granted or grantable, callously marry, and forsake, one woman — and one set of children, probably — after the other. But the mere fact that alimony is there leads a lot of women to take indecent advantage of it in cases that are quite other. Many, if not most, states provide divorces on the proof of horrors perpetrated. Therefore a lot of people have to commit perjury every year — preferring perjury to domestic unhappiness. It is, in all conscience, a mess. Many lawyers will not touch divorce cases at all, because the subject is so unsavory.

Very few things are clear, in this matter. Almost the only thing that would seem to be clear is that, so long as marriage is easy, divorce must be easy — ought, probably, to be easier than it is. Unless you tighten up the marriage requirements, you cannot tighten up divorce laws. If you make it possible to marry at sight, you ought to make it possible to divorce on demand. The two freedoms should march with each other. To take a crude but classic case: as long as the college undergraduate can be cozened, while drunk for a few hours, into marriage with a woman of the streets, you must give him the means to get rid of her after he is sober.

If it were harder than it is to get

married, there would be real point in making it harder to divorce. The marriage laws need attention along with the divorce laws.

Certainly we should get rid of the 'collusion' superstition. The one case, it would seem, when divorce should be granted and no questions asked is the case when both people want it equally. As it is — well, we all know how it is. At present, if a civilized couple wishes to divorce, either one or the other must do something that is extremely distasteful and morally reprehensible; or the wife has to establish residence in some distant Western state and sue the husband for desertion. In other words, to take advantage of one law you are forced to break another. That is not a very logical situation. Whatever else is done, it ought to be made possible for two decent citizens who are really unhappy together to give due notice of that fact to the proper authorities and be freed from each other — taking whatever precautions are necessary to prove it a bona-fide and deliberate decision on the part of both. Make them appear and state their wishes, together and severally, and more than once, with a due interval to allow for change of heart; take whatever precautions you please, but make it possible and make it decent. Do not impose on them the crime of perjury and the expense of far travel. Though any law, as I said, is going to work injustice to some individuals, such a legal provision as that would be less unjust than most. The only plea against it is the plea that sometimes a man or a woman would be induced by the other partner to divorce when he or she did not really want to. That, as a plea, is not worth much; for the attitude of the person who wishes to hold another person bound against his or her will is not a respectable attitude, morally speaking; and people who would refuse divorce to a partner

who desires it are, generally speaking, beneath contempt.

I wonder if part of our trouble does not come from the very fact that religious marriages are far more common than civil marriages. As long as it is socially more correct to be married in church and according to the prayer-book, a large proportion of marriages will be founded on a lie. It is quite true that, with our Anglo-Saxon ideal of romantic marriage, we choose our mates — theoretically at least — for love. Two people who are in love with each other positively enjoy laying bonds on themselves, and regarding their relation *sub specie eternitatis*. But there can be no question that large numbers of the young folk who endure the religious ceremony of marriage have no theoretical objection to divorce: in other words, that those tremendous vows are welcome to them — if they are welcome — only because they think at the moment that their own love will never die; not because they believe that there is any authority within the Church with the right to keep people together who should wish to part.

It would clear up some of the mess if marriage were socially recognized as a mere contract under the civil law, except for those people who positively desire to abide by religious requirements. The law itself, of course, takes no account of anything but the law — and quite rightly.

III

So far, I may well seem to have been arguing on the side of free and easy divorce; and I confess that, while the divorce laws are what they are in most, or many, states, I am inclined to be grateful for the states that grant divorce most easily, because that means granting it, in some respects, most decently. The best you can hope for

any legal enactment is that it should work the least possible harm. Any law, as we have said, is going to work injustice in this or that individual case. It is a nice question whether easier divorce laws than we have would, or would not, work more harm than the laws existing. What I do honestly believe is that, in a country whose constitution was originally based on religious freedom, a Christian country, moreover, that was prevailingly Protestant in temper, you must make divorce both available and decent. That it is difficult for the average man or woman to obtain a divorce without either scandal or perjury is all wrong; and is a fact due largely to religious tabus, outdated and faded, yet still potent as social prejudices. Less than the English divorce laws, but still very really, our laws are a kind of hang-over from the ecclesiastical teaching about marriage. Hear John Milton once more: 'He, therefore, who, lacking of his due in the most native and humane end of marriage, thinks it better to part than to live sadly and injuriously to that cheerful covenant (for not to be beloved, and yet retained, is the greatest injury to a gentle spirit) he, I say, who therefore seeks to part, is one who highly honours the married life and would not stain it; and the reasons which now move him to divorce are equal to the best of those that could first warrant him to marry; for as was plainly shewn, both the hate which now diverts him, and the loneliness which leads him still powerfully to seek a fit help, hath not the least grain of a sin in it, if he be worthy to understand himself.'

It is not an easy question, and no solution recommends itself as completely unobjectionable. Uniform divorce laws are perhaps the worst of remedies, since laws are bound to work injustice; and in a matter like this, where people's convictions differ so

widely, it is admittedly impossible not to bear hardly on large groups of men and women. There is no perfect code of divorce laws — not in being, or yet concealed in the clever brain of man. The most that you can attempt to do is to educate the race to a point — in this, as in other matters — where a reasonable law will cover the majority of cases, because the people at large will have reached a certain level of reason and civilization. We are very far from that level at present, and must still be experimental.

Roughly speaking, if you make divorce too easy, you run the risk of achieving something like sexual promiscuity — a result greatly to be deplored. This, in spite of the economic handicaps which really, at present, automatically bind a lot of people who might like to be free. The very rich can always manage.

On the other hand, if you make divorce too difficult, you work infinite hardship to vast numbers of men and women, and you are in danger of creating a generation of children who are profoundly cynical about the most romantic of human institutions. Either way you will do some harm and some good.

The utmost one can suggest at present is a little more honesty, since honesty is all to the good. If we wish to make divorce difficult, we might find some better obstacle to put in the path of the unwilling partners than the necessity of committing adultery, or behaving with outrageous cruelty, or lying themselves black in the face. If we must experiment, we had better let the separate states experiment, rather than urge the federal government to do so.

We are still living, in many respects, mediævally; and our motions toward modern ideas must needs complicate the situation before they succeed in

clearing it. We still live under laws that make suicide a crime: if a man attempts to kill himself, he can be arrested for the attempt. We call it a crime because the Church calls it a sin. Another instance, that is, of the religious tabu still coloring the civil law. Eventually we shall get rid of these cases, and not confound, technically, crimes with sins. Concerning marriage, we are still living, to some extent, mediævally. The fact that practically no jury will convict a man who shoots his wife's lover shows that feminism still has some progress to make in the popular mind.

The divorce question was easier when the Church was the State. But eventually every trace of ecclesiasticism, like every trace of mediævalism, will have to be expunged from the civil law.

And even with marriage looked upon in the light of a civil contract only, it is not going to be so simple. For if marriage is the most romantic, it is also the most complicated of human institutions. The people who take it with moral lightness, using the laws as much to their own advantage as they can, are not so much to be pitied, for there are usually ways out, humanly speaking, for them. The people who believe marriage a sacrament in the religious sense do not come into the question at all; for they have simply chosen to abide by a law which is above the law. It is your and my affair that a man should be a good citizen; but that, over and above that, he should be a good Catholic is his own affair entirely — a matter between himself and God. Simply, he has two laws to keep instead of one. We have only to see to it that he does not insist on anyone's keeping his second law who does not believe in it as he does.

The people who are most hard hit by the present chaotic and anachronistic situation are the people to whom

marriage is indeed a solemn matter, not to be entered into lightly and unadvisedly, but who are none the less capable of making a mistake, and who have no religious convictions against divorce in itself. Taking the country through, that class contributes the majority of sober-minded and intelligent citizens. Many of them, I fancy, feel marriage to be a sacrament, though in no ecclesiastical sense; in other words, if their experience of the marriage relation has seemed to them to have that mystical quality. If you do not feel marriage to be a sacrament, they would say, then it is not. Like Nick in *The Glimpses of the Moon*, they consider that 'the people who don't feel it are n't really married — and they'd better separate; much better.' Also, those people would say that you cannot possibly tell whether it is a sacrament or not until you have tried it out.

That is not far from the Church's teaching about the sacraments. Only, of course, where the Church insists that any marriage, if duly performed according to its rites, is a sacrament, these romantic unbelievers hold that only that marriage is a sacrament which has proved itself to be one. They quite admit that, if their relation had turned out differently, it would not have been one. The Church, according to them, has nothing to do with it. But when two people feel that about their marriage, they are not going to divorce and remarry lightly; in fact, they are going to put up with a good deal of later disillusion rather than do so. If the essential quality goes out of the relation, they may indeed part; but they are not much more likely to remarry than if they held ecclesiastical views. They may not use the word sacrament at all; yet if they have once had that feeling, that sense, concerning their own marriage, they are going to be held back in all sorts of invisible

ways from breaking that relation to contract another.

These reactions and attitudes defy analysis; yet any civilized person, however agnostic, will know what I mean. There is, after all, something rather tremendous about marriage, which only the incurably frivolous, or incurably loose, can fail to feel. If people who do feel it wish to divorce, they should certainly be permitted to: for you may be sure that they do not ask for freedom unadvisedly. They are simply in the position described by John Milton.

Obviously we cannot have divorce on demand without permitting the loose and frivolous to go deplorably far. Not, at least, as long as you make marriage itself so fatally easy a contract to enter into. Yet you cannot make divorce both indecent and over-difficult without oppressing the more important people intolerably much. The impossibility of protecting society from the people who wish to behave like the beasts of the field, and also making life possible for the people who are the moral backbone of the community, by the same laws, is the best argument I know of against a uniform divorce law. Certain states are often spoken of as Alsatis for the immoral; but they may be, as well, sanctuaries for the moral. Both things have to be taken into consideration.

Certainly before we can resolve this matter we have got to face the fact that the home is not sacred unless the people who live in it have some notion of what constitutes sanctity; and that, while you can perhaps mate the average or sub-average man and woman by authority as animals are mated in zoos, you cannot mate the super-average that way.

Whether we are right or not, we 'Anglo-Saxons' have derived and developed a romantic conception of marriage. If you abolish freedom, you

destroy it. Even the Latin conception of the institution of marriage is not very sympathetic to us. Most people may not find romance in their marriages, but we still prefer to keep that ideal.

As a race, we really loathe the marriage of convenience; nor are we perfectly sure that it turns out a better type than our own. If romance is not bound up in the wife or the husband, it will be bound up in the mistress or the lover. But it never can be bound up in the wife or the husband unless there is freedom to choose — or even to change one's choice. How much of an asset to society is romance? If it is none, then tighten up the divorce laws and keep any two people together forever who have once come together. If it is an asset, on the other hand, give marriage a chance to be romantic: tighten up the marriage laws by way of precaution, but give people a loophole to get out — even to make the great experiment again.

It is only by making us all idealistic creatures that you can give us idealistic laws, of course. But what we can do, even now, is to get rid, bit by bit, of hypocritical discrepancies. We can say that the civil law shall cease to mirror

religious prejudice and shall be based, as far as possible, on human nature and social good, as we honestly see them. We shall have to guard society against conscienceless men and women, in this as in other matters; but we can educate ourselves to distinguish between the liberty to which no citizen has a right and the liberty which is the very breath of a reasonable being. If we have got to err, at least let us err slowly and partially. Let us not, for example, take the marriage code out of the prayer-book only to put it into the Federal Constitution. Most people, it is well to remember, have to be pretty miserable before they upset their lives with divorces.

It is not the fashion in this reforming day to care much about people's happiness; but you have to remember that the perfect marriage is perhaps more worth fighting for than the imperfect marriage is worth protecting. The only way you can train youth to respect marriage as an institution is pragmatically — by giving it the spectacle of marriages that are, so far as is humanly possible, without flaw. And I fancy the way to begin may be to make marriage more difficult and divorce more decent.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE 'OLD VIC'

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

'I AM sure that much of the respect which we pay to an elderly man is due to our suspicion that he could avenge any slight by describing the late Charles Mathews in *Cool as a Cucumber*. Theatrical reminiscence is the most awful weapon in the armory of old age.' I am quoting from that delightful essayist, Max Beerbohm, only now beginning to come into his own; and I am about to draw that 'awful weapon,' not in self-defense, but because it will give me pleasure to flourish it; I shall not, I think, do much harm, and it is barely possible some good may come of it. And now for the preliminary flourish.

It will, I think, be admitted by any Londoner whose memory carries him back to the palmy days of Irving and Terry, that the theatre in that great metropolis is now in a very parlous state. We do not greatly care for the revival of plays a quarter-century old; plays which once shocked us but which shock us no longer, and in which we remember — But never mind: Gladys Cooper is not a fair exchange for Mrs. Pat Campbell, and Cyril Maude disporting himself as 'Lord Richard in the Pantry' does not make us forget but rather long for Forbes-Robertson.

Even the music-hall has gone to h——, I was going to say. The cozy, old-fashioned music-hall, smoky, and witty, and often vulgar, has given way to the gaudy theatre in which *revues*, tedious and meaningless, are

given month after month; performances which would seem to be chiefly a challenge to the police. To one who remembers Lottie Collins and Marie Lloyd — to mention only two names, but memory calls up a dozen; to one to whom Dan Leno was a delight and who frequently joined Herbert Campbell in a chorus; who has breathlessly watched Cinquevalli successfully defy the laws of gravitation, and who has learned his coster songs from Albert Chevalier and Gus Ellen, the passing of the 'halls' is nothing short of tragic; but it might perhaps be borne had not the theatre practically disappeared. Then suddenly something happened — and it happened at the Old Vic. And now, and only now, is this paper fairly started.

I know a man who has written two or three books about modern London who confessed to me that he had never been in the Old Vic; comparatively few Londoners know where it is, and many of those who do have but a hazy idea of its character. I stumbled on it quite by accident, in the delightful little cathedral city of Wells while spending a day or two at the Swan. One evening two young ladies were ushered to our table for dinner; they were young, attractive girls, and after the usual preliminaries, the exchanging of mustard for salt, and so forth, we fell into conversation, and I soon discovered that my table-mates were college girls on a holiday. They were

taking a walking trip and were about finishing four hundred miles. Then I learned that they were actresses from London; and at length it developed that they had been playing Shakespearean parts at the Old Vic.

'The "Old Vic,"' I said to myself, wonderingly; 'I seem to remember a more or less disreputable music-hall of that name on the Surrey side of the river; surely such cultivated women as my companions cannot be playing there, not even Shakespeare!' Yet it was so. Little by little the story was told of how, many years ago, an enterprising woman, a Miss Emma Cons, had secured the old place and by degrees redeemed it: then she died, and someone else had taken up and carried on the work. When we parted next morning, I was fully determined to visit that theatre at the first opportunity.

Immediately upon my arrival in London I started out to learn exactly where the Old Vic was; the newspapers had not a word to say; finally someone told me it was in Lambeth in the 'New Cut'; then someone else said it was in the Waterloo Road. Finally, it appeared that both my informants were right, that it was in the New Cut at the corner of the Waterloo Road; and by dint of reading and inquiring this is what I discovered.

In 1811 there was building a great stone bridge over the Thames, for a long time known as the New Bridge: it was completed soon after the glorious battle of Waterloo, which gave a name to many things, including the new bridge and the approaches to it. Shortly after the completion of the bridge, a theatre was begun in the marshes of Lambeth, about half a mile from the Surrey end, and in 1817 its cornerstone was laid, by proxy, by Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, uncle to Queen Victoria, afterwards to be-

come famous as the King of the Belgians. No one seems to know if or how the Prince became interested in the theatre, but in any event it was named after him, the Royal Coburg Theatre. With due regard for the character of the surrounding population, it was at once given over to the crudest kind of melodrama and the most vulgar of pantomimes.

The theatre had been erected in a dangerous slum, one of the worst in London, and for a time, in an effort to entice visitors from the other side of the river, it was announced that special guards were posted on the bridge and its approaches, in order that the audience might feel safe both before and after the performance from the attack of thugs and pickpockets. This announcement did not mend matters much.

From the first the theatre had a checkered career: it prospered occasionally, but it usually was in financial or other difficulties. In 1833, in an effort to revive its fortunes it was given a new name, the Royal Victoria, in honor of the young princess who was then heir presumptive to the crown. But no one was deceived thereby. Edmund Kean acted there for a brief moment; but Grimaldi, the famous clown, was more to the taste of its patrons.

However, nothing really succeeded. Its location was desperate, if not positively dangerous.

With the coming of gas, and finally of electricity, and the better policing of the streets, it became relatively safe; but why travel such a distance to see performances of varying degrees of badness? For a hundred years its record was ten failures to one success. Drinking in the theatre was allowed (and still is), and fights were frequent; the audiences were fierce, in the proper use of that term. Missiles, over-ripe

fruit, mellow eggs, and occasionally an empty beer-bottle were thrown at the villain on the stage, while the heroine and the still more virtuous hero would invariably be encouraged by loud cries of approval. 'Never will I give my consent to bring a virtuous girl to a life of shame!' was a sentiment that, we may be sure, brought the audience of half-drunken men and women to their feet in a burst of delirious applause.

But it was no go. No one seemed to want legitimate drama in the Waterloo Road at the corner of the New Cut; and finally the Old Vic, as it had come to be called, became a music-hall — about as common a music-hall as there was in London. Then it was that I made its acquaintance — but we hardly became friends. It was, before the coming of the taxi, in an out-of-the-way part of the town, and the performances, if cheap, were bad, very bad.

But it is always darkest just before dawn. A woman conceived the idea of giving good drama, not trash, at popular prices; and while her success was not great, she turned the tide. When she died, her assistant, Miss Lilian Baylis, took up and carried on the work. With the coöperation of Mr. and Mrs. Matheson Lang and the help of Ben Greet, and at long last, with the assistance of Russell and Sybil Thorndike, success came to the Old Vic.

II

'Take me to the Old Vic,' I said one evening to a taxi-driver, shortly after I reached London.

'To where, sir?' he replied.

'Don't you know the Old Vic in the Waterloo Road?' I inquired.

'I do, sir, but I was n't sure that I heard you right,' was the reply.

We entered, and in a few moments

we were rolling through St. James's Park and over Westminster Bridge into Lambeth. On we went, under the great railway bridge which forms the approach to Waterloo Station, through the Lower Marsh, into the Waterloo Road where, just ahead of us was the New Cut.

It is a busy, noisy thoroughfare, 'pestered' on both sides, as far as the eye can see, with open-front shops and booths and hand-barrows, lit up at night with flaming naphtha torches, on which food and clothing of every kind and character are exposed for sale. Hawkers were crying their wares; the whole neighborhood was swarming with men, women, and children, doing their daily shopping; for in this part of London everyone works when he can, and the purchase of necessities begins when the day's work is done. We were in—not the famous East End, but the equally sordid South Side of London.

It was nearing seven as we stepped out of our taxi; and going to the ticket-office, I discovered that the play that evening was *Henry IV, Part I*, and that the curtain rose at 7.30 sharp. 'Give me two stalls; how much?' I inquired.

'Five shillings each, including war-tax,' was the reply.

Pocketing the little pieces of paper, I stepped out and looked around for a place in which to eat.

'When in doubt, ask a policeman.' Of all forms of authority I respect a London policeman most: upon the subjects within his range he speaks with the certainty of a college professor, and he carries himself with the bearing of a bishop. Going up to one, and touching my hat, — for I would not have a policeman outdo me in politeness, — I said, 'As man to man, if you were standing with your best girl where I am and had only twenty

minutes in which to get something to eat, where would you go?' 'Hi 'd go, sir,' he said promptly, 'to the Wellington Buffet' (spoken as spelled); 'you 'll find it hexcellent.'

And we did: bread and butter, a cut of cold ham, a Welsh rabbit, and several bottles of Bass; I ask no more and I ask no better. When the curtain rose a few minutes later, we were in our 'stalls,' four rows from the front, and I was just beginning to enjoy my after-dinner cigar.

Reader, when did you last see *Henry IV, Part I*? Have you ever seen it? If you have not, you perhaps think of it as one of Shakespeare's historical plays. Nonsense! the historical part is mere setting for the greatest comic character in all literature, Falstaff. But first let me describe the audience and the house.

The theatre was packed with a quiet, orderly crowd of plain people; I should say there were about as many, or as few, of what might be called common people as of people from the upper walks of life: there were perhaps as many as half a dozen men and women in evening dress.

Everything in the house was of the plainest and simplest: there was no attempt at decoration, the seats were not too comfortable, and when the curtain went up, it was at once evident that rigid economy had been the watchword on the stage also. There were no footlights; from either side of the proscenium arch two flood-lights played upon the actors, while from the centre hung a long, narrow box containing six or eight lights, which lit up the whole or any part of the stage with white or amber lights as might be desired.

Of scenery there was almost none. A simple backdrop sufficiently indicated the scene, heavy curtains formed the wings; stage carpentry was con-

spicuous by its absence. It was at once evident that the play was the thing.

In all the arts of the theatre Henry Irving began where Charles Kean left off; he utilized all the mechanical, engineering, and æsthetic devices of his time to perfection; and after him, under Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's, stagecraft almost superseded acting; indeed, it was not until the magnificent and spectacular could no further go, that the reaction against the stage upholsterer and electrician came.

Now I could, if necessary, write a very pretty paper on lighting-effects, and I am in some degree acquainted with the merits of 'remote control,' electrical apparatus, 'dead-front' switchboard devices, and the rest (if the truth must be told, I make and sell them); but I object to the switchboard attendant usurping the province of the actor. A dark purple sky, slowly changing to blue, to orange, to amber, until the whole scene is of dazzling whiteness, is interesting, but it does not take the place of acting, neither do gorgeous costumes and expensive scenery; indeed, these things may so distract attention that the word and suiting the action to the word, which is what acting is, is lost sight of.

The cost of mounting a magnificent spectacle is to-day almost prohibitive; for costumes alone fifty thousand dollars may be spent, and as much more for the scenery and incidentals. If the play is a success, it is money well invested, but if not — well, only a very rich *régisseur* can stand the strain.

Now at the Old Vic everything depends upon the actor — no, not everything: the actor depends upon his lines, and he has gone back to Shakespeare to get them.

III

Our great Shakespearean scholar, the late Dr. Furness (and these remarks would, I think, equally apply to his distinguished son), was never at his ease when one began to praise Shakespeare. 'Shakespeare is,' he thought, 'beyond praise. I don't care who wrote the plays, the important thing is we have them. Whoever it was, I am glad we know so little about him; pretty much all talk about him is twaddle, especially eulogy.' Such, in brief, was his attitude. Such seems to be the idea at the Old Vic; the stage is cleared, the actors and actresses come and give their lines with what skill they may, and go, and there's an end on't.

No, not quite an end; for when the play is over, one goes home with the idea that one has seen the real Shakespeare. Generally speaking, there is not the change of a scene or the omission of a word. The plays are given just as they have come down to us; they are given rapidly — there is only one intermission of about five minutes, just time for a man to stroll to the back of the house, drink a bottle of Bass, light his pipe, and get back to his seat as the curtain goes up again. Be it remembered that Shakespeare did not write for high-brow audiences; he had no idea that his was the greatest intellect that had ever been given to mortal. He wrote for the average man of his own time, and he packed into his plays everything that he could think of that would amuse and interest him. And he was some thinker, with remarkable powers of expression. Dr. Furness would, I think, have permitted me to say that much. The audiences that first saw the plays were very much such audiences as now see them at the Old Vic.

The people of Shakespeare's day

wanted to be amused just as we do; they wanted the action to go right on; a long wait just as the play was getting interesting would never have been tolerated; and so it is to-day. At the Old Vic the curtain goes up at 7.30, and stays up, usually with one brief intermission as I have said, until eleven o'clock, or even twelve o'clock. *Hamlet*, which is usually cut to death on our stage, is given in two versions: the short version, which takes almost four hours, and the play in its entirety, which takes considerably longer. It is, as it ever has been, enormously popular.

Quite recently Mr. Robert Atkins, the manager, greatly daring, produced *Antony and Cleopatra*, making the thirty-second Shakespearean play given since the revival began in the winter of 1914-15. If ever a play permitted the use of all the devices that the magician-manager has at his disposal, it is this story of the love of the doting Roman general for the Serpent of the old Nile; but according to report, although given without scenic splendor or any of the magnificence of the modern stage, it was a great success and was played to crowded houses. Why should it not have been? For the speeches in *Antony and Cleopatra* are almost blinding with color. That Mr. Atkins could, and he would, use those resources which sometimes eclipse the work of the dramatist, is shown by his selection to arrange the historic tableaux which were presented with such success in the great hall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital on the occasion of its celebrating the eight-hundredth anniversary of its foundation.

IV

But we are wandering far from the Old Vic. Let us get back to King Henry IV and the Prince of Wales,

and Hotspur, and above all to Falstaff, the glory of the English stage. The first scene, short as it is, is all too long; we await so anxiously the second: 'London. An apartment of the Prince's. Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff,' — and the fun begins, and continues almost without interruption for almost four hours. Now, mind you, I do not mean to say that this was the best performance I have ever seen, or that Wilfrid Walter was the greatest Falstaff that ever trod the boards. I do not say that, but with the contentment which comes from sandwiches and Welsh rabbits well bestowed and several bottles of the best of all beverages, 'Bass' (Prohibitionists, this is not an advertisement of an intoxicant); with the knowledge that I had a pocketful of cigars, and, my physician being far away, I intended to smoke them, I settled myself for an evening of unalloyed delight and had it.

What does Horace Walpole say of *Henry IV*? 'Now I hold a perfect comedy to be the perfection of human composition, and I firmly believe that fifty Iliads could be created sooner than another such character as Falstaff.' And this perfect comedy has not been seen on the American stage for years; indeed a generation has grown up that has hardly heard of it.

And a few nights later we saw the Second Part of the same play. Let critics decide which is the better, and let who will, read plays: I want to see them acted. It may be that a Lamb or a Coleridge could derive as much pleasure from reading the plays as from seeing them; but for myself, I can never get the fine points of a play until I have seen it on the stage. This was brought home to me in the scene where Falstaff delivers himself of his famous soliloquy: 'What is honor? 't is a word. . . . Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday,' and the rest. I

knew it, of course, but I did not get its full significance until, in a later scene, after the battle in which Sir Walter Blunt is killed, Falstaff, coming by chance upon the body, turns it over with his foot, and discerning who it is, remarks, '*There's honor for you.*' The acting gave pith and point to the soliloquy, which it had lacked before.

Henry V I have never seen, nor have I read it in close sequence with *Henry IV*. I could not bear to. In it Falstaff is dead: it may be that, buried in that mountainous mass of flesh, he had a heart which broke when Prince Hal, become a king, neglected him. Anyway he is dead, and Mistress Quickly and Bardolph and Pistol, without Falstaff, are not so interesting to us as they were; Falstaff, their great sun, which warmed and vitalized them, has set. It is almost impossible to think that a man with such a gust for living as Falstaff could die, and like the Hostess of the Tavern in Eastcheap we are sure he is not in Hell, and with Bardolph we would be with him wheresome'er he is.

The scene in which the Hostess tells Bardolph of his master's death is one of the most wonderful in all literature. Quite recently an English magazine took a census of opinion as to the most humorous and at the same time pathetic passage in English literature: several votes for passages from Sterne were cast, but the vote for the scene of the death of Falstaff was practically unanimous.

'Just between twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide . . . after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; . . . and a' babbled of green fields.'

We hear of the death of better men undisturbed; or as Prince Hal has it, we could have better spared a better man. What is it about Falstaff, the

thief, the liar, the coward, the braggart, that so fascinates us? He is as subtle as Hamlet, and much more wonderful as a creation. Do you challenge this statement? Then think of the many great tragic characters whose names at once occur to us. Good. And now of the comic. Falstaff, Mr. Pickwick, and who else? — Don Quixote, perhaps. Every actor has a feeling that he can play Hamlet, but how many essay the character of Falstaff? In recent years, Lionel Brough and Beerbohm Tree. Of the latter I recently heard a good story illustrative of the acid wit of W. S. Gilbert. Sir Beerbohm, dressed in the several feather-beds the part of Falstaff requires, hot and sweating with exertion, seeing Gilbert wandering about behind the scenes, goes up to him expecting, quite naturally, a word of praise, for Tree was great in the part. And what does the sharp-tongued gentleman say? Looking at the perspiring actor before him, he remarks icily, 'Your skin is acting well this evening.'

I foolishly did not keep my programmes of the Old Vic performances, but I am sure that I am right in crediting Ethel Harper with the excellent rendition of the part of Mistress Quickly, an early Mrs. Malaprop. She had the quality of pure comedy about her, the kind of humor which we were wont to associate with Mrs. John Drew. Fascinated against her will by the old rogue Falstaff, to whom she could deny neither her kisses nor her silver, deceived and abused by him, but always forgiving him, she hoped to the last that he would keep his promise to make her a lady, his wife; and it was not until after his death that she consented to become the wife of Pistol — a sad falling-off to be sure, but anything is better than dying a maid, if indeed she ever was one.

The *Merry Wives* should be seen

before and not after *Henry IV*. Whether or not the legend be true that Queen Elizabeth, having rejoiced in the character of Falstaff, gave orders that Shakespeare should write a play showing him in love, the play presents a falling-off in the characters which have so delighted us: they lack spontaneity; humor has degenerated into horseplay; one does not much delight in seeing Falstaff buried in a basket of soiled linen, and Mistress Quickly, now become a servant to Doctor Caius, is not very convincing. We have, to be sure, those excellent romps, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page; but as for sweet Anne Page, you that love her may have her; in other words, the charm of a mature woman more fetcheth me than does that of any bread-and-butter miss whatever.

V

I had not expected greatly to enjoy *The Taming of the Shrew*; but when I saw it at the Old Vic, I seemed to see it for the first time and see it whole. Many years ago I saw Booth in a little play arranged by Garrick, called *Catharine and Petruchio*. I remember nothing of it but Booth's leaping upon a table and snapping his whip; he used it as a foil to *The Fool's Revenge*, in which he excelled. Later, John Drew and Ada Rehan in those delicious Daly days enjoyed in it for a season their usual success. Augustin Daly was too much of an artist to omit the Prologue or the 'Induction,' as Shakespeare calls it; but of late years it has not been given; and as, on account of its noisy and boisterous quality, too few people read the play, not everyone remembers that *The Taming of the Shrew* is a play within a play; without Christopher Sly, the tinker, it loses half its point.

Bear with me while I remind myself

of the joy I had one evening at the Old Vic. The story is this: Christopher Sly, a tinker, drunk, being turned out of an alehouse upon a heath, falls asleep; a noble lord, on his way home from a day's hunting, comes upon him by chance, and inquires of his attendants whether he is dead or drunk. Upon being assured that he is only drunk, he has the bright idea of having him gently picked up and conveyed to his (the noble lord's) house and put to bed in his best room. When he awakens, he is to be attended as if he were a lord: servants are to hand him a silver basin filled with rose-water in which he may wash his hands and lave his face. Food and wine are to be given him; and he is to be asked what his pleasure is, what apparel he will wear. He is to be made to believe that he is a wealthy nobleman awaking from a long sleep.

The lord's retainers enter into the spirit of the jest, and, when the drunken tinker awakes, the sport begins; there never was such fun. Sly, rousing himself from his drunken slumber, calls for a pot of ale, and is offered wine instead by one servant, while another perplexes him with the question, 'What raiment will your honor wear?' 'Raiment!' cries Sly, 'ne'er ask me, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet.' There never was such make-believe out of a fairy tale, which in some sort this 'Induction' is; and it continues until all the actors (except Sly), and the audience are choking with merriment. Finally Sly believes himself actually to be a lord, and when he is told that his entertainers are come to perform a merry comedy, he bids them play. 'We shall ne'er be younger, let the world slip,' he says, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, five acts of farce, begins.

There is no need to detain the reader

with the story. The scene is laid in Italy, but the characters are English, the fun is English, the sort of slapstick fun which three hundred years ago kept, and should forever keep, if it be played rapidly, an audience in a roar. How the play ends by Petruchio taming the obstreperous Kate, until in a pretty speech she places her hand under her husband's foot, all the world knows, and the play ends — according to Shakespeare; but at the Old Vic there are a few lines more taken from an older play, *Taming of A Shrew*, which form a fitting epilogue, as it were, to what has gone before. The evening is spent; the noble lord is tired and would go to bed. Sly, too, has fallen asleep; two servants enter and are told to take him up and throw him out upon the heath. When he awakens, thinking now that he is a lord, he calls for his servants to bring him wine and is jeered at. 'What, am I not a lord?' he cries; and is told that he is Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker; that he may have been dreaming; that his wife at home is waiting for him. At these words, he rises, pulls himself together, and saying he knows how to tame a shrew, he staggers off. One has a feeling that he will be the master in his house for that night at least — and the curtain falls.

Now play this rapidly, play it, not as a refined comedy, which it is n't, but as the greatest farce ever written, which it is, and it will run for months.

VI

We all remember the story of the man who sent the manuscript of a novel to a popular magazine: when it was returned to him, as manuscripts usually are, it was with the notation that it could, perhaps, be used if it were shorter. 'You take up too much time with preliminaries,' the editor

said; 'cut out the landscape and sky effects and get down to a recital of the facts. In its shortened form, perhaps we can use it.' When the manuscript was again submitted, it began this way: "'Oh, hell!" said the duchess, who up to this time had taken no part in the conversation.' *Richard III* begins in much the same way. Whether originally it was longer than it now is, we do not know; but certainly not an instant is lost at starting. The curtain goes up on a deserted street in London; a moment later the Duke of Gloster, afterwards Richard III, lounges around a corner and begins:—

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.

Only a man determinèd to be a villain would begin his life upon the stage with so murderous a pun, and he rants and indulges in every kind of claptrap until, at the end of the fifth act, no one responding to his despairing cry, 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' he is killed and Richmond makes the announcement, 'The bloody dog is dead.'

I don't think I am mistaken in saying that *Richard III* is the finest melodrama ever written. When a man sets out to make a melodrama nowadays, such performances as they used to give at the Adelphi, but which are now given at Drury Lane, by the use of elaborate scenery and mechanism, he secures effects which bewilder the audience and keep it in suspense; but Shakespeare had to work another way. He got his effects by the play and interplay of his characters. So Richard woos and wins his bride at a funeral, admitting that the lady's beauty had caused him to kill her husband. It is a misuse of words to call this scene theatrical; it is simply verbal horseplay. Richard says so himself, after it is over, in the famous soliloquy:—

Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humor won?

To this double question there can be but one answer—No, but what difference does it make? The audience is having such a wonderful time that it does not stop to analyze the situation, and the play goes right on, one extravagant scene after another; people die like flies and nobody cares, until at last, having used every trick in his box, Shakespeare brings the play to an end, and we go home satisfied.

It is now the fashion to berate Colley Cibber for altering this play almost beyond recognition; but I don't think he really did it much harm. It is good old Cibber, and not Shakespeare, who splits our ears with 'Richard's himself again,' and—

'My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is here.'

'What! Buckingham here? Off with his head. So much for Buckingham.'

These speeches are perfectly in key with the rest of the play, otherwise they would not have survived for a hundred and fifty years. They did n't offend Garrick; it was the play in which he made his first appearance and he always delighted in it; nor Dr. Johnson, who knew his Shakespeare, and enjoyed Garrick's performance quite as much as if Shakespeare had been the author of every line. In those days an acting version of a play was one thing and a version 'for the closet,' as it was called, was another. But at the corner of the Waterloo Road and the New Cut no Cibber is permitted, and the play crowds the house.

VII

Finally, as the preacher says, rousing his congregation from its slumbers, what lesson can we draw from the performances at the Old Vic? Is it not that Shakespeare can be performed

as written, without transpositions to make it suitable for the stage? That cuts should be simply eliminations of prosy passages, of which there are plenty, which interrupt the progress of the play and which fatigue audiences and actors alike? That elaborate scenery and expensive costumes are not essential if the acting is good; and that we have accustomed ourselves to taking Shakespeare too slowly, too seriously, too reverently? Let us forget the author in his work; Shakespeare wrote to amuse; even his tragedies, *Macbeth* and *Lear*, and the rest, did not depress his audiences as they do us. They got a lot of fun out of murders and poisonings and ghosts; we do not, and have come to believe that seeing Shakespeare is a serious business. Often we go from a sense of duty, in much the same way as we go to church; and we get about the same amount of pleasure out of it. One can imagine too many domestic conversations something like this:—

WIFE: Charley, don't forget that Nelly Watson is going to be with us next week, and that she will expect us to take her to the theatre.

HUSBAND: I'm not likely to forget it. What shall we take her to? I'm told that there is an excellent show at the Broadway.

WIFE: What's the name of it?

HUSBAND: I've forgotten the name, but Connie Constance is in it.

WIFE: I know: *Men's Playthings*. They say her gowns are magnificent, they were all made in Paris; I should like to see them, but you know Nelly Watson is sort of high-brow. What would you say to our going to see *Twelfth Night*?

HUSBAND: O Lord!

WIFE: I know, but after all we're going to please her, not ourselves.

HUSBAND: Very well, have it your way. I'll get the tickets.

WIFE: And what would you say to our asking Fred Hamilton? he's a nice fellow, and rather fond of Nelly.

HUSBAND: He won't stand for *Twelfth Night*. I know Fred.

WIFE: Oh, yes, he will; we must give a little party, and you will have to dress.

HUSBAND: That's another bore.

WIFE: I know, but it's Shakespeare, my dear.

There is a hasty dinner; there is no time for the usual cigar; everyone starts out in a bad humor. And in this frame of mind our friends go to see one of the loveliest comedies ever written.

How much longer, I wonder, will the fiction be kept up that smoking is objectionable to ladies? In Queen Victoria's day a man was obliged to go to his own bedroom and smoke out of the window; or perhaps, sitting on the floor in front of an open fireplace, blow the smoke up a chimney, fearful all the time that he would be detected. And there was the further idea that tobacco smoke ruined the plush lambrequins and other hangings characteristic of the period. Now that the lambrequins have gone, let us enjoy ourselves: to-day women smoke as much as men do, some of them smoke more. A cigar or a cigarette would add to the delight of a good play, and would be a solace if the play were bad. In England smoking is permitted only in certain theatres, not of the best class; but in all of them, between the acts, young ladies are permitted to cry their wares, 'Teas and ices; ice and teas,' rather to the annoyance of those who are obliged to assist in their delivery to the consumer.

I have n't the least doubt that flaws could be picked with the performances at the Old Vic. It is easy to find fault. Grant that not all the actors are up to their parts, that not all of them can

read blank verse correctly. Reading blank verse is not easy, and it may become a lost art unless, as now seems probable, a Shakespearean revival is seriously undertaken. At the moment we are doing better than the English. A few months ago in New York five Shakespearean performances were running at the same time. It was not too soon: it is of the utmost importance to keep a place upon our stage for actors of the old school: we must preserve the unwritten tradition of the stage: the 'business,' as it is called, which is handed down from one generation to another; its loss would be a calamity.

But to return to London. The Old Vic is one of the intellectual assets of the town: it is badly in need of funds: the appointments of the stage are poor, and conveniences for the actors are — well, practically, there are n't any. The management made its wants known and the hat was passed, but these are hard times in London. Then the London County Council came around and insisted upon expensive structural changes. Miss Baylis was in despair: what was to be done? Then out of a clear sky, anonymously, came a substantial gift of thirty thousand pounds. Could it be possible? Who was the donor? Was it stage money? No, current paper of the

realm, 'legal tender for any amount,' was paid in, and gradually it became known that George Dance, the well-known dramatic author and theatrical manager, had saved the Old Vic. All honor to him! King George and I are in complete accord, for I read in the newspapers only a few days ago that a knighthood was to be conferred upon him.

Who shall say that it was not deserved? Certainly not the patrons of the Old Vic.

While the managers have been telling us that 'Shakespeare spells ruin' and the intellectuals have been talking about the necessity of establishing a national playhouse, the people, not a mile from the spot on which three hundred years ago stood the Globe, have loyally been supporting such a theatre — a theatre to which it is admittedly an honor to belong and in which it is a joy to spend an evening. And remember, dear reader, that all this is to be had for a shilling, for the greater part of the house; the gallery is sixpence, I believe. If the 'talkies' are not to be put out of business by the 'movies,' which heaven forbid, we must have a theatre to which a man can take a girl without having to put a mortgage on his already heavily encumbered automobile.

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AUTUMN AND DEATH

BY AMY LOWELL

THEY are coy, these sisters, Autumn and Death,
And they both have learnt what it is to wait.
Not a leaf is jarred by their cautious breath,
The little featherweight
Petals of climbing convolvulus
Are scarcely even tremulous.

Who hears Autumn moving down
The garden-paths? Who marks her head
Above the oat-sheaves? A leaf gone brown
On the ash, and a maple-leaf turned red —
Yet a rose that's freshly blown
Seals your eyes to the change in these,
For it's mostly green about the trees.

And Death with her silver-slippered feet,
Do you hear her walk by your garden-chair?
The cool of her hand makes a tempered heat,
That's all, and the shadow of her hair
Is curiously sweet.
Does she speak? If so, you have not heard;
The whisper of Death is without a word.

The sisters, Autumn and Death, with strange
Long silences, they bide their time,
Nor ever step beyond the range
Allotted to a pantomime.

But the soundless hours chime,
One after one, and their faces grow
To an altered likeness, slow — slow.

Grim is the face which Autumn turns
To a sky all bare of obscuring leaves,
And her hair is red as a torch where it burns
In the dry hearts of the oaten sheaves.
But Death has a face which yearns
With a gaunt desire upon its prey,
And Death's dark face hides yesterday.

Then Autumn holds her hands to touch
Death's hands, and the two kiss, cheek by cheek,
And one smiles to the other, and the smiles say much,
And neither one has need to speak.
Two gray old sisters, such
Are Autumn and Death when their tasks are done,
And their world is a world where a blackened sun
Shines like ebony over the floes
Of a shadeless ice, and no wind blows.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DEAFNESS

BY MARGARET BALDWIN

IF this paper seems sometimes to have gone a step beyond the usual point of view of a layman, it is for two reasons. My particular bent in thought and study had long led me into much venturing along the edge of the realm of science, including that division which, with the advent of deafness, I perceived had given into my hands some useful knowledge of analytical psychology. Without this, I could not have gone far. The hopeless mystery of a dispirited personality could not have been solved, or its unhappy effects overcome.

The other reason is the fact that the head of my house is not a layman. Knowledge of certain correlated sciences always at hand brought inevitably much to bear on the treatment and elucidation of many perplexing questions and conditions.

I feel constrained to make this explanation, because the interest of the deaf is so vital as to make it imperative for them to feel that, when one presents any new point of view, it is at least with a shade of authority.

I

There is a fundamental difference in the experience of deafness between different classes of people. What meets the needs of one class may have much less bearing upon those of another. One of the most certain differences is between men and women.

It has always been considered that men are more generous to one another

than are women. Whether this be true, and men lend themselves more kindly in the ways which lessen the deprivations of deafness, or not, men's lives undoubtedly do include a greater possibility of diversion, and more compelling interests. Business interests — 'making money' — have a way of absorbing most things. To that extent men might easily be less disastrously affected than women.

Another difference has to do with whether one is seized with sudden severe deafness in mature life, or very early in life. To be educated in deafness from childhood, to be trained and developed according to its measure from the first, is a different thing from being plunged into it at thirty, in the full tide of all one's activities and responsibilities, pleasures and participations in life. To check them violently, to turn them back, to battle with obstruction and vagueness, till one can break a way into some clearer vision of life, is a different proposition from the other.

I do not minimize the magnitude of the other. My comparisons are not to show which is the greater, but only to show that they are different, and therefore require different methods of procedure. Youth is plastic. It adapts from sheer power of growth. The adult is a comparatively fixed quantity. His individuality is stamped with maturity. He is crystallized into a system of reactions to a hearing environment. He has to be made over, as it were, to fit a new world, and the making is

wholly dependent upon himself, without the correlative of external influences. It is less a process of development than of subduing and reorganizing a personality already strong in itself.

A deaf person should never be disheartened because it may seem that someone else has handled his problem with greater success, achieved a better result, than he has. It is not a matter of individual bravery. Your problem might have been a very different test for him, with a very different result.

My first paper — 'The Road of Silence' — was written from what might be called a disinterested point of view, with little thought of its significance to others. But it proved to be the finding of a voice and words for hundreds who had labored under the same depression which it briefly set forth, and which they could not account for, either to themselves or to the world. They were not blind; why had every sensation of pleasure gone out of the heart? Mind and reason had remonstrated in vain. But both were wrong. Both had come to the borderland of a domain over which they could not reign till they more fully understood it — a psychophysical province whose minister was keeper of the heart and feelings.

It was this point of being able to account to *one's self* for this depression, and the resulting *effect* of the accounting, of which the author had happened to gain the secret early in the game, which gave to 'The Road of Silence' its first appeal.

The 'resulting effect' — that is, lifting the depression by finding out its blind cause, the actual why of its existence — seems out of all proportion to the simplicity of the means. Yet it is just here that the one important thing which applied psychology can do for the deaf takes place. Emphatically, it is the first thing to seek.

Steadily, in these later years, people have learned the tremendous power for good there is in psychologically understanding themselves. Especially is a grasp of the psychology of deafness of the greatest value to the man or woman who is just facing his problem, who is doing it valiantly yet without headway, because he is in that position which Münsterberg described as fighting 'where despair is inevitable, and the enemy necessarily stronger than his own powers.'

The presence of this condition, in pronounced and sudden deafness, is almost universal. It is no chance that, by way of many letters and personal knowledge, such statements as, 'I was in despair,' or, 'I was just slipping over the brink of utter discouragement,' or, 'Why do I feel so sad all the time?' are most common expressions. Even if they represent only a class, the condition is so destructive and serious that its separate consideration and treatment are justified. To get rid of the depression is an imperative necessity. Little can be done toward a useful and happy existence till that is gone. Yet there is such a thing as its not being accomplished.

In the case of Beethoven, he was aware himself of the greatness of his genius — knew it was so great that it must not be lost to the world. This, he said, on seeing a flute played near him of which he could not hear a note, 'was the only reason why he did not take his life on the spot.' He had not put into outward form the music which he knew was within him. But he was acutely depressed, and became, in the words of one of his biographers, 'gradually the victim of morbid irritability and hopeless melancholy.' He was able to compose without hearing his composition, only because of the intense power of his imagination — often the concomitant of great genius. It was exactly this

supreme imagination which was meant when it was said of Raphael that, 'if he had been born without hands, he would nevertheless have become a great painter'; and — in extreme form — which Goethe put into words when he wrote of his 'vision' on the road to Sesenheim: 'Not with the eyes of the body, but with the eyes of the mind, I saw myself coming toward myself.'

Yet Beethoven may not be quite a fair illustration, because his personality — the whole man — was so merged in the most æsthetic form of sound as to make the case extreme. Music has an ineffable power of uplifting any mentality. Here its loss would mean tragedy. It is a topic which I have occasion to refer to later.

II

To the mechanic, the absorbed business man and woman, the milliner, the accountant, the machinist, and countless other people in the busy walks of life, psychology — the science of mental processes — may not have gained a large place in interest. There may even be a faint feeling that it is foreign to the grasp. It is true that its development has been one of long and complex scientific study. But the simplicity of some of its applied results is surprising.

Its connection with our subject here is made plain by two statements. The first, that finding the cause of your depression *changes* your feelings. This in itself displaces the depression. You cannot have two distinct and unlike kinds of feelings at one and the same time. One must move out, as it were, for the other to move in. If you can acquire a sudden sharp interest, it must take depression's place.

The other statement is, that bare sound has much more to do with producing feelings and emotions than has any other external influence. This is the first key to the unreason of your de-

pression. The loss of your normal feelings of cheerful well-being was not correlative with the loss of words and their significance to the mind, — notwithstanding conversation is the universal and ceaseless habit of the human family, — not with the physical hardship of deafness, not with most of the things which you thought it was. It was correlative with the absence of sound pure and simple.

In its specialized forms sound conveys facts to the understanding. But, primarily, it is the great stimulus of feelings. Shut that stimulus off, and they remain unaroused, dead. Prolong that deadness, and it is intensified into depression. It becomes unendurable. It may almost be said, the eyes are for the intellect, the ears for the heart. Even the blind have sometimes had an inkling of this. Milburn, the blind clergyman of Washington, said, 'The eye is a haven at which the treasure fleets that sail through the ocean of light are unloading, and their stores deposited in the vaults of the intellect: but it is through the whispering gallery of the ear that man reaches the heart of his fellow man most quickly and surely. . . . Man's voice, tuned by sympathy . . . may perform the sweetest ministry of human life.'

There is great significance in his words, *whispering*, *voice*, and *tuned* — words which refer in every instance to *sound* alone, and hold in themselves a singleness of meaning. Standing in darkness, he had discovered the hidden power of sound itself, though perhaps not fully to understand it. But his unconscious choice of words revealed the concept of his mind. The deaf man reads as from an open book. With two senses operating together, the mind does not distinguish their respective work. But when one is absent, there is perfect clearness of their separate action.

We are, of course, subject to a civilization and social existence of which organized sounds — words, language, music — are the great systems and vehicles. But, besides this, in a more elemental significance, sound and tones in simpler complex are at the bottom of the daily morale of human life. This is revealed in that universally accepted idea, the cheerfulness of the blind.

Elementally, the conditions are in no way under the dominion of will-power or moral force of any kind. The initial power is sound. Without it, emotion lies dormant, and not to be started by either persuasion or pretension. Especially is making believe child's play.

Is there any other conceivable way in which a blind man could ever be cheerful, with the bitter knowledge of his blindness, except he be the passive recipient of a force which he does not control — inaugurated millenniums ago in the evolution of the human animal? Any difference in will-power, or determination, or natural disposition between the two cannot be a universal and invariable accident in favor of the blind.

That bit of proof which was cited once before is the most revealing — that we can perceive through the eye what we know is great suffering, with comparative calmness; but get that same knowledge by way of the ear, in sound, and we are instantly distressed and excited. Hearing it makes us realize it. In reality, it is because sound is an utterly different stimulus from sight, with a far more *intense mental reaction*. Seeing it was knowing it, but not feeling it. Hearing it was both. What we know is a thousandfold less personal than what we feel.

But music is the supreme revelation of the benign power of sound. It stirs the feelings in the whole range from joy to sadness. Even an animal is sometimes susceptible to its power. Jack

was a little fox-terrier of no accomplishments, but he had a heart. A piece of music came into the house — a slow march of most beautiful melody. All the sorrows of the world seemed gathered into the beat of its soft syncopated sound. As the first notes stole through the house, Jack would come into the room and drop down with his nose on his paws. Soon he would begin to whimper; and as the music swelled into a fuller strain, Jack would point his nose to the ceiling and howl to heaven the dumb sorrow of his heart.

But there are very different examples from this. History has left us a little story of surpassing interest. Making allowance for the phraseology, because certain old historians wanted always a religious point of view for everything, the story runs that a certain king had become depressed. They said that the spirit of the Lord had departed from him and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him. Now it happened that among his servants there were some with thoughtful minds, who had known this spell of the beauty of music in their own hearts. These went to the king and asked him to let them find a man who was 'a cunning player on a harp,' actually saying to him that, when he listened to this music, 'thou shalt be well.'

So they brought the youthful and handsome David. And he sat down with Saul and played to him on one of those most beautiful of instruments, a harp. In the words of the historian, 'Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.' In our words, he was no longer depressed.

Of course, we know further that Saul had an unfortunate temperament — his passionate moods mixed with his finer impulses. But that does not discount the force of the illustration. The Jews were a musically gifted people, and though their harps were not per-

fected as they are to-day, yet their music was already a soothing and beautiful power.

But we do things on a large scale nowadays. With our great art of music and all its splendid musical instruments, the establishment of a chair of musicotherapy (music-healing or curing) in one of our great universities is but the scientific expression of the bearing of sound upon the feelings—the very same which the servant of old felt so vividly when he urged it for the sick heart of his king three thousand years ago.

If I have dwelt at some length on this statement, it was to make sure of a plainer grasp of the commonly unrecognized relation of sound to feeling.

The other statement, put briefly, was that finding out the *cause* of your depression cured it. This fact is less easily analyzed than the other. Why should knowing the cause cure the condition? To attempt to answer at length is to pass into a too technical consideration of psychology itself. But it is not necessary. One does not have to account for the whole 'why' here, in order to enter into the result. But there is illumination in considering another point of view. There is a certain marked relief in the knowledge that what one had experienced as an intense trouble of heart, which he would not have considered undue if he had been blind, but could not justify when he was only deaf, was simply the result of a perfectly natural law—the logical outcome of a psychophysical thing, and not a sort of remorse or inward lamentation. Like everyone else, he had always supposed this thing of feelings was much in the control of will and strength of mind. Now he knows that in this case it lies entirely outside of either the one or the other. And to know where it does lie is to exchange the helplessness and unrest of complete ignorance for light and satisfaction.

III

The history of man for thousands of years has been ultimately to challenge arbitrary mystery. He is never at peace with it. Human intelligence is now too imperious to tolerate being thrust out of its rights of well-being without wanting the reason why, whether it is consciously aware of it or not. Given the explanation, rational and understandable, it is the very office of intelligence to accept it and be soothed—to perceive that there is nothing unjust or illogical in one's position. It is the keynote of the change. While our case in itself is not strictly parallel to the original,—the cause there being something within the personality,—the fact that here it lies outside of it does not seem to be relevant. It is the *cause*, and the result is closely allied if not absolutely the same.

There must be no confusion of ideas as to there being any specific moral element in the matter, and, least of all things, any mysticism. It is straightly medical, on the side of psychotherapy—a restoring of things mental.

Given the passage of years, a person who has suddenly become pronouncedly deaf will perhaps learn painfully to get used to it, to improve in many of its phases. But it is a slow growth, always at the expense of wasted years, of endurance rather than buoyancy of spirit. Life is dull—a haunting sense of waiting, rather than the happiness to which you had a right. Its hardship must be outlived rather than outwitted. But let them get some sort of advantageous hold in the beginning, some fundamentally enlightening point of view, and it means all the difference between a life of enthusiasm and possibility, and one irretrievably narrowed in pleasure and fulfillment.

Passing to the practical social everyday life, the deaf person's satisfactions

and pleasures, as well as his usefulness and success, come, like everybody's, from his occupations and interests. Above all things he must have occupations and interests — business and responsibility if possible, even if it be carried on by means of written communication. More than others he must have the thing that he likes; that yields him profit and consumes his time; that calls upon his ability and intelligence, and leaves open some door of progress for him. Otherwise he tends to become less and less an entity. His individuality decreases, not only to himself but in the reckoning of other people also.

For one with whom the question of occupation is solved by remaining the same as ever, he may go deeper into his craft or work. If one can no longer get the diversion of mind, the whiling away of hours in the old way of conversation and association with his fellows, — and there is very little association without conversation, — he must turn to books. The deaf person reads with a great deal of advantage. His attention and concentration are immune to the petty distractions of sound. He may carry on reading of a weighty nature at almost any time and place, under far more profitable conditions than people who hear. A deaf person may educate himself with surprising ease.

There are a great many occupations which are closely related to a history and beauty which those who follow them have probably never been familiar with. With books as accessible as they are, why, for instance, — to choose an illustration wholly at random, — should not a plain carpenter come to have a scholar's knowledge of the history and beauty of architecture, — one of the oldest and finest arts, — from the excellence of the post-and-lintel construction of primitive man to the glories of ancient Greece and Rome?

Such pursuits become in the end not

a mere pastime, but the abiding possession of a lifetime. One has added something immensely worth while to his mental outlook. A mind with such a bit of side training is always in a land of new discoveries, finding treasure where others are blind. Beauty is beneficent wherever it comes; and especially is it harmonizing to an overtired psychology. To recognize it habitually is to open a door into a new world.

In books and study, however, there is some temptation to overdo, especially if by chance one is a natural student.

The unintelligibleness of people's ideas and wishes produces perpetual mental strain for the deaf, which, in association on the basis of conversation, causes intense fatigue, bodily and mentally. Not infrequently deaf people become less robust in health. But there is exactly the same mental need and desire for association with people that there is on the part of those who hear; and everybody knows what that is. You do not break down the necessity because the means have broken down. That could not be done if you would, because man has been gregarious too many thousands of years.

The best way — in fact, the only way — which remains to overcome this situation is through recreation, that is, amusement and play. It serves a double purpose and you gain on both counts — the pleasure of play and the association with people.

This kind of association — golf, tennis, cards — does not entail conversation, at least not more than you can manage. It is not the main thing. You know what to do and what others are going to do, by the rules of the game and their movements and gestures, without the need of talking. The exhilaration of your feelings by the play of your mind, without the blocking and effort of perception, is impossible to describe. The stimulus of excite-

ment, mild or otherwise, of competition, is keenest relief, because the human mind craves it and must have it. It seems to be the natural principle of half the interests of life, and this method of play is almost the *sole* one which supplies it to the deaf. Without it monotony is intense. It should involve no inconvenience to anyone. It is only that one cannot play tennis or cards alone. He is dependent, like everyone else, upon the coöperation and help of others.

These things should be cultivated, not only for the invaluable results mentioned, but because whatever makes for the outdoor habit is remedial, directly and indirectly. One may have been a lover of the outside world in his own way — the way of the woods and fields, where nothing escaped him. But there is now an unaccountable strangeness on the face of nature. The symbols of it which he sees lack realism. He especially needs to find substitutes to entice him back to the open.

But there must always be motive and definite objective in outdoor life. Nothing bores like the aimlessness of just going out. Yet there are some unsung ways of accomplishing it which are wonderfully successful.

I know a deaf woman who has the privilege of a little real country life. Her friends call it her fad. She knows it has become her dearest hobby, the best of her holidays. Twice a year she goes down to an old farm set in wide fields by the sea. In the springtime she does her 'planting' — in the midst, to her, of a world resplendent. All through the season, at intervals, time and care are still required. In the autumn she harvests — through those warm fruity placid days of late September and early October. The nights of the 'hunter's moon' are a season of events to her, which no round of picture galleries can surpass in the glory of memories that

are left in her mind. She goes to bed at eight o'clock, because the peace of the silent fields has fallen upon her spirit. She rises at five, because the splendor of the summer dawn irresistibly calls her, because the very plunder of life lies in the June day before her, and she cannot thrust her hands into the golden horde too quickly.

For those more fortunate, who have come to fill a wider sphere, who touch the edge of adventure, in business or travel or strange lands, much is made up to them. Entertainment and diversion come to them instead of being sought. The inner life is more alert because the outer world is more varied and new. But for the many who walk in the quiet places — and they are the great majority — all the devices for diversion are needed. And especially do these need the initial light from an understanding heart, for, after all, there is no balm in all life like the knowledge that there is someone who *understands us*.

IV

The blind man is blind to his fellows materially, which the world instantly perceives and then acts accordingly — that is, it conducts him to the necessary goal, if he is absolutely at a standstill. The deaf man is blind to his fellows mentally, which seems amazingly difficult for people to grasp and keep in mind. Always they demand him to do the impossible; and, as one writer points out, often with either the touch of impatience or that unmistakable and exasperating air of dealing with one who is not bright. Not one in a hundred ever voluntarily thinks, in some especially embarrassing situation, to make use of the one sure and easy means of leading to the idea by a few written words.

Therefore the deaf have had to come to their own rescue. They have been

forced to invent a sort of new brain-capacity, by seeing what is said instead of hearing it. In the twenty-five or thirty guilds for the deaf in the large cities in this country, and the lip-reading schools connected with them, there exists the largest and most fruitful movement for overcoming the incapacitations of deafness. Everyone should exert himself to acquire the art to some very appreciable extent. It is incomparably ahead of everything else. This is not to say that he will not make use of all the artificial means which he may have. But many of them are often wearisome compared with the efficiency of the other. Too much cannot be said in its favor.

Yet it is wise not to make the mistake of thinking it is too easily done. As a matter of fact, to become proficient requires steady effort, for a greater or less length of time. I have seen the statement by one who could hear, and therefore knew nothing about it, that it was very easily acquired. This is misleading. Words and phrases are easily enough learned; but that is not the point. One may start, however, without feeling that he must accomplish the full limit. Much or little, it is greatly worth the effort. But one must not be staggered to find quite often people whom he cannot read at all. There are those whose lips are cryptic.

In any paper of this kind, whose aim is to be helpful, certain attitudes of hearing people toward some phases of deafness may well be mentioned. Putting it mildly, there seems to be an amazing lack of realization that they have any individual share of responsibility in the one or two things which depend alone upon others to do. There is little enough which the deaf person does not do for himself, but that little unqualifiedly belongs to other people.

It is no accident — on the contrary it is a significant fact — that I open

letters or read from some published report and find such statements as these: 'It is such a lonely life, for very few people have patience with one who is deaf'; or, 'The people I am with are not in the least interested . . . sometimes I go for days without being spoken to, other than in my work.' Or, again, 'I am very fond of social life but am denied everything.'

Such conditions are explainable in one of two ways only. The situation which allows a person to go days, or even one day, without being spoken to, unless absolutely necessary, is due to heartless indifference or actual selfishness. If every person with whom this woman was associated had spent two minutes each day speaking with her, or writing, if speech was too difficult, it would have made all the difference in the world to her, because that was the particular thing in her case which would have made for her pleasure. Two minutes of common agreeableness in twenty-four hours is a petty self-sacrifice for even the most indifferent. Or, in the case of the one who was fond of social life, if, on one occasion a month even, a few hours of the social pleasure which it was known she could enjoy had been made possible for her, it would have made the difference between happiness and unhappiness, at the expense only of an effort *once a year* by some one of a dozen people.

It all but seems that hearing people have the idea that the deaf do not need, and can do entirely without, the very pleasure which they themselves are always seeking. Nothing could be further from the truth. They need it and desire it more than ever before.

Of course, the employment of the hands is the one universal and unfailing means of interest for the deaf, especially if it be creative work. But there is no one who has not some particular bent.

That must be his cue, whether it is millinery or machinery, writing stories or raising strawberries. Indeed, it is far less a question of what to do than of getting a chance to do half the entrancing things one wants to do. Art is truly long and time is fleeting. I am a perpetual shock to my friends because the one thing I should like beyond all other things in the world would be to know that I shall live a thousand years.

When I look out upon this amazing cosmos, giving up to the human mind one secret after another; when I look within, and am aware of the aims and desires and untried possibilities of my mental workshop, I am strongly in-

clined to make it two thousand instead of one. After all, everything is in the mental outlook.

That is why I have sought to stress the psychology of deafness — because some grasp of it helps the deaf person to preserve his personality. It sets him right. It gives him back himself in the midst of lost things. He reclaims the poise and force of character so rudely shaken. He will not relegate himself to some limbo of the inconsequential — he keeps the relative values in their place. It is the great worth-while triumph. For, in the last analysis, personality is the most subtle and determining force in all the world.

A CHAIN OF JUNGLE LIFE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

This is the story of Opalina,
Who lived in the Tad,
Who became the Frog,
Who was eaten by Fish,
Who nourished the Snake,
Who was caught by the Owl,
But fed the Vulture,
Who was shot by Me,
Who wrote this Tale,
Which the Editor took,
And published it Here,
To be read by You,
The last in the Chain
of Life in the Tropical Jungle.

I OFFER a living chain of ten links: the first, a tiny, delicate being, one hundred to the inch, deep in the jungle, with the strangest home in the world; my last, You, the present reader of these lines. Between, there befall certain things of which I attempt falter-

ingly to write. To know and think them is very worth while; to have discovered them is sheer joy; but to write of them is impertinence, so exciting and unreal are they in reality, and so tame and humdrum are any combinations of our twenty-six letters.

Somewhere to-day a worm has given up existence, a mouse has been slain, a spider snatched from the web, a jungle-bird torn sleeping from its perch; else we should have no song of robin, no flash of reynard's red, no humming flight of wasp, no grace of crouching ocelot. In tropical jungles, in northern home orchards, anywhere you will, unnumbered activities of bird and beast and insect require daily toll of life.

Now and then we actually witness

one of these tragedies, — or successes, whichever point of view we take, — appearing to us as an exciting but isolated event. When once we grasp the idea of chains of life, each of these occurrences assumes a new meaning. Like everything else in the world, it is not isolated, but closely linked with other similar happenings. I have sometimes traced even closed chains, one of the shortest of which consisted of predacious flycatchers, which fed upon young lizards of a species which, when they grew up, climbed trees and devoured the nestling flycatchers!

One of the most wonderful houses 'that Jack built,' was this of Opalina's — a long, swinging, exciting chain, including in its links a Protozoan, two stages of Amphibians, a Fish, two Birds, and (unless some intervening act of anti-evolution legislature bars the fact as immoral and illegal) three Mammals — myself, the Editor, and You.

As I do not want to make it into a mere imaginary animal story, however probable, I will begin, like Conrad, in the middle. I can cope, however lamely, with the entrance and participation of the earlier links, but am wholly out of my depth from the time when I mail my tale. The Akawai Indian who took it on its first lap toward the editor should by rights have a place in the chain, especially when I think how much better he might tell of the interrelationships of the various links than can I. Still, I know the shape of the owl's wings when it dropped on the snake, but I do not know why the editor accepted this; I can imitate the death-scream of the frog when the fish seized it, but I have no clue as to the reason for Your entry into the chain by the purchase of this magazine, nor whether you perceive in my tale the huge bed of ignorance in which I have planted this scanty crop of facts. Nor do I know the future of

this copy — whether it will go to the garret, to be ferreted out in future years by other links, as I used to ferret; or whether it will find its way to mid-Asia or the Malay States; or be found, as once I saw a copy, half-buried, like the pyramids, in Saharan sands, where it had slipped from the camel-load of some unknown traveler.

I left my Kartabo laboratory one morning, with my gun, headed for the old Dutch stelling. Happening to glance up, I saw a mote, lit with the oblique rays of the morning sun. The mote drifted about in circles, which became spirals; the mote became a dot, then a spot, then an oblong; and down the heavens from unknown heights, with the whole of British Guiana spread out beneath him from which to choose, swept a vulture into my very path. We had a quintette — a small flock of our own vultures — who came sifting down from the sky, day after day, to the feast of monkey bodies and wild pecararies which we spread for them. I knew all these by sight, from one peculiarity or another; for I was accustomed to watch them hour after hour, striving to learn something of that wonderful soaring, of which all my many hours of flying had taught me nothing.

This was a stranger, perhaps from the coast or the inland savannas; for to these birds great spaces are only matters of brief moments. I wanted a yellow-headed vulture, both for the painting of its marvelous head colors, and for the strange, intensely interesting, one-sided, down-at-the-heel syrinx, which, with the voice, had dissolved long ages ago, leaving only a whistling breath and an irregular complex of bones straggling over the windpipe.

Some day I shall dilate upon vultures as pets, being surpassed in cleanliness, affectionateness, and tameness only by baby bears, sloths, and certain monkeys. But to-day I wanted the new-

comer as a specimen. I was surprised to see that he did not head for the regular vulture table, but slid along a slant of the east wind, banked around its side, spreading and curling upward his wing-fingertips, and finally resting against the front edge of the breeze. Down this he sank slowly, balancing with the grace of perfect mastery, and again swung round and settled suddenly down shore, beyond a web of mangrove roots. This took me by surprise, and I changed my route and pushed through the undergrowth of young palms. Before I came within sight, the bird heard me, rose with a whipping of great pinions, and swept around three fourths of a circle before I could catch enough of a glimpse to drop him. The impetus carried him on, and completed the circle, and when I came out on the Cuyuni shore, I saw him spread out on what must have been the exact spot from which he had risen.

I walked along a greenheart log, with little crabs scuttling off on each side; and, as I looked ahead at the vulture, I saw to my great surprise that it had more colors than any yellow-headed vulture should have, and its plumage was somehow very different. This excited me so that I promptly slipped off the log and joined the crabs in the mud. Paying more attention to my steps, I did not again look up until I reached the tuft of low reeds on which the bird lay. Now, at last, I understood why my bird had metamorphosed in death, and also why it had chosen to descend to this spot. Instead of one bird, there were two, and a reptile. Another tragedy had taken place a few hours earlier, before dawn, — a double death, — and the sight of these three creatures brought to mind at once the chain for which I am always on the lookout. I picked up my chain by the middle, and began searching both ways for the missing links.

The vulture lay with magnificent wings outspread, partly covering a big spectacled owl, whose disheveled plumage was, in turn, wrapped about by several coils of a moderate-sized anaconda. Here was an excellent start in one direction for my chain, and at once I visualized myself and the snake, although alternate links, yet coupled in contradistinction to my editor and the vulture, the first two having entered the chain by means of death, whereas the vulture had simply joined in the pacifistic manner of its kind; and as my editor has dealt gently with me heretofore, I allowed myself to believe that his entrance might also be an innocuous one.

The head of the vulture was already losing some of its brilliant chrome and saffron, so I noted the condition of the surrounding sand and mud, and gathered together my spoils. I should have passed within a few feet of the owl and the snake and never have discovered them, so close were they in color to the dark reddish beach; yet the vulture, with its small eyes and minute nerves, had detected this tragedy when still perhaps a mile high in the air, or half a mile up-river. There could have been no odor, nor has the bird any adequate nostrils to detect it, had there been one. It was sheer keenness of vision. I looked at the bird's claws, and their weakness showed the necessity of the eternal search for carrion, or recently killed creatures. Here in a half-minute, it had devoured an eye of the owl and both of those of the serpent. It is a curious thing, this predilection for eyes; give a monkey a fish, and the eyes are the first tidbits taken.

II

Through the vulture I come to the owl link — a splendid bird, clad in the colors of its time of hunting; a great

soft dark shadow of a bird, with tiny body and long fluffy plumage of twilight buff and ebony night, lit by twin orange moons of eyes. The name, spectacled owl, is really more applicable to the downy nestling, which is like a white powder puff with two dark feathery spectacles around the eyes. Its name is one of those which I am fond of repeating rapidly — *Pulsatrix perspicillata perspicillata*. Etymologies do not grow in the jungle, and my memory is noted only for its consistent vagueness; but if the owl's title does not mean The Eyebrowed One Who Strikes, it ought to, especially as the subspecific trinomial grants it two eyebrows.

I would give much to know just what the beginning of the combat was like. The middle I could reconstruct without question, and the end was only too apparent. By a most singular coincidence, a few years before and less than three miles away, I found the desiccated remains of another spectacled owl, mingled with the bones of a snake; only in that instance the fangs indicated a small *fer-de-lance*, the owl having succumbed to its venom. This time the owl had rashly attacked a serpent far too heavy for it to lift, or even, as it turned out, successfully to battle with. The mud had been churned up for a foot in all directions, and the bird's plumage showed that it must have rolled over and over. The anaconda, having just fed, had come out of the water, and was probably stretched out on the sand and mud, as I have seen them, both by full sun and in the moonlight. These owls are birds rather of the creeks and river-banks than of the deep jungle, and among their food I have found shrimps, crabs, fish, and young birds. Once a few snake vertebræ showed that these reptiles are occasionally killed and devoured.

Whatever possessed the bird to strike

its talons deep into the neck and back of this anaconda, none but the owl could say; but from then on the story was written by the combatants and their environment. The snake, like a flash, threw two coils around the bird, wings and all, and clamped these tight with a cross-vise of muscle. The tighter the coils compressed, the deeper the talons of the bird were driven in; but the damage was done with the first strike, and if owl and snake had parted at this moment, neither could have survived. It was a swift, terrible, and short fight. The snake could not use its teeth, and the bird had no time to bring its beak into play; and there in the night, with the lapping waves of the falling tide only two or three feet away, the two creatures of prey met and fought and died, in darkness and silence, locked fast together.

A few nights before, I had heard, on the opposite side of the bungalow, the deep, sonorous cry of the spectacled owl; within the week I had passed the line-and-crescent tracks of anacondas, one about the size of this snake and another much larger. And now Fate had linked their lives, or rather deaths, with me, using as her divining rod, the focusing of a sky-soaring vulture.

The owl had not fed that evening, although the bird was so well nourished that it could never have been driven to its foolhardy feat by stress of hunger. Hopeful of lengthening the chain, I rejoiced to see a suspicious swelling about the middle of the snake, which dissection resolved into a good-sized fish — itself carnivorous, locally called a *basha*. This was the first time I had known one of these fish to fall a victim to a land creature, except in the case of a big kingfisher who had caught two small ones. Like the owl and anaconda, bashas are nocturnal in their activities, and, according to their size, feed on small shrimps, big shrimps, and so on

up to six-inch or eight-inch catfish. They are built on swift, torpedo-like stream lines, and clad in iridescent silver mail.

From what I have seen of the habits of anacondas, I should say that this one had left its hole, high up among the upper-beach roots, late in the night, and softly wound its way down into the rising tide. Here, after drinking, the snake sometimes pursues and catches small fish and frogs; but the usual method is to coil up beside a half-buried stick or log, and await the tide and the manna it brings. In the van of the waters comes a host of small fry, followed by their pursuers, or by larger vegetable feeders, and the serpent has but to choose.

In this mangrove lagoon, then, there must have been a swirl and a splash, a passive holding fast by the snake for a while, until the right opportunity offered, and then a swift throw of coils. There must, then, be no mistake as to orientation of the fish. It would be a fatal error to attempt the tail first, with scales on end and serried spines to pierce the thickest tissues. It is beyond my knowledge how one of these fish can be swallowed, even head first, without serious laceration. But here was optical proof of its possibility — a new-swallowed basha, so recently caught that he appeared as in life, with even the delicate turquoise pigment beneath his scales, acting on his silvery armor as quicksilver under glass: the tooth-marks of the snake were still clearly visible on the scales. I registered another link, going steadily down the classes of vertebrates, mammal, bird, reptile, and fish, and still my magic boxes were unexhausted.

Excitedly I cut open the fish. An organism more unlike that of the snake would be hard to imagine. There I had followed an elongated stomach, and had left unexplored many feet of ali-

mentary canal. Here, the fish had his heart literally in his mouth, while his other livers and lights were only a short distance behind, followed by a great expanse of tail, to wag him at its will, and drive him through the water with the speed of twin-propellers. His eyes are wonderful for night-hunting — large, wide, and bent in the middle, so that he can see both above and on each side. But all this wide-angled vision availed nothing against the lidless, motionless watch of the ambushed anaconda. Searching the crevices of the rocks and logs for timorous small fry, the basha had sculled too close, and the jaws which closed upon him were backed by too much muscle, and too perfect a throttling machine, to allow of the least chance of escape. It was a big basha compared with the moderate-sized snake, but the fierce eyes had judged well, as the evidence before me proved.

Still my chain held true, and in the stomach of the basha I found what I wanted: another link, and more than I could have hoped for — a representative of the fifth and last class of vertebrate animals living on the earth — an Amphibian, an enormous frog. This, too, had been a swift-forged link, so recent that digestion had affected only the head of the creature. I drew it out, set it upon its great squat legs, and there was a grandmother frog almost as in life — a *Pok-poke*, as the Indians call it, or, — as a herpetologist would prefer, — *Leptodactylus caliginosus*, the Smoky Jungle Frog.

She lived in the jungle just behind, where she and a sister of hers had their curious nests of foam, which they guarded from danger, while the tadpoles grew and squirmed within its sudsy mesh, as if there were no water in the world. I had watched one of the two, perhaps this very one, for hours, and saw her dart angrily after little

fish which came too near. Then, this night, the high, full-moon tides had swept over the barrier back of the mangrove roots, and set the tadpoles free, and the mother frogs were at liberty to go where they pleased.

From my cot in the bungalow to the south, I had heard, in the early part of the night, the death-scream of a frog, and it must have been at that moment that somehow the basha had caught the great amphibian. This frog is one of the fiercest of its class, and captures mice, reptiles, and small fish without trouble. It is even cannibalistic on very slight provocation, and two of equal size will sometimes endeavor to swallow one another in the most appallingly matter-of-fact manner.

They represent the opposite extreme in temperament from the pleasantly philosophical giant toads. In outward appearance, in the dim light of dusk, the two groups are not unlike; but the moment they are taken in the hand, all doubt ceases. After one dive for freedom, the toad resigns himself to fate, only venting his spleen in much puffing out of his sides; while the frog either fights until exhausted, or pretends death until opportunity offers for a last mad dash.

In this case the frog must have leaped into deep water beyond the usual barrier, and, while swimming, have been attacked by the equally voracious fish. In addition to the regular croak of this species, it has a most unexpected and un-amphibian yell or scream, given only when it thinks itself at the last extremity. It is most unnerving when the frog, held firmly by the hind legs, suddenly puts its whole soul into an ear-splitting *peent! peent! peent!*

Many a time they are probably saved from death by this cry, which startles like a sudden blow; but to-night no utterance in the world could have

saved it: its assailant was dumb and all but deaf to aerial sounds. Its cries were smothered in the water, as the fish dived and nuzzled it about the roots, as bashas do with their food — and it became another link in the chain.

Like a miser with one empty coffer, or a gambler with an unfilled royal flush, I went eagerly at the frog, with forceps and scalpel. But beyond a meagre residuum of eggs, there was nothing but shrunken organs in its body. The rashness of its venture into river water was perhaps prompted by hunger after its long maternal fast, while it watched over its egg-filled nest of foam.

Hopeful to the last, I scrape some mucus from its food canal, place it in a drop of water under my microscope, and — discover *Opalina*, my last link, which, in the course of its most astonishing life-history, gives me still another.

III

To the naked eye there is nothing visible — the water seems clear; but when I enlarge it fifty diameters, I lift the veil on another world, and there swim into view a dozen minute lives — little oval beings covered with curving lines, giving the appearance of wandering finger-prints. In some lights these are iridescent, and they then well deserve the name of *Opalina*. As for their personality, they are oval and rather flat; it would take one hundred of them to stretch an inch; they have no mouth, and they are covered with a fur of *flagella*, with which they whip themselves through the water. Indeed, the whole of their little selves consists of a multitude of nuclei, sometimes as many as two hundred, exactly alike — facial expression, profile, torso, limbs, pose, all are summed up in rounded nuclei, partly obscured by a mist of vibrating *flagella*.

As for their gait, they move along in colored waves, steadily and gently, not keeping an absolutely straight course, and making rather a good deal of leeway, as any rounded, keelless craft, surrounded by its own paddle-wheels, must expect to do.

I have placed Opalina under very strange and unpleasant conditions, in thus subjecting it to the inhospitable qualities of a drop of clear water. Even as I watch, it begins to slow down, and the flagella move less rapidly and evenly. It prefers an environment far different, the one where I discovered it living, happy and contented—in the stomach and intestines of a frog, where its iridescence was lost, or rather had never existed in the absolute darkness; where its delicate hairs often must have been unmercifully crushed and bent in the ever-moving tube; and where air and sky, trees and sun, sound and color were forever unknown, in their place only bits of half-digested ants and beetles, thousand-legs and worms, rolled and tumbled along in the dense gastric stream of acid pepsin; a strange choice of home for one of our fellow living beings on the earth.

After an Opalina has flagellated itself about and fed for a time, in its strange, almost crystalline way, on the juices of its host's food, its body begins to contract, and narrows across the centre, until it looks somewhat like a map of the New World. Finally, its isthmus thread breaks, and two Opalinas swim placidly off, both identical, except that each has half the number of nuclei. We cannot wonder that there is no backward glance, or wave of cilia, or even memory of their other body; for they are themselves, or rather it is they, or it is each: our whole vocabulary, our entire stock of pronouns, our grammar, our very conception of individuality, is shattered by the life of Opalina.

Each daughter-cell or self-twin, or whatever we choose to conceive it, divides in turn. Finally there comes a day (or rather some Einstein period of space-time, for there are no days in a frog's stomach) when Opalina's fraction has reached a stage with only two nuclei. When this has creased and stretched, and finally broken, like two bits of drawn-out molasses candy, we have the last divisional possibility. The time for the great adventure has arrived, with decks cleared for action—or, as a protozoölogist would put it, with the flagellate's protoplasm uninucleate, approximating encystment.

The encysting process is but slightly understood, but the tiny one-two-hundredth-of-its-former-self Opalina curls up, its paddle-wheels run down, it forms a shell, and rolls into the current which it has withstood for a protozoan's lifetime. Out into the world drifts the minute ball of latent life, a plaything of the cosmos, permitted neither to see, nor hear, nor eat, nor to move of its own volition. It hopes (only it cannot even desire) to find itself in water; it must fall or be washed into a pool with tadpoles, one of which must come along at the right moment and swallow it with the débris upon which it rests. The possibility of this elaborate concatenation of events has everything against it, and yet it must occur, or death will result. No wonder that the population of Opalinas does not overstock its limited and retired environment.

Supposing that all happens as it should, and that the only chance in a hundred thousand comes to pass, the encysted being knows, or is affected in some mysterious way by entrance into the body of the tadpole. The cyst is dissolved and the infant Opalina begins to feed and to develop new nuclei. Like the queen ant, after she has been walled forever into her chamber, the

life of the little 'one-cell' would seem to be extremely sedentary and humdrum, in fact monotonous, until its turn came to fractionize itself, and again severally to go into the outside world, multiplied and by installments. But as the queen ant had her one superlative day of sunlight, heavenly flight, and a mate, so Opalina, while she is still wholly herself, has a little adventure all her own.

Let us strive to visualize her environment, as it would appear to her if she could find time and ability within her single cell, to do more than feed and bisect herself. Once free from her horny cyst, she stretches her drop of a body, sets all her paddle-hairs in motion, and swims slowly off. If we suppose that she has been swallowed by a tadpole an inch long, her living quarters are astonishingly spacious or, rather, elongated. Passing from end to end, she would find a living tube two feet in length—a dizzy path to traverse, as it is curled in a tight, many-whorled spiral: the stairway, the domicile, the universe at present, for Opalina. She is compelled to be a vegetarian, for nothing but masses of decayed leaf-tissue, black mud, and algæ come down the stairway. For many days there is only the sound of water gurgling past the tadpole's gills, or glimpses of sticks and leaves, and the occasional flash of a small fish through the thin skin periscope of its body.

Then the tadpole's mumbling, even of half-rotted leaves, comes to an end, and both it and its guest begin to fast. Down the whorls comes less and less of vegetable detritus, and Opalina must feel like the crew of a submarine when the food-supply runs short. At the same time, something very strange happens, the experience of which eludes our utmost imagination. Poe wrote a memorable tale of a prison cell which day by day grew smaller, and Opalina goes through much the same adventure.

If she frequently traverses her tube, she finds it growing shorter and shorter. As it contracts, the spiral untwists and straightens out, while all the time the rations are cut off. A dark curtain of pigment is drawn across the epidermal periscope, and, as books of dire adventure say, 'the horror of darkness is added to the terrible mental uncertainty.' The whole movement of the organism changes: there is no longer the rush and swish of water, and the even, undulatory motion alters to a series of spasmodic jerks—quite the opposite of ordinary transition from water to land. Instead of water rushing through the gills of her host, Opalina might now hear strange musical sounds, loud and low, the singing of insects, the souging of swamp-palms.

Opalina, about this time, should be feeling very low in her mind, if she had one, from lack of food, and the uncertainty of explanation why, the larger her host grew, the smaller, more confined became her quarters. The tension is relieved at last by a new influx of provender, but not inert mould or disintegrated leaves. Down the short, straight tube appears a live millipede, kicking as only a millipede can, with its thousand heels. Deserting for a moment Opalina's point of view, my scientific conscience insists on asserting itself to the effect that no millipede with which I am acquainted has even half a thousand legs. But not to quibble over details, even a few hundred kicking legs must make quite a commotion in Opalina's home, before the pepsin puts a quietus on the unwilling invader.

From now on there is no lack of food, for at each sudden jerk of the whole amphibian there comes down some animal or other. The vegetarian tadpole, with its enormously lengthened digestive apparatus, has crawled out on land, fasting while the miracle is being

wrought with its plumbing; and when the readjustment is made to more easily assimilated animal food, and it has become a frog, it forgets all about leaves and algæ, and leaps after and captures almost any living creature which crosses its path, and which is small enough to be engulfed.

With the refurnishing of her apartment and the sudden and complete change of diet, the exigencies of life are past for Opalina. She has now but to move blindly about, bathed in a stream of nutriment, and, from time to time, nonchalantly to cut herself in twain. Only one other possibility awaits — that which occurred in the case of our Opalina. There comes a time when the sudden leap is not followed by an inrush of food, but by another leap and still another, and finally a headlong dive, a splash and a rush of water, which, were protozoans given to reincarnated memory, might recall times long past. Suddenly comes a violent spasm, then a terrible struggle, ending in a strange quiet: Opalina has become a link.

All motion is at an end, and, instead of food, comes compression; closer and

closer shut the walls, and soon they break down and a new fluid pours in. Opalina's cyst had dissolved readily in the tadpole's stomach, while her own body was able to withstand what all the food of tadpole and frog could not. But now, if I had not wanted the painting of a vulture's head, little Opalina, together with the body of her life-long host, would have corroded and melted, and in the dark depths of the tropical waters her multitude of paddle-hairs, her more or fewer nuclei, all would have dissolved and been reabsorbed, to furnish their iota of energy to the swift silvery fish.

This flimsy little skyscraper castle of Jack's, built of isolated bricks of facts, gives a hint of the wonderland of correlation. Facts are necessary; but even a pack-rat can assemble a gallon of beans in a single night. To link facts together, to see them forming into a concrete whole; to make *A* fit into *Arch*, and *Arch* into *Architecture* — that is one of the greatest joys of life which, of all the links in my chain, only the Editor, You, and I — the mammals — can know.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PUPPETS

BY ROBERT NATHAN

I

PAPA JONAS lived on the ground floor of No. 12 Barrow Street. It was there that he had his workshop, with its long table and its two dusty windows which looked down on a garden, owned by the church next door and planted with geraniums and nasturtiums. At noon a shaft of sunlight entered the shop, whose walls were hung with little dolls made of wood and dressed in silk and velvet.

They were the actors and actresses of the puppet theatre of which Papa Jonas was the owner and manager. Once a week you could have seen them presenting some play of Aristophanes, or Shakespeare, in a stable near Ninth Avenue. And you would have been astonished at their touching and life-like gestures. But between performances they were content to hang limp and motionless from the wall at No. 12 Barrow Street, or to sit stiffly and without speaking on the floor, while Papa Jonas changed the expression of Iago, or dressed Ophelia in the robes of the goddess Eirene.

Day after day, amid the odors of glue and new pine boards, Papa Jonas worked over these little creatures of wood, cloth, paper, and tinsel. There were any number of them; they filled the corners, they gazed from the walls with gay and mournful faces. Papa Jonas loved them all and kept adding to them with anxious joy. But he confessed that he had certain favorites. His heart went out to an old Jew on

whom he had been working for half a year. And he ventured the opinion that this puppet was his masterpiece.

'His face is full of suffering and ignorance,' he said; 'he almost seems to breathe.'

There was also a clown with a long, red nose, of whom Papa Jonas was very fond. He had named him Mr. Aristotle, because he believed that to be a good clown it was necessary to be something of a philosopher. But he did not expect him, for that reason, to be very wise. 'To be wise,' Papa Jonas used to say, 'it is necessary to see a great deal. One must look about; then one gets to know more than other people. Do not expect wisdom of a puppet; he has his nail in the wall, and that is all there is to it.'

One reason why the puppet-master felt a special fondness for Mr. Aristotle, was that the little clown reminded him of a time when he was poor, when he had been obliged to give plays like 'The Adventures of Mr. Punch,' or 'Jonah and the Whale.' Papa Jonas liked to think back to those days of his youth, with their longing, their enthusiasm, and their sadness. 'Do you remember how hungry we were?' he used to ask Mr. Aristotle, and 'Shall you ever forget the year we spent in Italy? The shiny blue sky, the cakes and wine? — Yes, I can see that you are thinking of it.'

Papa Jonas was no longer poor; he had enough for his needs, enough to

allow him to present his plays with two assistants. Mrs. Holly, who lived with her daughter upstairs in the house on Barrow Street, recited the women's parts in a sweet and husky voice; while the young poet, Christopher Lane, changed the scenes, clicked on the electric lights, and raised and lowered the curtain. Mr. Lane also helped to dress the puppets, looked to the joints and wires, and even made minor repairs in the cloth or the paper. He was a poet; that is to say, he wrote verses, which he was unable to sell. Still, this did not discourage him. He was happy because, as Papa Jonas said, he was hardly aware of what was going on under his nose. His eyes were always on the future, which glowed with the brightest colors. It is not to-day, he thought, but to-morrow that is important. As he went to bed in his cold, bare room, he comforted himself with this reflection.

He was poor, but it did not seem to him that he was any worse off for that reason. He longed to travel, but it was all of the mind; he simply wished to be somewhere else, because the sky looked so beautiful far away. The city with its gray streets, its windy shadows, its harsh, clear lights, was like a wall over which he gazed with longing at the rest of the world. When the sun went down across the river, leaving the sky yellow and green and violet, he thought: 'That is the way the West is now.' And he saw in imagination the prairies, the mountains, and the desert, bathed in that ineffable glow.

It was this feeling that drew him to the puppets. They seemed to him like men and women of long ago, or far away; and the scenes which he set up with such care on the stage were also of places far away. He liked to imagine that the little dolls were really Hamlet, or Jonah with his whale; and he felt in their presence that serene sorrow which comes from a contemplation of the past.

II

Amy May Holly was six years old. She was stout and cheerful, and she lived with her mother on the top floor of the two-story house at No. 12 Barrow Street, directly over Papa Jonas, whose workshop was on the floor below. Mrs. Holly was a newspaper woman: that is to say, she conducted a column called 'Advice to Lovers,' on an evening paper. She received the confidences of young men and women, and she replied to their anxiety with earnest and sensible proposals. But at home she was careless and happy-go-lucky; she was like a child. Amy May always insisted that she was older than her mother, whom she felt obliged to look after. 'I don't know what you'd do,' she told her, more than once, 'if you did n't have me.'

'Oh dear,' cried Mrs. Holly. And she wrung her stubby fingers in dismay.

In the afternoon, when her mother went down to the paper, Amy May stayed at home, and looked after the house. She fed Tibbie, the canary; she played with Jane Demonstration, the little white rabbit; and she trotted solemnly up and down with the carpet-sweeper. Then she went to look at the geraniums in the bath-tub. It was a large, old-fashioned tub, with plenty of room at the farther end for a small box of geraniums perched on some sticks, like a lake-dwelling. Mrs. Holly liked to look at the flowers across the clear green water of her bath; and Amy May kept some little china dolls among the leaves, and made believe the flower-box was an island. She had a wooden boat, and while her mother scrubbed her ears and her back, she took her dolls sailing.

She arranged picnics from one end of the bath-tub to the other. She was capable, she was in earnest, and she knew exactly what was needed for

every occasion. 'Take your rubbers, children,' she would say, 'and some blocks to play with, in case it rains.'

'They're all girls,' she told her mother, 'like you and me. Maybe some day I'll have a little boy doll.' That was her way of asking for things.

Mrs. Holly sighed, because she had a few problems of her own. She was a widow; she felt that she was beginning to look older; and she was tired of giving advice to lovers. 'Well,' she said, 'perhaps Papa Jonas will give you a little boy doll, if you ask him for it.'

'Do you think so?' said Amy May. She would have asked for it anyway, sooner or later, but she liked to talk it over with somebody first. 'Maybe he'll give me the nice one with the long red nose? His name is Mr. Aristotle, mother, and he's the-little-girl-with-the-real-hair's brother. Her name is Princess Angelica. I like Angelica, mother, because she looks like me. I play we're sisters, and we tell each other secrets. Do you know what she told me? Well, she told me' — she thought for a moment, her face drawn up in a frown — 'she told me' — and leaning over to her mother, she whispered in her ear, 'Bzbzbzbzbz.'

'No,' exclaimed Mrs. Holly. 'Do you know what I think?' And she whispered solemnly back, 'Bzbzbzbzbz.'

After supper, while her mother washed the dishes, Amy May went to say good-night to the rabbit, Jane Demonstration. This tiny creature inhabited a sort of hutch, built by Christopher Lane out of a soap-box, and placed near the stove. After laying a small, cold, china doll beside her for company, Amy May covered all but the rabbit's nose with a quilt made of cotton and silk. 'Good-night,' she said. 'Hold the truth.'

As soon as she was gone, Jane Demonstration crept slyly out from beneath the covers, and getting as far as

possible from the cold china doll, settled down on top of the quilt with voluptuous satisfaction.

Amy May Holly was a Christian Scientist. At the age of six she repeated from memory the lessons taught her by the laundress, Amelia Adams, who arrived each Monday morning to do the wash. Mrs. Holly never failed to be surprised at the stories that Amy May repeated with such pious joy. But it never occurred to her to deny them. Once or twice she asked, 'Do you really believe it?'

'Of course,' said Amy May. She believed it because the laundress had told her so.

'Then it's good with me,' said her mother. She was a skeptic, and her manner was a little rare; but she was polite, and she respected the opinions of others.

The child took over the language of the religion which charmed and consoled her. 'There was a man,' she declared, 'who was pushed by a bee.'

'Tst,' said her mother. 'Did it hurt him?'

'No,' replied Amy May, 'it did n't hurt him. He knew the truth, and he felt quite well.'

Mrs. Holly shook her head. 'That's grand,' she declared. She wanted to know why the bee had pushed him.

'It was an error,' said Amy May. 'He sat down on him.'

She went to bed each night with a rag-doll by the name of Anabelle Lee. Anabelle was ugly, and she had only one eye, but her face expressed a lively optimism. When Mrs. Holly had kissed her daughter's cheeks, soft and cool as rose-leaves, she repeated a little prayer which she used to say as a child, and which she had never forgotten: —

'From goolies and ghosties,
From long-legged beasties,
And things that go bump in the night,
Good Lord deliver us.'

To this Amy May added in a low voice and without a pause: 'What is the scientific statement of being there isnolifenotruthintellenceorsubstancein-matterforGod is not matirilheis spichul.' Then she repeated a few little prayers, which she improvised for the occasion: 'God bless mother and Papa Jonas and Christopher Lane and make Anabelle Lee a good girl, amen.'

Mrs. Holly turned out the light, and went back to her work. She was making a dress for Agamemnon's wife, who also played the parts of Lady Macbeth and the Queen of Denmark. For a while, as she sewed, she sang to herself under her breath; but presently the singing stopped, and she sat, looking dreamily before her, her hands idle in her lap. She hated cooking and sweeping, but she approached them with a sort of jaunty rush; on the other hand, sewing simply made her sleepy. One button was enough, she always hoped, to hold things up, what with safety-pins and a bit of string. Poor Mary Holly — what a great vexation she must have been to her daughter, who was just as neat as her mother was untidy. In the end, it was Amy May who put on her own buttons; and since she liked to sew, she even put a few on her mother's things, here and there, wherever she thought they might be needed. She was willing and earnest, but she was not always exact, and her buttons, an inch too high, or a little too low, gave Mrs. Holly at times an appearance of improvisation, not unbecoming to her short and vigorous figure.

III

The next afternoon Amy May and Anabelle Lee went to call on Papa Jonas. It was a formal call, and for this reason Anabelle Lee was dressed in her best frock. Held together by a safety-pin, it concealed with austerity

the lines of her figure. These faults did not cause Anabelle Lee the least embarrassment. Hopeful and meek, she allowed herself to be held upside down by one foot, while her mother knocked on the door of the puppet shop.

'Come in,' cried Christopher.

Amy May advanced into the room, and made a little bow. 'How do you do, Mr. Lane,' she said; 'is Papa Jonas in?'

Christopher had played with Amy May before, and he knew what was expected of him.

'How do you do, Miss Holly,' he said. 'Papa Jonas is out. But he'll be in directly. Won't you take a seat? Here is an elegant seat.' And he pulled a little soap-box out from under the work-table.

Amy May sat down, and arranged her skirts. From the top of the soap-box, the room seemed very high to Amy May, very large, and shadowy, and still. The worn trousers of Mr. Lane, with baggy knees, rose past her serious eyes like the legs of a god.

The poet was preparing for the production of Don Quixote. Surrounded by shavings which gave forth a sweet and aromatic odor, he was putting the finishing touches to a sword with which the Knight of La Mancha hoped to destroy the heathen Malambrino. Amy May sat at his feet, with the patient Anabelle Lee in her lap, and gazed up at him with longing and respect.

'Well, how are you?' she said, to begin with. 'Have you made any new accomplishments in your work?'

'Yes indeed,' replied Christopher.

He swung the little sword through the air, in order to enjoy its terrifying appearance. 'Heu,' he exclaimed. And with a superb pass, he plunged the wooden point into the cotton waistcoat of the King of Denmark, who hung on the wall.

Amy May laughed, shyly and merri-

ly. 'You do the funniest things,' she said: 'you're the humorest person.'

Then, all at once becoming grave, she held out Anabelle Lee for him to look at. 'Do you like the dress?' she asked. 'Mother made it. She made it out of a ribbon, and my panties. I think it's beautiful.'

Christopher agreed that it was a handsome dress. But that was not enough for Amy May. 'She has nicer dresses,' she said. This was not true; but she wished to spare Anabelle's feelings. She explained that they had come to see Papa Jonas.

'We came,' she declared, 'to ask him for a favor.'

'Maybe it's something I could do,' suggested Christopher.

Amy May shook her head. 'It's a serious favor,' she said; 'I think we'd better wait, if you don't mind.'

'Not at all,' said Christopher; 'make yourself at home.' He turned back to his work again. 'He'll be here soon,' he added.

Left to her own devices, Amy May looked thoughtfully down at her feet, small, and round in front, and huddled together. Then she bent her head to bring her ear close to Anabelle's painted mouth. 'Well,' she said in a whisper, 'you'll have to wait till you get upstairs.'

She turned back to the poet again. 'Do you think people ever get lonesome sometimes?' she asked.

Christopher looked at her with surprise. 'Why, of course,' he said, 'people often get lonesome. But you're not lonesome, Amy May?'

'No, not me,' said Amy May; 'it's Anabelle Lee. She gets lonesome and lonely.'

'Now,' said Christopher, 'that's a shame.'

Amy May continued with a frown: 'Do you think Papa Jonas would give me a doll for Anabelle Lee to play with,

if I asked him? because mother thought maybe, if I asked him, he would.'

Mr. Lane thought it very likely, but he wondered just what doll would do. There was Angelica, of course, and Ophelia —

But Amy May wanted a boy doll.

'A boy doll!' exclaimed Christopher. 'Whatever do you want a boy doll for, Amy May?'

'For Anabelle Lee,' said Amy May.

She explained that Anabelle Lee wanted to be married. Both Amy May and her daughter liked to play house: and they desired a man. They needed a husband, a doctor, and a grocer, but they were willing to economize: one man could be all three, with a little imagination.

Christopher, however, was shocked.

'A doctor?' he exclaimed with surprise: 'Amy May don't you cure your child with love any more?'

'Yes, I do,' said Amy May. 'But this is just a game. She likes to have the doctor go thump on her stummick. That's the way we play. She's only a doll,' she added, 'and she doesn't know any better.'

But his criticism had touched and troubled her, and she added thoughtfully, as if trying to settle things with herself, 'well, it's only playing, anyhow.'

In the cool and dusty light of late afternoon, it seemed to the young poet as if Anabelle Lee's one bright eye were gazing up at him with a strangely earnest expression. She seemed to be trying to tell him something: perhaps that she was lonesome and lonely. He thought he heard a voice, elfin, faint, and harsh, dry as the click of peas: —

'Women have need of love, Christopher Lane, even though they happen to be made of rags, and have only one eye. What a shame! But, after all, what is more natural? Such women sometimes receive from the hands of

Lachesis husbands they do not deserve and cannot satisfy. It is to accidents of this character that the Stoic adjusts himself by bowing his will to the will of the immortal gods.'

But that was hardly the way Anabelle Lee might have been expected to talk. Christopher Lane turned around with a start. There, at his elbow, was Mr. Aristotle, hanging from a nail in the wall. And it seemed to the young man that Mr. Aristotle was gazing at him with a frightened and melancholy smile.

'It's only playing,' said Amy May; 'don't you think it's all right if it's only playing?'

'Yes,' replied Christopher absently, 'yes — Well, you see,' he said to Mr. Aristotle, 'it's only playing.'

But he thought that Mr. Aristotle shook his head; and that his wooden face, with its great nose, was turned upon Anabelle Lee with a look of horror.

A few moments later Papa Jonas himself entered the shop. He carried in his hands a can of paint and a faded flower given him by a child on the street. When he learned that Amy May wanted a boy doll for Anabelle Lee to play with, he advanced the opinion that Anabelle Lee ought to be satisfied with the company of an agreeable young rabbit, like Jane Demonstration.

'But, Papa Jonas,' said Amy May, 'Jane Demonstration is only very, very little yet, and mother won't even let me take her out of her box. Can't I have a boy doll, Papa Jonas, can't I please, for Anabelle Lee to play with?'

Christopher explained that the rag doll wished to be married.

'There's no doubt about it,' he said gravely; 'you can see it in her eye.'

'She's so lonesome,' said Amy May; 'she cries all the time.' She turned to her daughter. 'Don't you, Anabelle Lee, darling?'

Anabelle Lee did not deny it.

Papa Jonas looked soberly down at the little brown head bent so anxiously above its darling. And as he stood there, this grave old man felt a sudden pang of envy and pity for Anabelle Lee. It would be so grand, he thought, to be made of rags, and to be loved. But love goes by, after a while, and then there is only a little figure left with drooping arms and one lonely eye — or an old man with his dolls.

He thought to himself: 'Yet love itself does not change; it finds new cheeks to kiss. It follows youth, as the birds follow the spring. Their songs pass above the cotton-fields and sound again in our orchards, among the daisies and the apple-blossoms. Then in the autumn they rise swiftly and quietly from the thinning trees, and fly away to build their nests in branches still murmuring with bees. Others hear their songs, while winter sleeps in our fields.'

'Love is man's soul: it does not grow like his hopes, it does not break like his heart.'

'Please, Papa Jonas,' said Amy May, 'can I have Mr. Aristotle?'

Papa Jonas gave a start, and Christopher let out a low whistle.

'So you wish, Amy May,' said Papa Jonas, 'to arrange a marriage between Anabelle Lee and Mr. Aristotle? Dear me — I must think it over a little.'

Giving his assistant an anxious wink, he said to him, 'Do you believe they would be happy together, Christopher Lane?'

'Ak,' he thought, 'really, just when I am so fond of him —'

The poet looked at the little clown, hanging disconsolately on the wall. He remembered that Mr. Aristotle was one of his master's favorite dolls; and he shook his head gloomily. 'No,' he said firmly; 'it would be an unhappy marriage. Why, for one thing, he

would simply pinch her black and blue.'

At these words Amy May gave a cry. 'Oh,' she exclaimed. And clutching Anabelle Lee to her bosom with a gesture at once defiant and comforting, she added, 'I would n't let him — never.'

'There, now,' said Papa Jonas in wheedling tones, 'did you hear what my assistant said, Amy May? As a matter of fact, it is my opinion also. Let me give you, instead, this little figure of Hamlet. I have another like it, and besides, I am sure he would make an excellent husband for Anabelle Lee, since he has a good deal to say, but all quite gentle and sad. Or look — here is Romeo, Amy May — would you like Romeo? Or Prince Giglio — yes, there's a beauty for you — but not Mr. Aristotle, my child, no, not Mr. Aristotle.'

However, Anabelle Lee's heart was set on Mr. Aristotle, and nothing else would do; so in the end Papa Jonas was obliged to give in. 'Very well, then,' he said with a deep sigh, 'you shall have Mr. Aristotle. Perhaps it is all for the best.'

Turning to his assistant, he exclaimed, 'Christopher, we must give our little friend a new suit. This clown's dress is hardly the proper habit for a bridegroom. Come, let us see what we can find in the closet.'

Amy May rose to her feet, still holding Anabelle Lee tightly to her chest. 'There, there,' she murmured, 'it's all right now — don't cry —'

Anabelle Lee was not crying. She remained silent and absorbed. And it seemed to Christopher that her eye, made out of a shoe button, shone with agreeable thoughts.

IV

'Come,' said Sancho Panza, who had lately returned to the workshop,

to Mr. Aristotle, 'what is this I hear about you? That you are to be married? It seems to me extraordinary, to say the least. Never put new wine in old bottles, is a good thing to remember. Yes, now what have you got to say for yourself? Just tell us that.'

Mr. Aristotle gazed around him with a tolerant air. 'Really,' he remarked languidly, 'suppose, as you say, I am to be married? Certainly there is nothing astonishing in that, to my way of thinking. It is simply a new experience for me, that is all; I found that I was getting a little dull, and I thought — Well, you know that for an artist like me there is nothing so necessary as experience. I am simply stepping aside for a moment or two from my career on the stage, to see what it is like to be — When I return, my art will be all the richer.'

These words did not convince the little squire, who shook his head doubtfully. 'That's all very well,' he remarked; 'but don't forget this, my friend — I also have been married; I know a thing or two; and while I could easily understand a flirtation, or even a love affair — quietly, you understand, with no one the wiser — But to be married — well, really — and to such a thin woman with only one eye —'

Mr. Aristotle broke in at this point in an angry voice: 'Please remember that you are speaking of my intended.'

And as Sancho Panza began to apologize, he added more gently: —

'No matter, there is no harm done. I realize that she is not exactly a beauty: but her heart is of gold: and she loves me. You do not know what it means to be loved by a good woman. Let me tell you, sometimes I am a little afraid — such virtues, such modesty. After all, I am just a rough fellow; what if I prove a little too rough for those exquisite feelings? Yes, it is a

serious matter, my friend; it is a heavy responsibility.'

With that he sighed deeply.

Sancho Panza also sighed. 'Yes, yes,' he said, 'the love of a good woman. Still,' he added, more brightly, 'what is this I hear about her wealth? I am told that you are doing very well for yourself. Soft chairs to sit on — new suits to wear —' As he spoke, he glanced enviously at Mr. Aristotle out of his bright black eyes.

Mr. Aristotle made a deprecatory gesture. 'Although she is not exactly wealthy,' he said, 'I believe that she is very well off. I expect to spend a few months in comfort, sitting on cushions; and I shall do a little thinking. Then, when I return, I shall be ready to play the most important rôles. I may even,' he added, as an afterthought, 'start a little theatre of my own. Perhaps you would be willing to consider a position —'

'Hm,' said Sancho Panza, 'hm — Now, really, this is very interesting. Yes, I should say — Well, the devil, perhaps I could play the part of a king, or an earl, eh?'

Mr. Aristotle waved his hand grandly. 'We will think about it,' he declared. And he turned to Mr. Moses, who had said nothing up to this point. 'How about you, my friend?' he asked.

But Mr. Moses shook his head and sighed. 'I am glad to see that you have changed your mind,' he remarked, 'although I had hoped —'

'I have not changed my mind,' said Mr. Aristotle hastily; 'I am simply saying what I have thought all along. As a matter of fact, one gets a little stiff hanging here on the wall; it was quite another thing when I played the part of Jonah and the Whale. But now I feel that it is time to look at life from other points of view. That is the advice I would give to any artist.'

And he frowned earnestly.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, on a near-by nail, ventured to disagree with him. 'No,' he said, 'no, I do not agree with you. Avoid women, Mr. Aristotle; they will poison your mind. Shut your ears to them; and you will save yourself a great deal of trouble.'

'That may be,' said Mr. Aristotle; 'but after all, you must allow me to lead my own life. I am obliged to Your Highness, but I know what is best for me. I am not like you, gloomy and poetical; I am an adventurer, I lead a life of gayety, and passion. That is the proper life for such a man as myself. Then at the end, if I am wrong, I shall simply throw myself out of the window. That is better than being thrown on the rubbish-heap, or being made over into something else — a gravedigger, or some minor character like that.'

'In that case,' said Mr. Moses slowly, 'Miss Lee would be a widow.' And he gazed thoughtfully at the window.

Mr. Aristotle gave a shudder. 'Really,' he said, 'how can you say such things? But anyhow, do you imagine for a moment that would make any difference? I tell you, she would never have you. You are too sober, my friend. Have you ever kissed a young woman when nobody was looking? That is what makes a man. You should try to act a little more like an artist. Then you would see the difference.'

'I dare say you are right,' said Mr. Moses sadly. 'Still, I dislike to think of it. It is not the way I was brought up. Possibly there are better things than having experiences, or being an artist. I will try to think a little more about God. Then perhaps these things will not bother me so much.'

V

The sparrows did not like to spend much time in Dr. Twine's garden,

where a tiny bird-house had been erected for them on a pole. Active, greedy, and choleric, they preferred the streets, full of traffic, in which their cries were lost beneath the noise of wheels. They explored the gutters with anxiety, and hopped about on the roofs of houses which seemed like mountains to them. As they swooped in and out between motors moving in every direction, they seemed to be saying, —

‘One must be bright and quick in this world. Get what you can; and we will discuss it later.’

They were true inhabitants of the city.

Nevertheless, they sometimes made use of Dr. Twine’s little garden for their wooing. There, in the mild sun, hidden from the streets by red and yellow walls, the birds enjoyed their brief and simple courtships. The male wished to show that he was a fine fellow after all; and the female replied by giving him some sharp pecks with her beak. Then they retired into the bird-house, and set up housekeeping for a day, or a week. They took their furniture with them: a dove’s feather, or a bunch of twigs; and their quarrels filled the garden with chirping.

They did not disturb anyone at No. 12 Barrow Street, where the wedding of Mr. Aristotle and Anabelle Lee was being celebrated. Clad in a long veil which reached to the floor, the bride hung limply from Amy May’s hand, next to the groom, who was supported by Christopher Lane. Before them stood the puppet-master; behind them Mrs. Holly, the Reverend Dr. Twine, and Jane Demonstration, with a ribbon around her neck; while from the walls and corners of the shop, Mr. Aristotle’s former companions regarded him with wooden and un pitying glances.

Amy May’s face was flushed and serious; the hand which held the faint-

ing Anabelle Lee was warm and wet. Christopher also was solemn. In a hush made deeper by the sound of the birds outside, Papa Jonas remarked: —

‘There have come before me two small and quiet beings. One is of wood, the other is of rags. They have never spoken, and we have no reason to believe that they have ever heard the words we have addressed to them. At the same time, let us not make the mistake of denying to motionless forms a life of which we happen to be ignorant. For life is everywhere, and in everything; it is as pervasive as it is mysterious. Everywhere it is full of joy and anguish; everywhere it is lovely, patient, and brave. It has no purpose save to continue; it has no aim save to extend itself.

‘And it extends itself by love. It sacrifices itself, in order to be born again. This is the object of marriage; and for this reason marriage is tragic. For it is a form of death. Life renews itself only at the cost of life; the new destroys and feeds upon the old. Uncaring, immortal, nature views with equal indifference the agony of birth and the pangs of dissolution. It is all one to her; it is all the same.

‘From the marriage of insects, other insects are born, with frightful claws and ardent dispositions. The swift, shy birds give birth to wingèd forms, from whom the same sweet songs ascend. From the wedding of minds, new thoughts are conceived; they are like the old, but they are fresh and passionate with youth. And from the wedding of souls, new hopes arise.

‘All marriages are fruitful. May this one, too, be fruitful: of peace, of quiet joy.’

‘It won’t be,’ said Christopher.

‘Don’t be so gloomy,’ whispered Mrs. Holly. ‘Be a little gay.’

Papa Jonas continued: —

‘About us and around us, the air,

the earth, and the sea are filled with exquisite and ethereal beings, with faces angry, joyous, and unhappy. Unheard by human ears, the elements resound with cries of pain and with declarations of love, with laughter and with weeping. These bright, invisible beings mingle in the air, in the earth, and under the sea, seeking each other, seeking themselves in each other —'

He paused and, bending down, grasped the tiny hands of Mr. Aristotle and Anabelle Lee. 'O divine, unpitying gods,' he exclaimed, 'you in whose hands are placed these shapes that we inhabit, these patterns in which we perform, spirits of life, of fruitfulness, of increase, immortal children of the eternal mother, look down upon this wedding of two little dolls. And you, happy spirits of air, bright-eyed citizens of fire, wise gnomes and tender nymphs, watch over your little brother and sister, and wish them well. Comfort and instruct these tiny creatures to whom my words are like the sound of streams, musical and meaningless.'

Afternoon light was falling through the room in yellow, dusty bars, steady, and full of dancing motes. All was still; drowsily, in the distance, remote and faint, voices disputed on the street, and died away. A truck went clattering by; the echoes dwindled; and the birds sang.

Papa Jonas placed the two dolls' hands together. 'Do you, Anabelle

Lee,' he said, 'take Mr. Aristotle to be your husband, out of love and desire, and with honest intention?'

'Yes, she does,' said Amy May.

'And do you, Mr. Aristotle,' he continued, 'take Anabelle Lee to be your wife to cherish in so far as you are able?'

'I do,' said Christopher Lane.

'Then,' concluded Papa Jonas, 'by the power of love in my heart, I pronounce you man and wife. I place your hands together; from now on you go as one, sharing the sun, the dew, the rain, and the dusk. You have set forth upon a road where brave and happy people have gone before you. It is a road which passes through many cemeteries, over whose mounds and little stones of heart-break roses are growing. You have hills to climb, and forests to go through. It is the road of life. May its streams be clear, and its forests fragrant. May you find shade at noon; and may the quiet stars of evening light you to your rest —'

'Christopher, let us serve the refreshments.'

At once, from the garden below, an organ-grinder, hired for the occasion, began to play the Miserere.

'Well,' said the Reverend Twine, taking a breath. 'Well — hem —' And he looked at Mrs. Holly, whose eyes were wet with tears.

Amy May said nothing. She was already eating her ice-cream.

PROUD WORDS

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

Look out how you use proud words.
When you let proud words go, it is
not easy to call them back.

—CARL SANDBURG.

THE author of *This Freedom*, in telling us of the great moderation of his hero in the use of swear-words, refers to our age as one 'given to easy freedom of language.' This is not the freedom to which he refers in the title. It may be that he was obscurely conscious of a certain easy freedom of his own in the use of our mother tongue. And this reminds one of what, in last year's book, the same author has to say about the favorite words of his heroine and her husband: 'Why, Tony and I get fond of a word and then we have it for our own, whichever of us it is, and use it for everything.' One at once thinks of Mr. Hutchinson himself and of many others of the writing craft.

Professor Kittredge used to point out how this was characteristic of no less a writer than Shakespeare — how Shakespeare in a certain year would be obsessed with a word or figure and return to it as much as twice within the same play! In the current novelists this kind of obsession is more obstinate. It sometimes lasts through a considerable period of years: the favorite word appears in book after book, and sometimes as often as dozens or scores of times within a book; and it is much more suggestive of an easy freedom of language than anything in Shakespeare.

But what must be most discouraging to the authors themselves is that

fine words are catching, and no writer, however curious he may be in searching them out for himself, can ever for a long while 'have them for his own.' One of the words of the year in 1922 was undoubtedly the vigorous adjective 'devastating.' Who invented it, I do not know, but it has clearly come into vogue. The publishers of Mr. Hecht's *Gargoyles* let us know on the cover that it is a devastating book. The publishers of Mr. Swinnerton's *The Three Lovers* let us know that, in this latest of his productions, he has given us unusually prolonged and devastating revelations of the hearts and brains of girls. In this case the publishers have but taken the cue from the author himself: for more than once he makes effective use of the forceful new word.

Mr. Walpole uses the word in more than one place in *The Cathedral*, and with evident pride and deliberation. Amy Brandon is represented as being devoured by 'the one dominating, devastating desire she had ever known.' (One would suppose that one such desire would be all one could know in a lifetime.) And Falk Brandon had a secret preoccupation that seemed 'so absorbing and devastating to him that he could not believe that every one around him would not guess it. . . . His secret was quite simply that, for the last year, he had been devastated by the consciousness of Annie Hogg, the daughter of the landlord of The Dog and Pilchard! Yes, devastated was the word.'

There seems to be a slight anachronism here: it does not seem possible that, away back in the eighteen-nineties, the Archdeacon's son could have been so sure that that was the word. But it is clear enough that, a generation later, it perfectly satisfies the taste of Mr. Walpole. And in *This Freedom* Mr. Hutchinson makes his usual improvements on other people's words by speaking of an act of Rosalie's father which 'proved to be but a stagger down into morass heavier and more *devastating of ambition*.'

The word 'devastating' makes its appeal on two distinct grounds. It is violent, superlative; and it is, or was a year ago, unusual in its application. It was thought to be *recherché*; the discerning reader is likely to call it affected. And it is the affectation with which we are concerned in the present article.

One of our most enterprising writers is Mr. Hergesheimer; and he is given to renewing his stock of expressive words more often than most. It is particularly edifying to note in his case the change of fashion from year to year. Often the favored word is used correctly; often it is used with an easy freedom, in some sense of his own, not yet recorded in the dictionaries. In 1917, in *The Three Black Pennies*, the word of the year was 'paramount.' And so fond was Mr. Hergesheimer of this word, so persuaded was he that he 'had it for his own,' that he was inclined to 'use it for everything,' at least for everything remarkable or extreme — and things remarkable or extreme were very common in *The Three Black Pennies*. 'Her discontent was paramount. It was deeper than he had supposed. . . . A paramount situation to which he lacked the key. . . . A small reason for withholding any paramount salvation. . . . Caught in the flood of her paramount disdain.'

Year before last, in *Cytherea*, the favorite word was the adjective 'engaging,' together with the related noun and verb. Everything that was attractive to Lee Randon is represented as engaging — dresses, people, and even the room in the Inglaterra Hotel. That is a good word and, used with proper regard to English usage, Mr. Hergesheimer might have found it in Henry James. The freedom lies only in the frequency of its use, the strain put upon it. But Mr. Hergesheimer is not content with the adjective. He is so *intrigued*, — if I may use a word of kindred spirit, a favorite of Mr. Swinnerton's, — he is so intrigued with the adjective that he must draw in the verb and noun. Our Yankee writer becomes positively exotic when he has his hero wonder 'if his children would constitute a sufficient engagement.' One suspects that Mr. Hergesheimer is undertaking to extend the scope of English usage through the adoption of idioms from a Latin tongue; and one wonders whether he will succeed in doing so. The question presses more urgently when we read of how the hero '*disposed* his attention in a hundred channels,' and of how 'the tropical evening was *accomplished* rapidly.'

In 1922 the favorite words of Mr. Hergesheimer are the noun 'maturity' and the corresponding adjective; and while, so far as I have observed, he uses these words correctly, he certainly runs them into the ground. He gives us not merely a feeling of the juvenility of the young man who is so haunted with the notion of maturity, but also an uneasy feeling that the author's style has not yet come itself to the stage of maturity. He gives us much the feeling that Mr. Swinnerton does with his use, well over a dozen times in his latest book, of the words 'sophisticated' and 'sophistication' — the feeling that he must be writing for the very young. In

Havana the hero 'continually found himself in situations of the most gratifying maturity — here he was in the dining-room of the Inglaterra Hotel, with a tall rum punch before him, and a mature-looking cigar.' And, once started, the author does not always stop to think whether he is making sense with this continual sounding of his leitmotif, and he sometimes lands in humorous confusion: as where, speaking of the growing loveliness of a young woman, he says, 'the *maturity of her engagement to marry* had already intensified her.' One might think of the maturing of bonds, but hardly of the maturity of an engagement to marry.

Mr. Hergesheimer may be affected beyond all living novelists; but it must be acknowledged that he achieves what they all so desperately crave, and what so few of them do achieve. He is certainly 'different.' Mr. Scott Fitzgerald is often as affected as Mr. Hergesheimer; but the only 'difference' he achieves is that of posturing affectation. 'She was dazzling — alight; it was agony to comprehend her beauty in a glance. . . . It has been very rare to have known you, very strange and wonderful. . . . And from loving it with a vanity that was almost masculine, she became suddenly *anæsthetic* to it. . . . Anthony pulled her quickly to her feet and held her helpless, *without breath*, in a kiss that was neither a game nor a tribute. . . . He would drop his arm around her and *find her kiss*.'

Mr. Ben Hecht is equally anxious to be different, and, like Mr. Fitzgerald, he is no doubt successful in this regard so far as conception and composition go. But his style, formed in a cheap school of newspaper writing, strives in vain to achieve any kind of distinction. Where he is most 'subtle,' most expressive in intention, he is most sadly inexpressive and common in effect. He makes a considerable use of the class of

adjectives which Mr. McFee is reaching out for when he says of Mrs. Dainopoulos, 'She liked Evanthia because she had that *ineluctable* quality of transfiguring an act into a grandiose gesture.' That is not very bad. Apart from the use of the word 'quality' for 'faculty,' there is no positive impropriety in the English of his sentence. But his fine word 'ineluctable' is so out of place in his prosy writing that it jumps out from the page crying to be let alone. And generally Mr. McFee does leave such words alone, and so much the better for everybody concerned.

Mr. Hecht has greater pretensions to style, or to the expressive style, and he will not let these words alone. He tells us, in *Gargoyles*, that a certain woman 'would snuggle kittenishly between the empty sheets, an *unintelligible* sense of immorality lending a luxury to her weariness.' He seems to mean, not unintelligible, but vague or indefinable, or curious, or mysterious, to use the favorite words of Messrs. Swinnerton and Hutchinson in these cases. A girl tells a man, yes, she loves him. 'Her "yes" had given him an inexplicable moment.' Why inexplicable? It appears simple enough. Perhaps ineffable is meant.

It is not in this direction that Mr. Hecht can look for distinction. Too many other authors have shared his fondness for these words. They have shared likewise his fondness for the word 'sense,' noun or verb, as a more *recherché* word for feeling or feel, and have been prone, like him, to use it largely and loosely. He is not the first to speak of a heart 'lacerated by the poignant things it senses,' or of a man who had 'inspired in him a curious sense of obedience toward all mothers he encountered.' Mr. Hecht may use this word for everything, as Nona put it; but he cannot have, for his own,

words which have been the favorites of every sentimental writer of the last ten years. When Mark Sabre, in *If Winter Comes*, 'had a sudden sense of the tremendous and poignant adventure on which they were embarked together,' — he and his wife, — the feeling was no doubt fresh and unique in his experience; but his author was not having any of these expressive words for his own, any more than one who rides in the loop-the-loop is having an exclusive enjoyment of that excitement. People since Pater have been having a sense of this or of that, which they take for a kind of sixth sense. In the novels of Mr. Walpole, it is most likely to be a sudden sense. In Mr. Swinnerton, it is a curious or an extraordinary sense. In Mr. Wells, it has been over and over again a sense of fine adventure. In Mr. Hergesheimer, and Mr. Walpole, and Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Swinnerton, as well as in Mr. Hecht, it is almost sure to be a sense of something *poignant*.

It is evident that these writers aspire to a certain rarity of diction, a distinction, even a preciousness, in the use of English. And two of them, Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Hergesheimer, have indeed a wide reputation for these very qualities. But preciousness is the privilege of writers like Stevenson and Pater and Mr. Cabell; distinction is the prerogative of writers like Thackeray and Sterne and Mr. George Moore — men who write with deliberate care and a sensitive mastery of the mother tongue. A great outcry has been made over the commonness of Mr. Sinclair Lewis and the crudeness of Mr. Sherwood Anderson. But these men have the merit of writing plainly; and as for the King's English, they observe it with a probably greater scrupulousness than either Mr. Hutchinson or Mr. Walpole or Mr. Swinnerton.

It would take too long to illustrate the fallibility of these British writers in matters of English idiom and grammar. But some examples might be given of their figures of speech. It is probably in the use of figures that careless precious writers are most likely to betray themselves. For careless writers in general are apt to forget, what the great writers had always in mind, that figures of speech, if they are anything, are an appeal to the imagination, and that the imagination abhors being baulked and cheated by a confused appeal.

When Mr. Hutchinson speaks of an 'impregnably rooted impression,' he forgets that impregnably means 'not to be taken by assault,' and connotes a fortress and not a root. But the reader does not forget it. When the same writer says that his lovers were 'affianced as it were at a blow,' no apologetic 'as it were' can keep us from laughing at the violent and ludicrous image. When Mr. Hecht says of a man in love, 'He was being transported,' the reader remembers that to be transported means to be shipped to Tasmania for a criminal offense, and his imagination is carried far from the young man in love. When Mr. Swinnerton says of his hero, 'His impulse was to withdraw, to see her no more; but dudgeon is the preserve of the very young man, so he dismissed it,' we say to ourselves, one might avoid hunting in someone's else preserve, but how dismiss it? When Mr. Hergesheimer says, 'The simple path of truth must be put aside,' we consider that paths are generally the product of much travel, and that, while they may be left at will, they are not so easily put aside. When Mr. Walpole speaks of 'the pressure of her heart beating up in her throat,' we image a pressure as one thing and a beating as another, and we cannot image them together. When he

tells us, of a girls' party, that 'a chatter arose like the murmur of bees,' we feel sure that a chatter is one thing and a murmur another, and that his first impression of a girls' party is better than his second. And when he tells us that 'the lamps in the High Street suddenly flaring beat out the sky,' we say that that may be very fine writing, but it's not the fine writing of Ruskin or of Pierre Loti.

It is worth while to dwell a moment on the word 'poignant,' mentioned above. For it is the most infallible diagnostic of the disease we have under observation — a disease which we may define as the mania for indicating emotion by means of adjectives. Like the word 'devastating,' 'poignant' is prized for suggesting emotion both strong and rare, so that the author feels himself to be writing in a manner at once vigorous and precious. It is not the word of the year, but the word of the decade, or perhaps, thus far, of the century. It makes its appeal, no doubt, to some extent because it is felt to be of Gallic origin, and as yet not quite English. It is, as a matter of fact, a good English word. You will find it used sparingly, but correctly, in Charles Lamb and Walter Scott. But somehow, among all their vices, the intervening Victorians did not number this of excessive appeal to poignancy. I doubt if the creator of Paul Dombey and Little Nell once resorted to this word for the heightening of pathos. If I remember rightly, it was not adjectives, let alone connotative and non-descriptive adjectives, with which he worked his magic. And so the word 'poignant' has come down to our time

a coin of sterling value. I don't know who first began to debase it. All I know is that you cannot open a sentimental novel to-day without encountering this now vague but fervid attributive. And the worst of it is that these emotional story-tellers, in their eagerness to be elegantly expressive, have neglected to inquire into the meaning of the word, and as often as not they use it in phrases that make no sense.

This word, however *recherché*, means simply keen, or piercing, or pungent; and the reader who has the misfortune to know its meaning is thrown into great confusion when Mr. Hutchinson, say, offers him sentences like the following: 'And precisely as beauty touched him in the most exquisite and poignant depths . . . ' Piercing depths? Pungent depths? 'And Sabre would feel an immensely poignant clutch at the heart.' Piercing clutch? Pungent clutch?

There we have in a word all that is most unpalatable in such writing. What we have mainly been observing is the pride of words, the affectation of a difference. Alas, one cannot achieve distinction in this manner by the adoption of half a dozen smart words. Smart words spread too fast. The distinction of Pater and Thackeray is more than skin-deep. It is not an affair of words, but of individuality of thought and phrasing. And the worst of it is that affectation seldom walks alone. And here we have it in its characteristic combination with slovenliness and sentimental violence. It is not a combination that makes for distinction.

SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

SUMMITS and vales, slim cypresses and pines —
Arno and April and the Apennines!
And Giotto's captive dream (what dream has ending?)
Lifting his Florence up to God for friending.

Her dream enfolded his. She willed and waited,
Conceived her popes and princes, and created.
Mother and Muse was she of mighty singers;
Grave Dante drank her breast; the beauty-bringers
In cell and cloister felt her mood and fashioned
Mystic Madonnas palely unimpassioned,
With cherubean Babes and saints immortal,
High men and humble kneeling at the portal.

She was the pale Madonna, hers the story
Of pilgrim lords at pause before her glory.
And for the Babe she showed them Beauty solely
The while they worshiped: 'Holy, O Thou holy!'

Fear was her fault, too cold a doubt of duty,
Of brows that burned, of hearts that beat, for Beauty.
So Florence fell. Yet strangely sweet and vernal
Beauty is born again in her eternal.

Summits and vales, slim cypresses and pines —
Arno and April and the Apennines!

THE MERCHANT MARINE AND THE YOUNG FELLOW

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

IN the fall of 1919 the American Merchant Marine presented, to the eye of the nautical stranger, a singular spectacle. The general impression was that everybody was rapidly taking leave of his senses. The whole personnel of a ship seemed to have abandoned for good all those principles of vigilance and thrift, the jealous care of matériel and frugal consumption of stores, which is the hallmark of the bona fide merchant mariner worth the name of any nation. Maximum pay for minimum effort, an air of jocose contempt for anyone who retained any of the old-time moral conscience, and a feeling that they were in the mainstream of a flood of wealth—these were the marks of a period that is looked back upon with shuddering wonder, a period dramatized for us by the coal-passer's silk shirt, worn over a dirty skin in the bunkers.

But it must not be imagined that the madness lay only upon the lower ranks of the seagoing community. It appeared in executives ashore in purchasing departments and directorates. Though they were the first to recover and seize the brake handles, there was a time when even executives regarded measures of economy and discipline as wildly utopian and not to be achieved. They recovered first; yet it was a timid and ineffectual attempt in the beginning. Looking back, the moral courage to take in sail to change the course for a safe port is seen to have been born of

indignation. While all shared in the tremendous flood of prosperity, while markets (to use the business jargon of the time) remained unsaturated, little could be done to direct the thoughts of men to the rottenness of the substructure upon which they were having their joy ride. But when the coal-passer not only wore his silk shirt in the bunker, and took two hours, at sixty cents an hour each overtime, to dump a couple of tons of ashes, but began to demand the same bill of fare as the first-class passengers; when wages went up and up and the wage-earner ceased to do anything at all for the money; when sailors gathered the crew about them on deck and gave talks on the dictatorship of the proletariat, then public opinion began to harden. It was discovered that in government ships, by an astute abuse of overtime, juniors were making more money than their chiefs, and oilers more than professors of economics at universities. Public opinion hardened. The turn came. The markets were announced to be 'saturated.' Unwise or unfortunate merchandizers were trapped with immense stocks of silk shirts and similar rubbish which they were unable to move, and wages and prices began to tumble.

The joke, as regards the merchant marine, was that its problem remained as acute as ever. Bodies of thinkers, political parties, and patriotic men generally, were committed to the

proposition that the country needed a merchant marine. Its astonishing growth during the war was felt to be too good a chance to miss, to create and establish a prosperous maritime industry. The newspapers industriously played up the remarkable features of remarkable ships. Figures were published revealing the stability of the business and the profits to be made. It was understood that the merchant marine had to be 'sold' to the public. It is not an attractive expression, but it is of value because of the light it sheds upon the mentality of those who deemed themselves competent to make the merchant marine an integral part of the national life and enterprise.

Very few people were aware at that time four years ago that the American merchant marine had very little actuality. The public could not be blamed for imagining that the job was already done. The American flag was in every port, the tonnage total was enormous, orders from abroad came so thick and fast that they were perforce ignored or turned over to other firms. It looked easy. For a time it *was* easy. Then came the crash and the avalanche of repudiated obligations.

The point of these remarks lies in the identity of the weakness throughout the whole structure. Just as the financial and commercial edifice of seagoing transportation was based on unusual and artificial conditions arising out of the war; just as the ships themselves were largely temporary contraptions unsuited for regular trading; so the personnel was not composed of men out of whom could be evolved a sound and dependable service.

It was inevitable, during hostilities, with so great a demand for belligerents and so great a stigma attaching to those who sought refuge as *embusqués*, that undesirable and incompetent men

should manage to enter the sea service by way of transports and auxiliary craft. But it was not so much the undesirables who were to be feared, because it is a truism at sea that adequate rope always enables such gentry to hang themselves. It was the young fellows who, in the hurly-burly of war, had chosen a maritime career and who were growing up in an atmosphere in which indolence and inefficiency were rendered intolerable by impudence toward superiors, and, more often than not, by pilfering, broaching cargo, and petty larceny.

Into this state of affairs, it must be repeated, came a gleam of sanity and an attempt to put the business of seafaring upon a sounder basis.

During this period of reconstruction it must be feared that the young fellow, the youth whose feet were set upon the long and difficult path to command, was not considered very much. He was confused with the riffraff who filled the ranks of unskilled labor, and who were bellowing for more and yet more pay. The cadet was unable to help himself, since the regular societies refused to recognize him without a licence, and temperament and dignity prevented him from affiliating himself with sailors' and firemen's unions. Our problem is to discover what happened to him at this juncture, and what has happened to him since. Because with his numbers dwindling and newspaper editorial voices continually uplifted in laudation of the American Merchant Marine, it is obviously necessary to discover why, in spite of all this editorial clamor, and the prodigious efforts being made to 'sell' the merchant marine to the American public, young Americans refuse to go to sea.

We can glance, in the first place, at the type which has, in spite of numerous difficulties, persisted in the original determination to follow the sea as a

career. It may be taken as an axiom that the youths whom we need most in the merchant marine, youths whose parents occupy positions of reasonable affluence and responsibility, have the most difficulty in persuading those same parents to regard seafaring with favor. We are, indeed, in a cleft stick. We are advertising our merchant marine as an indispensable and glorious adjunct of our new dignity as a great maritime power. We have cut wages, from captain to scullion, an even thirty per cent. We need very strongly the youths of good professional stock to officer the ships. And we have to convince the parents that the possible prospect of three hundred a month at forty years of age is adequate remuneration for their sons.

It is not an easy problem.

The young fellow, however, is getting not three hundred, but perhaps one hundred dollars or less a month. This of course is, 'all found.' But the problem arises at once, whether such a scale does not tend to promote celibacy, and whether the sort of men we desire to produce can be evolved on a wage that compares very unfavorably with that of plasterers and such highly organized union labor. It is a question whether it would not be a sound policy to subsidize the married officer, in order to counteract the recent 'set' away from the sea into the ranks of commerce. There is certainly a very powerful drag on the seaman's ambitions, for American women of to-day do not include a class such as may be found in the ports of the maritime countries of Europe — women who come of sea-roving stock and who accept with fortitude the sombre destiny of those whose men go down to the sea in ships. To the modern wife a separation of a month is a matter of bitter complaint; and under modern conditions of living in large cities,

conditions that put fidelity and frugality to an unendurable strain, the idea of a man taking up a profession in which he may quite conceivably remain absent for a year at a time, savors of insanity. Young men do not consider such a prospect as practicable, and abandon a profession that leads neither to wealth nor to domestic security. And we are left very much as we were, with our problem.

Let us look at the question from the shipowners' and operators' point of view. It is of course largely a financial matter. If the ships do not pay, the wages must come down accordingly. That is accepted by all concerned. But the question we desire to solve here is not whether the shipowner wishes to keep out of the bankruptcy court, but whether he regards the personnel on board his vessels in the same light as operatives in a factory, or whether he visualizes them, and especially the officers, as members of a guild or profession, with an ethic that obliges them to put duty before comfort, and makes them responsible, without the aid of time-clocks or such contrivances, for the security of his enterprise. This is important because the behavior of the young fellow following the sea will be modified by the attitude of his employer.

The young fellow himself, with his second-mate's licence, let us say, does not make it very easy for us to discover what his ideas are upon the subject of his profession. It has become a wearisome and irritating convention among all classes of men to run down their own calling. The seaman most of all tends to overdo this foolish custom. Only fools and drunkards, we are assured, go to sea. This is so exactly the opposite of the truth and the facts, that it may be cited as an example of the seaman's inaccurate thinking. The merchant marine would have more

than enough to man the ships if the fools and drunkards all went to sea.

Seagoing, our young friend might admit in the right mood, is not at all a bad business until you want to get married. We come here upon the problem of divided loyalty. A ship has a habit of usurping all that is worth while in a man's character. From the ship to the employ is a short and inevitable step, and it is generally taken very early by those who enter the service of a company controlled by a body of men with some abstract ideal of service in their minds. And when that conception of loyalty to the cloth, together with a pardonable vanity in the particular employ in which he spends his years, is opposed to severed home-ties and the conventional loyalty to the microcosm of shore life it is easy to prophesy what will happen.

II

Coming to the immediate conditions before us now, the young fellow is confronted by a perplexing confusion in the status of his calling. He does not know exactly what he is supposed to be. He tends, naturally, to accept the view that he belongs to a learned profession which should be adequately remunerated. The fact is, the young fellow overestimates this aspect of his calling. His value lies, whatever department of sea life he may work in, not in scientific attainments but in fidelity and vigilance. He is, in his own austere and simple phraseology, a watch-keeper, and by his qualities in keeping a watch he is weighed in the balance. Even when he assumes command he in no sense departs from the rôle. As commander or head of his department his anxiety extends to the whole twenty-four hours of the day. With the advance of scientific apparatus and perfection of machinery, the

importance of vigilance grows rather than diminishes. Success in this humble sphere depends largely upon temperament. Many there are who are mentally incapable of enduring the tedium of a watch-keeping existence. The brilliant army of youths whose photographs appear in the popular magazines attached to legends describing the number of dollars per month they earn for soliciting subscriptions, would find sea life, with its many restrictions and its apparently altruistic basis, flat, stale, and unprofitable.

The problem, then, as it emerges for us amid the many difficulties of a confusing period of transition, is in reality very old and very simple. The editors who call for a merchant marine at all costs, the owners who are trying to run the merchant marine at a reasonable cost that will leave them a profit, and the public, who like to read about the Leviathan but who are not greatly concerned about the merchant marine outside of illustrated supplements, have all forgotten one cost which cannot be paid in cash. Ships are all right, says Mr. Conrad's sailor — it's the men in them. Virtue cannot be 'sold' to a community. One is entitled to doubt whether the business of advertising is the short route to a successful and solvent merchant marine. The cost the country must pay is the dedication of a class of men to the service of the sea as 'a calling' and not as a means of acquiring wealth.

We here encounter a number of difficulties in presenting this idea of a dedicated class to a populous and prosperous nation living for the most part far from the scene of our labors. When they come to us, these prosperous and good-hearted folk, bound upon a vacation to Europe or the West Indies, it is our duty and our privilege to show them the pleasant side of

ocean life, to make their time of travel as nearly as possible like the comfortable homes they have left. They often have sons who have, much to the family amusement, got the idea of coming to sea. But when these competent and affluent executives, these merchants and professional men, learn what their sons may expect in the future as to ultimate prospects and rewards, they regard the scheme with less amusement. In a country where individual effort meets with so generous a recompense, where none start so low that they may not hope to reach the highest position in the enterprise, the life of a ship's officer is not attractive. In common parlance, there is nothing in it. Yet they are unable to avoid a feeling of regret that so honorable a calling should not carry with it remuneration more in keeping with the type of man it demands.

That is our first difficulty, and it seems insuperable. We have to confess that commerce and the more learned professions provide higher rewards than seafaring, and it remains to propose an alternative. The present writer does this in full consciousness that it conflicts with the prevailing unspoken creed of all grades in America. But the only possible way to build up a merchant marine independent of foreign assistance is the formation of a class of men dedicated to the sea, and the enlightenment of the general public as to the true nature of the shipping business.

This latter, because of the peculiar character of publicity in the United States, is not easy. America is a country on a very large scale, and for many years the estimation of an enterprise has been based upon its size. Moreover, since so few, comparatively, of the citizens see the sea before they have become sufficiently

prosperous to sail on it as first-class passengers, the prevailing custom is to regard seafaring from a pseudo-romantic standpoint. Bankers have expressed to the present writer a wistful desire to be sailors. Letters written by people in all walks of life voice a sentimental regard for the sea.

Now we are here on the wrong track. This sort of emotion has no bearing on the case. The young fellow who goes to sea, who elects to be of the dedicated company of which we have spoken, must have a very different attitude. This is not to decry the landsman's sentiment, but to put it in its place as sentiment and nothing more. The young seaman in this case needs a very definite call to his profession, since he is not likely to come from a seagoing family, as so often happens in England, in France, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries. He will quite possibly find his family benevolently antagonistic, and his sweetheart, if he have one, is not likely to consider a ship otherwise than as a rival. He has to cultivate, in spite of these distractions and the inconvenience of a modest salary, a spirit of loyalty and never-ending vigilance. He must in most cases resign the great prizes of business life to those who select other careers. He must discover in some way best suited to his own character the solution of many problems that never arise for those who live their pleasant lives in civic communities. He must be forever prepared for emergencies that may never arise. He must become intelligently aware that his usefulness consists, not in knowing more than his commander, or even in knowing very much at all, but in being competent to carry out the routine of the work. Perhaps in no profession in the world is the brilliant intellect and efficiency-monger regarded with more suspicion. Nor is there any walk of life where

stark, silent competence is more valued. Hence what is commonly known as character not only is indispensable but is the main requisite for success. It becomes mysteriously apparent to all on board as soon as its owner arrives. Men so illiterate that the very word psychology would defeat them in a spelling-match are instantly cognizant of the subtle psychological implications in a gesture, a tone of voice, a turn of a phrase, a glance of the eye. It seems impossible to simulate virtue on the ocean. And while a goodly portion of the stories of personality in a commander inspiring universal devotion are fabrications, it is singular how this principle of rectitude extorts respect and affection from the most unpromising material.

It is not too much to say that this is not only valuable in a practical and immediate sense, but a source of happiness to its possessor, which the alert profiteer cannot possibly comprehend. It is a justification of existence, a guaranty that life is keeping faith with us in our bargain. The young man who earns the silent approval of commanders who are not famous for extravagant eulogies will probably place more value himself upon silence than upon publicity. This is mentioned because it will throw up, in sharp relief, the salient quality of his character, and explain the necessity of dedicating a special class of men for this service of the sea. For a seaman is bound to be alienated from the modern theory that if a thing is not advertised it does not exist. It is otherwise on the ocean.

Another happy result of developing a seagoing class will be the elimination of the transient. Perhaps the present writer should avoid this subject since

he has been occasionally absent from the sea, but he can claim that no matter how hard he may endeavor 'to swallow the anchor,' it persists in sticking in his throat. The transients referred to are those troublesome folk who drift about the world engaged in 'bettering themselves.' It is a luscious phrase, and is found nowhere so often as in the mouths of those who, if they have bettered themselves, must have been originally forlorn indeed. They come and they go, 'having no continuing city' — here a trip as quartermaster, there as a wireless operator, now a junior purser, and again in some light capacity in the engine-room. For them there is no fidelity to an enterprise or to a profession. For them there is but the phantom land-light burning in some imaginary harbor, the will-o'-the-wisp of 'bettering themselves.' They are, from any point of view save that of a sudden emergency, an undesirable feature of seagoing life. They can never be an adequate substitute for a body of men dedicated by proclivity and training to the service of ships. The young men who assume this responsibility and forgo the more adventurous careers on shore would be more steadfast in their resolve if they could discover in the world of publicity a more balanced comprehension of their problems and sacrifices. And in considering him as he faces the uncertain future of an abused service, it is necessary to remember that while a romantic disposition may send a boy to sea it will not keep him there; nor is it sufficient nourishment for the souls and bodies of men who, if they do their duty, make many sacrifices for those who are privileged to retain illusions concerning the sea and a life afloat.

THE MIND OF THE MOLECULE

BY CLIFFORD H. FARR

I

THE modern era may be known in history as the age of unity. United States and Leagues of Nations tend toward political unity. Trades-unions, agricultural blocs, and capitalists' combines tend toward economic unity. Our public-school system and the International Institute of Education tend toward educational unity; and we are tending toward social unity in our Federation of Women's Clubs. Our Foreign Missions' Conference and our Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations tend toward religious unity; and scientific unity is fostered by our National Research Councils and our Associations for the Advancement of Science. Is it any wonder then that in the realm of thought we may observe this same tendency, that the old schisms between science and religion, between philosophy and theology, should be rapidly disappearing, and that we should find ourselves gravitating toward a common concept of the unity of the universe?

Science has been labeled, if not libeled, as being godless, and in direct conflict with religion. But those who speak thus lose sight of certain definitions: 'Man is a religious animal,' and 'Religion is seeking after God.' Some people find their God while kneeling at the side of a departing friend; others while kneeling before an altar in a spacious room lighted by flickering candles and the dim daylight penetrating stained-glass windows. The scien-

tist, while looking for his God perhaps in memory or in man-made mausoleums, searches also in the open sanctuary of God's creation. Is he the less religious for so doing? Three thousand years ago a Hindu sage wrote: 'They who see but one in all the changing manifestations of the universe, unto them belongs Eternal Truth — unto none else, unto none else.'

Moses and Jesus taught the unity of God and man in their figurative conceptions of fatherhood and brotherhood. Churchmen, less wise than they, have since endeavored to emphasize further this concept of the godliness of man by declaring the ungodliness of the rest of nature. In attempting to establish the unity of man with the divine, they have sought to break the unity of man with the rest of the material universe; they have forgotten to 'consider the lilies.' In adopting the assertion that 'God created man in his own image,' they have insinuated that God made the rest of the universe in the image of someone else.

It has been left for science in recent years to reestablish the unity of the universe by accumulating evidence as to the similitude of the living and the lifeless, of the vegetable and the animal, of the humble beast and the human being. In establishing this unity of man with the rest of nature, the Church has feared that science would break the union between man and the divine. But does it not strengthen, rather than

weaken, this union? Is it not time that both factions stopped their quarrels and clasped hands under the common conception of the unity of the universe? Is it not time that the two work hand in hand: the churches continuing to reveal the truths of nature, new and old, and persuading their communicants to live in conformity with these truths; and the scientist proceeding with his business of discovering new truths?

In the study of the universe of God's creation, the scientist finds a continual state of change; but in this change he finds no time or place at which a new something has been interjected. The raw materials, all of them, must, if the scientist is logical, be conceived of as existing from the first. The so-called new things which have appeared are simply rearrangements and interactions of the old, and not afterthoughts of the Creator, as if He had forgotten something in the beginning. We may believe, if we wish, that matter was created from energy, and that life was created from matter; but what we mean by creation in this sense is interaction and reorganization of one to form the other and not an *existens de novo*. If this is indeed the case, then we ought to be able to trace an almost unbroken series of intergradations back from man, the highest form of life on the earth to-day, to the units of energy at the bottom of the scale; and in this free energy we should find all the qualities from which derive the other types of existence.

The evidences of intergradation of man with the higher animals are obvious, but too extensive to be given space in this brief article. We recognize such a bond of union from the first, when we divide the objects of nature into the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms. Dr. W. W. Keen, the eminent Philadelphia surgeon, has just published a book, entitled *I Believe in God and in Evolution*,

in which he has brought together some of the most striking evidences that have come to his attention as to the marked degree of similarity between man and the higher animals.

The animal kingdom presents an almost continuous series of transitions from the top to the bottom. Between this kingdom and the vegetable kingdom, the break is even less distinct than that between certain groups of animals themselves. In fact, if we examine carefully we shall find that the break between the animal and vegetable kingdoms cannot be found at all.

One botanist has recently defined a plant as 'an organism possessing chlorophyll [the green pigment of plants] or descended from chlorophyll-possessing ancestors.' But how do we know what the ancestors of an organism possessed? May it not be that the ancestors of animals as well at one time possessed chlorophyll?

Plants are frequently said to differ from animals in that they do not move from place to place, are inflexible, have no system of blood-circulation, no nervous system, and no sensitivity or mentality. On the other hand, plants are said to possess the ability to manufacture their own food, they have cellulose cell-walls, and their cells divide by cell plate rather than by furrowing. But if each of these distinctions be considered separately, no one of them holds as a diagnostic characteristic.

Many microscopic plants have the ability of locomotion by swimming, and all plants except the very highest group are motile at a certain stage in their life-history. One can hardly say that plants are inflexible as contrasted with animals, if one compares the seaweeds snapping back and forth along the rocky coast with the sea urchins, barnacles, and clams lying just below tide level. Plants have a circulatory system, as do animals, and also a line of

communication for impulses, corresponding to a nervous system. Moreover, practically all substances which are found in plants are found also in some animals; and the same is true of all processes, with the possible exception of food-manufacture. Finally, the degree of sensitivity of plants is equal to, and in some respects surpasses, that of animals; and there is as good basis for assuming the existence of mind in one case as in the other.

Food-manufacture is not accomplished by all plants; and most plants that manufacture food can do it for only a portion of their lives. If we find that an organism manufactures its own food, we may be quite sure that it is a plant; but if not, it may be either a plant or an animal. What then is the distinction between plants and animals?

It will not be satisfactory to say that plants are those organisms which manufacture their own food, and all other organisms are animals. Accordingly, the Indian pipe growing in the woods, with its white or blackened stem, leaves, and flowers, would be an animal. Also dodders, mushrooms, moulds, and mildews would be animals. In all these cases the structure of the organism is so nearly like that of certain green plants that they must all be included in the plant kingdom. We may say, then, that plants are those organisms which possess chlorophyll, or closely resemble in structure organisms which do possess chlorophyll. But what then shall we do with the bacteria, the slime moulds, the flagellates, and the dinoflagellates? Are they animals, or are they plants? To this question the modern scientist is forced to answer, 'I do not know.' They mark the transitional forms between the two kingdoms; and not only is there just one line of transitional forms, but the gap is bridged in many places. All life on the earth, then, is one and indivisible.

II

When we turn to the generally recognized distinction between the living and the lifeless, the question arises whether there is not here also a similar series of transitional forms, among which it is impossible to draw a line and definitely state that those on one side are living and those on the other are lifeless. It appears that there are four possible bases of distinction between these two; namely, structure, function, composition, and behavior.

The structural distinctions between living and nonliving things may be included in the term 'cell.' A cell might be defined as a body of more or less uniform, definite shape and size, consisting of an enveloping layer (the plasma membrane), and an internal liquid (the cytoplasm), within which are two kinds of special organs (the nucleus and vacuoles). However, according to this definition it could not be said that one of the lowest groups of plants, the blue-green algæ, have cells. They have no nuclei. It seems therefore that this item will have to be dropped from our definition.

Furthermore, some microorganisms consist of bodies which are not of more or less uniform, definite shape or size. Examples of such are the plasmodia of slime moulds, which flow about as liquids over stumps, sticks, or boards, in very irregular masses, often climbing against the force of gravity. Our definition of a cell, then, will have to be abbreviated still further so that it becomes 'a body consisting of a plasma membrane and cytoplasm.'

As the study of microorganisms progresses, however, it seems that even this simple definition of a cell is not sufficiently inclusive. There are certain organisms which seem to pass a part of their lives in a more or less purely liquid state. Here may be in-

cluded certain bacteria with their symplastic stage, the malarial organism passing through a part of its life-cycle as a 'plasmodium'; and, finally, certain fungi are believed by some botanists to pass at times into a mycoplasma phase. If all living things are composed of cells, then these liquids must be cells, and we shall have to drop the words 'body' and 'plasma membrane' from our definition, and say that cells are simply liquids, that is, that they have no structure. With this any structural difference between the living and the nonliving disappears.

This distinction is still further obliterated by the study of the so-called filterable viruses. To them are attributed the causes of the mosaic diseases of potatoes, tomatoes, tobacco, and other crop plants, and also of hog cholera and Texas fever in animals, and of measles, scarlet fever, infantile paralysis, and smallpox in man. These viruses seem to be organisms which pass their entire existence in a liquid state, having apparently no structural features at all; and yet they behave in the same manner as parasitic micro-organisms of known cellular structure.

Between these filterable viruses and the enzymes no difference in structure is known, and very little, if any, difference in behavior. Enzymes are substances which originate only in living things, but they may exist and operate outside of them. They accomplish the processes of digestion and other chemical changes associated with life.

One of the principal theories of enzyme action is that enzymes are colloids. Colloids have no necessary connection with life, either in origin, existence, or behavior. They are simply definite aggregates of molecules of either organic or inorganic substances. These molecules are in turn composed of atoms. Our structural series from

the living to the lifeless, then, would be: cells; plasmodia; mycoplasma, or symplastic stages; filterable viruses; enzymes; colloids; organic molecules; inorganic molecules; atoms. Can anyone draw a line on the basis of structure, and separate this series into two parts, the living and the lifeless?

In like manner there seems to be no difference between the living and the lifeless on the basis of chemical composition. It was once supposed that living things were composed of a single chemical compound, known as protoplasm, which existed nowhere else in nature. It is now generally recognized that protoplasm is simply a mixture of water and salts and various organic compounds, all of which may exist outside of living things. Every chemical element that is found in living things occurs outside of them; and there is every reason to believe that every compound that is found in living things not only exists outside of life, but will probably some day be found to be formed without the aid of living matter.

One of the most fundamental processes in life is the decomposition of food, releasing energy. This process is, however, very similar to the burning of fuel. Both are cases of oxidation; both release energy; the foods used in both are the same, and the products are identical. It is true that the intermediate steps may be in some cases different, but there are no intermediate steps taking place in organisms which seem to be impossible elsewhere.

The manufacture of food may be regarded as next in importance, if not of equal significance. This has proved the most difficult process of all to imitate in the laboratory; and yet the researches of Emil Fischer, Stoklasa, Ewart, and a number of other biological chemists since the beginning of the present century have at last even here been crowned with success. As yet the

amount formed in these experiments is almost infinitesimally small; but the hope which this work has aroused is sufficient to cause the Council of the American Association for the Advancement of Science to go on record at its Boston meeting last December as convinced that the field of photosynthesis offers perhaps the most promising and important line of research for the immediate future.

Other chemical changes which occur in plants and animals can apparently be accomplished outside of them. It thus appears that modern science has slowly come to a realization that there are no chemical processes strictly peculiar to living things. It has long recognized that such was the case with the physical processes: absorption, conduction, and secretion. There remains, however, the process of growth, which has long been heralded as the great distinguishing feature that separates living things from the mineral kingdom.

Growth consists of three phases: cell division, cell enlargement, cell differentiation. Each of these may be imitated in nonliving matter. Cell division has been exemplified by Lehmann with liquid crystals, which divide and multiply much as do cells of bacteria. Furthermore, all the various stages of complicated nuclear division have been reproduced by Leduc and others as diffusion phenomena in nonliving colloids.

Cell enlargement in nonliving matter may be well shown by the so-called Traube cell, named after its discoverer. This Traube cell is made in various ways, as by dropping a crystal of copper sulphate into a solution of potassium ferrocyanide. A cell-like structure is formed, having a membrane and an internal cell sap, while the crystal is comparable to a nucleus. This artificial cell will enlarge and take on various forms simulating mushrooms,

mosses, and various lower animals, just as the living cell enlarges and takes on various forms according to the surrounding conditions. Cell differentiation simply means internal structural change. Dr. E. J. Allen has recently reported the production of artificial cells which not only divide and enlarge but also develop swimming organs and feeding habits.

III

Physiologically, anatomically, and chemically, then, we can find no distinction between the living and the nonliving. It now remains to be seen whether there is a psychical difference. It is generally conceded that animals have minds which approach more or less closely those of men. In an earlier paper in the *Atlantic*, entitled 'The Psychology of Plants,'¹ there were brought together certain evidences that vegetable life may be interpreted as having associated with it a something akin to that phase of human existence which we call mind.

It is now my purpose to go a step further, and to inquire whether there may not be a basis for assuming that the molecule also possesses a mind. If we believe that the forces of the nonliving world are all simple mechanical forces, which can be readily understood by human beings, then is it not logical to assume, as do the mechanists, that the potent factors in the behavior of plants, the lower animals, and even of man, are likewise simple mechanical forces? If, on the other hand, we believe that mind is a potent factor in man's existence and behavior, should we not also expect to find it in all other living things, and not only in the living, but in the whole round of nature as well? The mind of man may be more powerful than that of the May apple,

¹ See the *Atlantic* for December 1922.

but if one has a mind, has not the other also? There may be a stronger mind in the May apple than in the molecule, but is not the difference one of degree and not of kind?

One of the functions claimed for the mind is that it aids the organism in returning to a condition of equilibrium. It is pointed out that a return to a condition of equilibrium is pleasurable and a departure from it is painful. Let us consider, for example, a man who has been pinned down by a falling timber. He is suffering great pain, because the pressure of the timber on his body is greater than the turgor of his cells. By exerting all his muscular energy, he is able to extricate himself, whereupon the pain ceases, because he has returned his body to a condition of equilibrium. We say that the thing which caused him to behave so as to extricate himself was the psychical feeling of pain.

Now let us consider a number of molecules of helium in a bag enclosed by an impermeable cover and located on the surface of the earth. The molecules of helium are not in a condition of equilibrium. Should we not assume that they feel pain, and that the rise of the balloon is a pleasurable experience for them, in that it involves a return to a condition of equilibrium? We might go so far as to say that the thing which caused the rise of the balloon was the painful feeling experienced by the molecules of helium. But we know that the helium is operated upon by physical forces, and we are likely to attribute its behavior to physical causes. We know, on the other hand, that the man has a psychical experience, and we are therefore given to attributing his behavior to that experience. Do we not know that physical laws, as well as the psychical, operate in the case of the man? In man we recognize physical and psychical experiences as concomitants of each other. Why may we not assume

that the same is true of isolated molecules?

The physicist and the chemist may say that they have no need of presupposing mind, or even a vitalistic principle, in the study of the forces and reactions with which they have to deal. The botanist may also resent the imposition of such factors, which are liable further to obscure his dim vision into the intricacies of the vegetable world. Loeb and his followers, in their consideration of the life of the lower animals, see no need of anything other than a purely mechanistic conception of life, and are likewise satisfied to deal with man in the same way. Man is subject, according to their theory, to the same physical and chemical laws and principles as are all other masses of matter, and to such laws and principles alone. The mechanist assumes that mind plays no part whatsoever in human behavior, but is simply an interested observer.

Opposed to the mechanistic view is the mystical, or vitalistic one. This involves the concept of the potency of the mind or soul of man, and of the existence throughout living nature of a vitalistic principle or entity not existent in the nonliving. Vitalism maintains the importance of the mind of man, while denying its existence in the molecule; mechanism maintains the omnipotence of physical laws in the realm of the molecule, while denying the potency of mind in man. While the pendulum of modern science has been recently swinging from mysticism far in the direction of mechanism (so far, in fact, that grave fear has been expressed as to the welfare of our social order, when one contemplates what will happen when the man in the street begins to realize what the 'highbrows' are really thinking), yet there is the possibility of a swing back to a more rational point of view on the part of

the 'highbrows,' which, it seems certain, will, to say the least, markedly decrease the intensity of the impending shock. It is not my purpose to champion the mechanistic conception as opposed to the mystical, or the mystical as opposed to the mechanistic. But it does seem that there is no reason why they should not agree upon the universal existence of mind in association with matter. If mind is simply a non-participating bystander in human behavior, I must contend that it is also present, though nonparticipating, in purely chemical behavior. And if, on the other hand, mind does have a directing force in human affairs, it seems reasonable to expect that it exists, and may perhaps have a directing effect in the realm of molecules, atoms, and electrons. It thus appears that mechanism and mysticism may agree on the proposition that mind is a property of matter. Then we may be as mechanistic as Loeb, if we choose to believe that mind plays no rôle in human affairs; or as mystical as Sir Oliver Lodge, if we choose to regard mind as the principal factor in existence.

The danger to our social order, as I see it, is not in either the mechanistic or the mystical idea of the universe, but rather in an attempt to maintain a dual standard for molecules and man. The scientist has no right to regard man and the lower animals, on the one hand, as subject to the mystical laws of the mind, and the molecules and electrons, on the other, as subject to the physical laws of matter. Nature is one and indivisible. All differences in nature are differences of degree and not of kind.

It is said that mind steps in when there is a dilemma presenting more than one possible course of procedure, and that mind constitutes an urge, a will to power, which causes the organism to adopt one course to the exclusion

of the others. Many possibilities open out before the graduates of the high schools in this state: apprenticeships in numerous walks of life; higher education in normal trade, military, professional, and liberal lines. At no time in our lives, perhaps, could we say that willful mind plays a greater part than in the choice of our life-work. The numerous mistakes apparently made in this choice, and the recent movement for vocational guidance with a view to avoiding these mistakes, only emphasize the feeling that it is a human conscious effort. The result is that about the same number of students come to the State University from our high schools in each successive year, or at least that the rate of increase is about uniform.

If a large pan of water be exposed to ordinary air, the surface of that water will be made up of a layer of myriads of molecules of water. During each successive second there will be approximately the same number of molecules passing off from the liquid into the air. There is for each molecule in that surface-layer of water a dilemma. It can either remain in the liquid or pass off into the air. It happens that about the same number decide to go off every successive minute.

But, you say, when I use the word 'decide' in connection with the molecules, that I am giving a psychical explanation for their behavior; whereas, in fact, it is purely physical. My reply would be that, when you use the word 'decide' in connection with the high-school graduates, you are giving a purely psychical explanation of their behavior. Are not physical and psychical phenomena present in both cases? If an environmental condition, as, for example, the temperature, is changed, the number of molecules given off into the air will change accordingly. Just so, if the legislature appropriates more money to

the University, more students will come, perhaps because the taxes will be higher, and the farmer will feel more than ever that he should be getting his money's worth. So that by a change of environment also the attendance of the University is affected. Our difficulty lies in trying to apply a psychical explanation to human behavior and a physical explanation to molecular behavior. Why should we not consider that both operate in each case?

Molecules have certain properties, as weight, size, speed, color, and method of combination. Why not add another property to the list, namely, mind? Is it not better to consider mind as a property of matter than as a separate distinct entity, which parallels matter, interacts with it, controls it, is controlled by it, or evolves from it?

Many examples may be found of the parallelism of psychical phenomena in man and of changes in matter. Among the chemical elements certain phenomena simulate dual and dissociated personality. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and their like have counterparts in the lifeless world. Tin, a simple indivisible element, has two forms, the stable and the metastable. Under certain conditions the stable form is a powder; the metastable is the common metallic tin. By a shock—that is, heating—the stable form may be changed suddenly into the metastable, and then during a long period of rest the metastable gradually goes back into the stable form. The one changes into the other only if a nucleus of the latter is present; and, as in hypnosis, at a certain critical temperature both forms may exist in considerable quantity together.

Mind comes most forcefully into play in the interaction of an organism with its environment, and finds its greatest development, perhaps, when that environment consists of other organisms, in which case we witness the

interaction of mind with mind. Is it not, then, in the interaction of molecule with molecule that we may expect to find the property of matter which may be called mind most in evidence? Freud has shown that the most extreme case of interaction of mind with mind is in the phenomena of sex, which he regards as the most fundamental of all our instincts. We should then examine into the occurrence of sex in organisms, and the possibility of its existence in the nonliving world, with a view to further binding the two together.

When our normal modern knight-errant caresses his lady fair as he rises from the settee at ten o'clock on Sunday evening, we say that there wells up within him the overpowering emotion of love. But when a sperm swims directly from the male sex-organ of a fern to the female sex-organ, and finds there the egg, we say that it is because there wells up within the female sex-organ a quantity of malic acid. Sperms have the characteristic of swimming in the direction of higher concentrations of this substance. Thus for vegetable sexual attraction we have a physical explanation; for human sexual attraction we have a psychical explanation.

But let us see if there are not in each case both physical and psychical aspects to the phenomenon. Would the same overpowering emotion of love have welled up in the young man's heart had he met the maiden, mop in hand, just after tracking across her clean kitchen floor in his last round of delivering groceries on a sultry summer Saturday afternoon? How much of his feeling on Sunday evening is due to a psychical urge, and how much to the various visual, auditory, olfactory, gustatory, tactual, and thermal stimuli of the two hours preceding, we perhaps can never tell. How much of human matchmaking is to be attributed to perfumes, plaits, powder, paint, Pade-

rewski on the pianola, and pineapple parfaits, to say nothing of lolling eyelids, lisping lips, and limpid relaxation? That is a question for the consideration of the Cythereologists.

Is it not true, however, that there are certain physical concomitants to human love-affairs? Does not every human psychical experience have also its concomitant physical process? Is it not likewise true that with every human physical process there is a concomitant psychical experience, either conscious or subconscious? Observing in the lower animals and plants physical phenomena similar to those of our own human experience, have we any right to assume that there is not also a psychical concomitant? When we see a sperm swimming along toward the sex-organ of a fern, have we any more right to assume that it is not just as happy as was the farmer boy whistling his way along the cool country road toward the home of his sweetheart? And if in the fern, why not in all living things?

Sexuality exists down to the very bottom of plant and animal life. Even some of the simplest forms, the bacteria, have been recently shown by Löhnis to have a form of sexuality. In the one-celled animal, *Paramœcium*, there is a conjugation of two individuals in sexual reproduction; likewise in certain one-celled plants, as the diatoms, the same process occurs. Structurally the two cells that fuse appear just alike; but it has been demonstrated by Blakeslee, in certain of the moulds, that, although the two cells may be just alike in form, yet they are really physiologically different from each other. He refers to them as plus and minus, rather than male and female, for the reason that the plant which he calls plus never unites with another plus plant; but a plus connects only with a minus, and a minus only with a

plus. It thus appears that in sexual fusion the two fusing cells are in no cases exactly alike.

Let us now consider whether there exists in the nonliving world a phenomenon comparable to sex in the living. In colloids, perhaps the highest form of nonliving material, adsorption brings together two bodies in closer proximity than under any other conditions; so close, in fact, that they give birth to a new body not exactly like either one. This statement of what happens in adsorption will do equally well for the essential features of sexual reproduction in living things.

Going below the level of colloids, we find that many chemical compounds consist of two parts, plus and minus, or positive and negative. In many instances the positive and negative unite to form the compound with great readiness, as when hydrogen (H) and oxygen (O) leap together in the presence of an electric spark to form water. But the separation or divorce of hydrogen from oxygen in this compound is accomplished only with great difficulty. Other substances, as salts, may be divorced every time they get into a little (hot) water. This dissociation into ions is, in fact, a rather close approximation to sexuality. There are positive and negative ions; two positives can never combine, neither can two negatives; a positive ion combines only with a negative one. Some ions are amphoteric, that is, they are positive on one side and negative on the other, just like hermaphrodites among plants and animals. In addition ions show a strong preference of mates. While the hydrogen ion (+) and the sulphate ion (—) unite with each other readily, if in a solution by themselves, yet, if copper (+) and hydroxyl (—) ions are also present, the hydrogen ion always selects the hydroxyl as its mate, and leaves the sulphate to the copper.

Oxygen is apparently much sought after by the other elements as a mate; in fact, they practically all form compounds with it alone. It is known that twenty per cent of the atmosphere is oxygen, eighty per cent of the hydrosphere (natural waters), and fifty per cent of the lithosphere (rocks and soil). Assuming then that the atmosphere and hydrosphere are equal in mass, it may be concluded that about one half of the molecules of the earth are oxygen. In many species of plants and animals the males and females are about equal in number, as is the case in man. May not oxygen be looked upon as one of the sexes among chemical elements, and all of the other ninety-two elements as belonging to the other sex?

The question then arises: is oxygen male or female? In the human species man has a great diversity of occupations, while woman is the more conservative and conventional (in occupation, if not in dress). Oxygen atoms are all alike, while the rest of the atoms of the earth are of many different kinds. Other reasons for considering oxygen as female are: oxygen is always *negative*; and it is also perhaps the most active of all the elements.

Many unions of atoms are simple marriages, as in the case of the oxides: CO, BaO, CaO, etc. There are some double weddings, as H_2O_2 ; some cases of bigamy, as CO_2 ; but there are few sheiks with their harems. The worst case of this type, in fact, is OsO_4 . But, on the other hand, there is biandry, H_2O ; and, what is far worse, many situations in which the husbands far outnumber the wives, as $\text{C}_{40}\text{H}_{56}\text{O}_2$. Then there are some David and Jonathan combinations, as NaCl or NaHgX.

The physical chemist thinks of atoms as combining to form ions, of ions uniting in pairs to form molecules, of molecules associated together to form colloidal particles, and of colloids associated to-

gether to form cells. We have shown that there is perhaps a basis for the evolution of sex in the phenomenon of adsorption in colloids. Below this level we have seen that molecules constitute each a partnership of two ions, a positive and a negative. Recent theories of chemistry maintain that the atom itself is composed of two parts of opposite sign. Finally, leaving the realm of matter, we find in the units of energy, also, the semblance of sex. Here, in connection with the electrons there are positive and negative charges. When a positive and a negative charge, from opposite poles of a static machine, meet in mid-air, is that not as true a case of 'sparking' as when the policeman meets Bridget at the kitchen door?

All this, you will say, is terribly overdrawn and far-fetched, and against this contention I have not much to say. Is it not, however, true that the fact that we are able to overdraw it at all means that there is an underlying unity of the universe? One form of existence grades into another imperceptibly, so that in nature there are no such things as categories; such exist only in the minds of human beings who are trying to understand nature.

If then we abandon our selfish conception of mind as the property solely of man, and adopt the broader idea of mind as a property of matter, we have the basis, born of scientific investigation, for satisfying one of the great desires of the human soul. Scientists have long recognized the immortality of the forces of nature by their law of the conservation of energy. They have defended the concept of the immortality of the substances of nature through the law of the conservation of matter. And now we can see a basis for the immortality of the soul, through the law of the conservation of mind. If the mind of a human being is the net result of the psychical experiences of each of

the atoms and molecules that compose his body, then mind or soul does not cease with death. In the case of mind as of matter, death must be regarded as simply a transformation, not a cessation. Thus we have a scientific

basis for a belief in the immortality of the soul. Thus is our concept of the Eternal broadened by a knowledge of the unity and immortality of the universe through the laws of the conservation of energy, matter, and mind.

THE DAY OF THE ADVERTISEMENT

In which is explained the genesis of the Harvard Awards, by their creator

BY EDWARD W. BOK

THE war proved a great friend of the advertisement. We were already, previous to 1914, the greatest nation of advertisers in the world. Mr. Gladstone had registered his opinion that he studied the economic development of the United States through advertisements. Rudyard Kipling had expressed his annoyance with an American friend who sent him the American magazines with the advertisements omitted, to save postage. But the war distinctly accelerated the pace, and widened the scope. Merchants and business men who had viewed advertising much as a man might regard a medicine, to be taken only as a necessary evil and gingerly at that, began to see the full-page newspaper advertisement, hitherto confined to department stores offering scores of articles, utilized for a single article until it became a familiar unit. The United States Government became a large and active advertiser for human beings to fill up the ranks of its army and navy. Conservative bankers and financiers, who had hitherto recognized advertising as a medium effective perhaps for selling a cake of soap but not for the

sale of a bond, saw issues of Liberty Bonds, totaling unheard-of amounts, sold through the advertisement. Publicity became an overworked word.

The volume of advertising increased to such an extent that even the newspapers groaned under the weight, realized that too much of anything, no matter how good, is too much, and began to hang out signs regretting the fact that 'thirty-two columns of advertisements had to be omitted from today's issue of the ———.' The magazines began to stagger under the weight of a greater number of pages devoted to advertisements than to reading matter. But still the great public read the ever-increasing amount of advertisements, and the publisher was, of course, only too glad 'to accommodate.' Then came the after-the-war economic reaction, and matters automatically adjusted themselves. Millions of dollars' worth of advertising disappeared over night. But only for a brief period. Now, with returning prosperity, the volume is again not only large, but increasing, until we face the astounding fact that

over one billion dollars is spent on advertising in one year, divided, according to the plausible figures of an advertising expert, about as follows:—

Newspapers.....	\$600,000,000
Direct Advertising.....	300,000,000
Magazines and Weeklies.....	150,000,000
Trade Papers.....	70,000,000
Farm Papers.....	27,000,000
Electric and Painted Signs.....	30,000,000
Demonstrations.....	24,000,000
Window Displays.....	20,000,000
Novelties.....	30,000,000
Posters.....	12,000,000
Street Cars.....	11,000,000
Motion Pictures.....	5,000,000
Programmes.....	5,000,000
Total	\$1,284,000,000

The day of the advertisement is certainly here.

It stands to reason that of such a huge expenditure of money a goodly percentage will be misapplied and wasted by the advertiser, and that the ever-increasing proportion of advertising to reading matter will begin to be resented by the reader. To-day the first distinct, audible mutterings of resentment are being heard on the part of the readers of the Sunday newspaper, who feel that they are paying for an advertising catalogue instead of a newspaper. And expressed resentment on the part of the American public is never far from pronounced revolution. The advertiser is beginning to feel, too, that what was once considered a large advertisement, which he could depend upon to attract instant attention, is now 'buried' in the huge bundles of meaningless supplements which are sold as newspapers fifty-two times during a year. It was only natural that a medium so alluring as the advertisement, that could mean an increase of revenue and profit both to the merchant who used it and to the publisher who issued it, should quickly reach the saturation point. And there is where the advertisement in the United States

finds itself to-day. It may not be true that advertising has reached its limit, any more than it is true that the surface of advertising has not yet been scratched.

One statement is true, however: that quantity has superseded quality.

I have been removed for four years from a close association with advertising, and have been intensely interested in sitting on the side lines, so to speak, and watching the procession of advertisements day by day and year by year. I have, of course, thus secured a perspective which close association makes difficult, if not impossible. And I speak with a due regard for conservatism when I declare that I know of no line of economic endeavor, unless it is the distribution and selling of books, in which, considering the vast amount of money involved, so little originality and advancement of standards has been shown as in what we call 'the science of advertising.' It may be that the rapid increase of volume has been a deterrent to careful thought and to the creative faculty. Here and there one sees a glimmer of greater care: of a realization of the potentiality of the advertisement; of a desire, at least, to lift the standard either of the construction of the message or of its presentation. But, taking it by and large, considering the encouragement which the public has so generously indicated to the advertiser, it is pathetic to see the barrenness of initiative and originality in the modern advertisement. It is not that the desire does not exist, or that the attempt is not made. Experts in advertising there are to-day: departments in advertising agencies and in publishing houses exist, devoted singly and solely to the development of the advertisement. But the fact remains that results in ideas commensurate with the growth of the business are not visible.

We speak nowadays of 'the science of advertising': we say that the writing of an advertisement has become an art; that to compose a successful advertising booklet is just as serious an undertaking as, and calls for an ability equal to, the writing of a reading book. We say this, but do we actually believe it? Has the public given any concrete indication of its acceptance of such a standard for advertising writing? Is it not to-day still regarded as a trade rather than accepted as a science or an art? What encouragement has been given the writer of the advertisement to make him realize the responsibility of his craft, the potentiality of his work? Have we really ever said to him: 'Your work is perhaps more ephemeral, more of to-day, than is that of the writer of a song or a book, who writes for to-day *and* for the morrow. Yet your work has become so potential a force that it *has* become an art of itself, carrying a stewardship and responsibility that should be encouraged, so that its standards may be raised'?

Is there not a distinct place in the American life of to-day for the man who regards honesty of statement as the prime essential of the most effective advertisement; who believes that the message of commerce may be written in a language that conforms with its best uses; who puts often the best that a careful education has given him into a pleading for patronage? The human heart is, after all, the same, whether it belongs to the man who writes an epic or to him who writes an advertisement. Both are striving for the same end: to get their message across to those who read. Because an advertisement is more commercial than the lyric, is there any reason why we should place less emphasis upon its construction? We ask of a poem, a novel, a play, or a newspaper editorial that it

shall have certain structural qualities, and by these standards we measure them. Why not the advertisement, now that it is taking such a place in American economics? In other words, why not take the advertisement more seriously, regard it from a new angle, and insist that it shall reach a certain standard? If we do this, as in fact we are already beginning unconsciously to do, then how about the creator of the advertisement? The world rewards the man who writes a poem or a book, or who paints a picture, in other ways than with the financial return which it brings to him. The beginning and end of life are, after all, not the material. The recognition of our fellow men is very sweet to our senses. Nothing is more honestly stimulating to higher endeavor; no reward is quite so deeply satisfying.

If the university may say, 'Well done,' to the writer of the editorial, the book, the poem, the play, would it not do much for the encouragement of another side of literature if the same encomium were given to the writer of the advertisement?

It was this note that was struck last spring by the editor of *Collier's Weekly*, Mr. Richard J. Walsh, himself an expert writer of advertisements, in an editorial which came to my attention. The 1922 awards in the series of Pulitzer Prizes had just been announced by the trustees of Columbia University, and the editorial aptly asked: 'Here are awards for the best play, the best biography, the best newspaper editorial, the best novel, the best book of poems, and so on. Why has not the time come for someone to encourage better advertisement-writing by offering an award for the best advertisement during a year?'

The more I thought of the argument of the *Collier's* editor, the more the

truth came home to me that his question was well put. What public encouragement or recognition had, after all, ever been given the advertisement writer? We have all been saying for years that the standard of advertising should be raised, but who had conceived any concrete method of public recognition when the effort was made and a result achieved? After all, certain results had been achieved, some of a high order of excellence.

There was the idea. The rest was simple. It was perfectly natural that, as it was fitting for Columbia University, with its School for Journalism, to offer awards for journalistic and literary endeavor, the mind should turn to Harvard University, with its School of Business Administration, and its course therein devoted to advertising, to offer awards for the encouragement of a better quality of advertisement-writing and presentation.

Hence, the Harvard Awards which will, simultaneously with the publication of this article, be announced by the President of Harvard University.

The general hope contained in the Awards is: —

First: That they may act as a deserved individual encouragement to those in whose hands the writing of advertisements is entrusted, and create in their minds the thought that there exists a tribunal which is henceforth to be watchful of conscientious effort in their line of endeavor and place thereon the seal of public approval;

To foster the usage of correctly expressed English;

To encourage the art of effective expression in few words;

To attain a higher standard of art;

To achieve a truer realization and acceptance of typography as an art.

Second: That there shall exist behind the advertisement a previously conceived intelligent and comprehensive plan of production and distribution. It is in the failure to realize this necessity that we so often see a prodigious amount of money wasted in advertising.

Hence the Awards aim to encourage on the part of the advertiser: —

The necessity, by careful research, of a correct understanding of the possibilities of the market to which he seeks to appeal before he launches his advertising campaign;

A recognition of the necessity that proper production facilities and distribution methods must precede and not follow expenditure for advertising.

In other words, the recognition of the fact that the day of haphazard advertising is over; that the advertisement must, in its structural quality, be regarded as a unit of effective art, and that thought in planning and execution must be an integral part of an advertising campaign. It is as a helpful factor in these aspects of the field of advertising that the Harvard Awards are, to the extent of their influence, created, and placed under auspices which ensure for them fairness of judgment and dignity of award.

THREE EXAMPLES OF INTERNATIONAL COÖPERATION

BY THOMAS W. LAMONT

I

THE recent successful placing of an Austrian Government loan of approximately \$126,000,000 upon the leading investment markets of the world is a notable instance of financial coöperation in an international way. There are two other present instances of such coöperation, one relating to Mexico, the other to China. In all these cases America has taken an active and important part. Thus, even though there may have been a certain lack, upon the part of the United States as a whole, of coöperation for the adjustment of difficult situations in Europe and elsewhere, nevertheless we have before us strong evidence of such active coöperation on the part of American investment interests.

The case of Austria is so recent, the loan in question having been offered only last June, and in some markets as late as August, that it may be of interest to examine it in some detail. In the late spring and summer of 1922, the position of Austria appeared desperate. Her economic and commercial machinery seemed to have broken down; there was unemployment on a large scale; there was lack of food; the government was printing more and more irredeemable paper currency, and the value of the crown was falling daily. By the Treaty of Saint-Germain various tariff barriers had been set up, which seemed to isolate and to make impossible the restoration of Vienna as the *entrepôt*

and financial centre of the whole region formerly embraced in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. People were talking glibly about the approaching death of Vienna and the starvation of her people, whose sufferings were being alleviated in considerable measure through American and other foreign benefaction.

It was at this juncture, late in May 1922, that, happening to be in London, I conferred there with the representative of the Austrian Finance Minister, and also with the Austrian Ambassador at London, Baron Franckenstein, who desired to lay Austria's case before leading investment interests of America and of Great Britain in the hope that some loan might be arranged to tide the country over its difficulties. We explored the whole situation thoroughly, sent a representative to Vienna to examine it at close range, and came to the inevitable conclusion that the then Austrian situation was not sufficiently sound to warrant prudent bankers (even with the best of good-will toward Austria) in arranging or in offering to investors generally an Austrian Government loan. We pointed out that before any such offering could properly take place there must be brought about a radical change in Austria's situation, both internal and external. We indicated that should drastic measures be taken to stop inflation, to cut down government expenditure and increase

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government income, then, and only then, could we see the possibility of a sound loan, to be secured by a first lien upon the government revenues from the customs and the tobacco monopoly. When the announcement was made in Vienna as to the views of the bankers on a possible loan the result was, not unnaturally, to cause even greater gloom there, and the crown fell to new low levels.

At this crisis, however, the Austrian Government, speaking with the voice of its Chancellor, Ignaz Seipel, a Catholic priest, a man of great strength of character, took hold of the situation with vigor. The Chancellor appeared before the Supreme Council of the premiers, explained Austria's desperate plight and begged the premiers to appoint an expert committee of the League of Nations to look into the situation and develop a plan of rehabilitation, pledging to any such plan the hearty backing of the Austrian people. The premiers acted promptly and appointed such a committee, made up of highly intelligent and experienced civil servants, British, French, and others. This committee, without undue delay, laid down a plan of reform based on two cardinal principles: first, a vigorous handling by the Austrian people themselves of their domestic situation; and second, the friendly and effective coöperation of Austria's late enemies, including her neighbor states. This plan, novel as it is in political and financial procedure, has been carried out to the letter and has thus marked an extraordinary forward step in international coöperation — coöperation in this instance shared by states (European) as well as by bankers and investors.

Let me explain a little further the workings of this plan. First, as to reforms within Austria, I will quote from the official letter of Dr. Alfred Zimmer-

man, formerly Burgomaster of Rotterdam, an experienced and vigorous administrator, who is acting as the Commissioner-General for Austria in the carrying out of this plan. As Dr. Zimmerman points out, the programme of reform included:

- (a) The reduction of ministries, simplifying their organization and eliminating overlapping.
- (b) Reorganization or eventual transfer to private management of State industrial enterprises.
- (c) The reduction by one hundred thousand of the civil servants employed by the State.
- (d) The enactment of legislation providing for increased revenues from indirect taxation, customs duties and duties of other kinds, and the introduction of a turnover tax.

In addition, the plan included the establishment of a new bank of issue to assist in the stabilization of the crown.

With extraordinary energy, the Austrian Government undertook to carry out its part in these reform measures. For instance, prior to the end of May last, the reduction of State employees had been effected to the extent of upwards of 36,000; new tax levies were laid, the increased income from them beginning almost immediately; so that the government deficit is already below the estimate. Largely through the operations of the new bank of issue, inflation has ceased, the Austrian crown has been stabilized, its exchange value for the last ten months having hardly deviated at all from the level established in October last.

Now what about the measures external to Austria? First, the Continental states, and also Great Britain, executed the protocols, so-called, of October 4, 1922, guaranteeing the then political integrity and economic independence of Austria. These same governments further agreed to become

guarantors, in several shares to be arranged, of an international loan to be issued by the Government and to be floated upon the investment markets of the world. The governments thus becoming guarantors of the projected loan were: Great Britain, France, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland; while the Government of Switzerland has taken a direct share of the loan, and the Spanish Government is expected to do likewise.

These guaranties were designed to accomplish a double purpose: first, to make the loan more readily salable by showing to world investors the confidence that outside Governments had in Austria's stability; and second, collaterally, to make it clear that, having given their guaranties, Great Britain and France, and in particular the adjacent states — Italy and Czechoslovakia — have a very strong inducement to do everything in their power to see that such social and political stability is maintained in Austria as will ensure the continued sufficiency of the assigned revenues. Thus we see the spectacle of nations recently enemies of Austria turning around and doing everything within their power to assist in the restoration of a defeated foe. The Government coöperation did not end here, for in order to make the new loan an effective primary lien upon all Austrian Government revenues it was necessary for these former enemy powers, including the United States, to waive their reparations and other claims against Austria, which has been confirmed by the various treaties. This waiver was without exception promptly granted. The result was, as we have seen, the successful flotation of this loan, the extraordinary thing being, not the success of the operation after coöperation had been arranged, but the fact that such unity of effort could be secured.

Close on the heels of this successful measure comes the information that Austria has concluded with Italy and France commercial treaties calculated to facilitate Austrian exports, and that similar treaties with Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Yugo-Slavia are about to be negotiated. Such action, if carried through, will go far to dissipate the impression that, by the operation of the Treaty of Saint-Germain, Austria has been completely isolated and an impassable tariff wall built around her. Meantime, too, with the passage of time, it has become apparent that Vienna, instead of losing her place as the *entrepôt* and financial centre of the whole region of Southeastern Europe, is still retaining that position and has a promising future, with a helpful reflex upon industry throughout Austria.

It may be noted in passing that this whole plan of reform and restoration as to Austria has been devised by men of affairs. To carry it out has required the coöperation of Governments themselves, which in this instance has been generously and promptly granted. But the severe scheme or reorganization was worked out originally by technical experts so-called, and by plain men of business, who had the advantage of being able to lay out a certain definite course and then to move rapidly along that course, instead of being handicapped, as premiers are, by the necessity of constantly stopping and looking over their shoulders to see what their constituents think about it all. The Committee of the League of Nations which devised the plan did its work speedily and thoroughly. In all fairness the public should recognize, just as the Austrian people recognize, that without the League of Nations Austria might have gone under. The League Committee laid out the plan, arranged the guaranties upon the loan, appointed an expert foreign administrator to

supervise the internal reforms. Then the bankers and investors carried through the loan operation itself. Together they have restored a nation's confidence in itself.

In the accomplishment of the plan American interests have been exceedingly active. At first it looked as if it would be an uphill job to place the American share of the loan, \$25,000,000; but gradually the investment public here learned the facts as to the change for the better that had taken place in Austria; so that the loan was finally over-subscribed many times. In announcing the plan to assist in this loan, Mr. J. P. Morgan said: 'The importance of the Austrian loan which is being issued to-day lies in the fact that the attitude of American investors to the loan will show that they are interested in helping those nations of Europe who are prepared to help themselves toward the reestablishment of their credit.' And the initial motive that led the group of American bankers to undertake the plan was that of extending American help to a sister state of the family of nations, a state once in distress and yet making heroic and effective efforts to relieve her own situation.

It is curious to note that while this Austrian loan operation was hailed as a great triumph in almost every news-centre, at Berlin, on the contrary, it was ridiculed and reflections were cast on the good motives of all concerned in it. Whether such an attitude at Berlin was prompted by jealousy, and by the discomfiture of seeing the Austrian crown reach a more valuable and stable position than the mark, no one can pretend to say. Nor is it worth while to speculate upon the inquiry, frequently and urgently put to those who helped work out the Austrian loan, as to whether this operation shows the way to a similar operation for Germany.

Such a question to-day is, to say the least, purely academic. Prior to the time that Austria took herself in hand and proceeded to do her hard job of house-cleaning, no one could foretell the possibility of a loan operation. It will be time enough for the world to talk about lending money to Germany when and if Germany shows, as Austria has now shown, that she is determined to take radical measures to sound ends. Meanwhile Berlin is the city of melancholy, Vienna of optimism.

II

The second instance of international coöperation that I had in mind is, as I have indicated, that relating to Mexico, and specifically to the foreign-held debt of the Mexican Government. Going back ten years or more, it will be recalled that, prior to the outbreak of the revolutions following the fall of President Porfirio Diaz, the Mexican Government had borrowed in foreign markets an aggregate of about \$500,000,000, or its equivalent, in different national currencies. When the revolutions came on, the Mexican Government failed to meet the service (interest and sinking fund) of these loans, with the consequence that their market quotations fell off to low levels. Four years ago, with what hopefully looked to be the beginning of the end of active internal revolutions in Mexico, an International Committee of Bankers on Mexico, as it was styled, was formed for the purpose of protecting the interests of the foreign bondholders and of trying to bring about at some opportune moment a readjustment of the Mexican debt. This Committee was made up of representative bankers — American, British, French, German (eventually), Dutch, Belgian, and Swiss, with an American acting as chairman. The several Foreign Offices and the

Department of State approved the formation of this Committee, designed as it manifestly was to prevent a helter-skelter scramble for preferential position on the part of different classes of bondholders, which would have led to an endless amount of crisscross trading with the Mexican authorities, tending to prevent the friendly coöperation of all external interests.

The course of negotiations with the Mexican Government was necessarily slow and arduous. At the beginning of them, as chairman of the International Committee, I was obliged to visit Mexico City. In conference there with the leading members of the Government, including President Obregón, Finance Minister de la Huerta, Foreign Minister Pani, and others, we gained fresh information, which was of some value in the negotiations that followed. The first stage of these negotiations was terminated by the friendly visit of Finance Minister de la Huerta to New York. Here, on June 16, 1922, after long conference with the members of the Committee (the British and French delegates having crossed the ocean to meet with their American colleagues for the conference), an agreement was drawn up and signed between the Mexican Government on the one hand and the Committee on the other as presumably representing the great bulk of Mexico's foreign bondholders.

It may be worth while, in order to indicate the spirit of give and take that pervaded the convention, in default of which no agreement would have been possible, to set forth certain of the considerations that the Committee had in mind in making the concessions that it did to the Government. These considerations are described in the preamble to the agreement, some of which I quote as follows:

That the International Committee, recognizing the difficulties with which

Mexico has had to contend and the limitations upon her capacity for the immediate payment of all her obligations, due or overdue, and earnestly desiring to find means of safeguarding the interests of the bondholders, and at the same time of coöperating with the Mexican Government in the solution of its problems and in the upbuilding of its credit, is prepared to this end to recommend to the holders of Mexican Government obligations certain substantial diminutions and adjustments of their rights.

That they also recognize that the Mexican Government has other obligations which it is important for it to meet, such as the restitution to the banks of the specie fund, the agrarian debt and arrears of pay, which may have to be cared for by the issue of internal bonds or in some other manner later to be considered.

That the interests of the people and Government of Mexico, on the one hand, and of their external creditors, upon the other, being identical in that, for the benefit of both, the increasing prosperity of Mexico must be assured, therefore the individuals now composing the International Committee give assurance of their continued interest and desire for helpful coöperation.

The agreement goes on to set forth the conditions of bond readjustment, which undoubtedly involve heavy sacrifices to the bondholders, but which also recognize without quibbling the existing situation in Mexico and which endeavor to meet that situation in an equitable manner. Certain bondholders will undoubtedly complain that the Mexican Government should be compelled to live up to the very letter of its original obligations, but what bondholder is going to be successful in invoking the forcible intervention of his Government for the collection of his claim? Would not such action be almost unthinkable?

This plan, the details of which have heretofore been made public, the bondholders are invited to examine and assent to. Presumably, when a sufficient number have so assented, the plan will be declared effective, and interest payments dating back to the early part of 1923 will promptly begin upon these securities; the Mexican Government having already put at the disposal of the Committee in New York sufficient funds to make a fair start upon this programme of cash-interest payments. It is, of course, too soon to say that a plan as complex and broad as this is a success, but manifestly it is a scheme analogous to a colossal reorganization of a corporation fallen into financial difficulties. In this instance the Government occupies the place of the corporation. There is a scaling down of claims and there are readjustments and concessions among the various classes of note- and bondholders, the whole scheme designed to assist the Government in restoring its own credit and in meeting promptly the obligations which, upon an amended scale, it now freshly undertakes to pay.

Of course, the noteworthy thing in this whole operation has been this same sort of coöperation to which I have alluded. In this case it has been a close and cordial unity of action among the great banking houses and institutions representing security holders of at least seven different countries with by no means identical interests. Coupled with this have been the approval and coöperation of the governments whose nationals originally invested in these Mexican Government obligations. The operation has been attended with many discouragements and has called for great patience. Yet, with each fresh obstacle there has been the feeling on the part of the International Committee that this was a case demanding

every possible effort. Here was Mexico, our nearest neighbor to the south, her frontiers marching along with ours for almost two thousand miles, sore beset for almost a decade by revolution and armed conflict, now telling us that she was determined to meet her obligations faithfully and asking our assistance in arranging those obligations so that they might be paid duly and punctually. Certainly that is the sort of call calculated to appeal most strongly to the American business man and to lead him to spare no effort to bring about a settlement manifestly friendly and helpful to all the relations between Mexico and the United States.

III

The third effort along the line of international coöperation relates, as I have said, to China. This effort has been under way for some years. The favorable results of it are, as yet, by no means apparent to the ordinary observer, yet they are tangible. As far back as 1909, during the term of President Taft, there was organized an International Consortium for the financial assistance of China. A small group of American bankers became a member of this Consortium, but, soon after the inauguration of President Wilson, Secretary Bryan stated through the newspapers that such a plan for the assistance of China savored too much, in his judgment, of so-called 'Dollar Diplomacy.' Upon this announcement the American Group necessarily withdrew from the Consortium. In 1919, however, the Wilson Administration, having then looked into the matter with some care, reversed its policy and requested the formation of a new American Group on a much larger scale than the old one; taking occasion at the same time to put up to the governments of Great Britain, France, and Japan a

scheme for a new and reorganized Consortium on a somewhat broader basis than before.

After certain rather difficult and protracted negotiations with the Japanese Group, it became possible to dovetail the ideas of the various national groups, and in October 1920 the new Consortium was formally organized at New York, with delegates present from London, Paris, and Tokyo. Its brief constitution was promptly approved by the four Governments in question and since that time it has been a factor in the general financial situation of China.

American participation in this plan has been on a wide scale, almost forty banks and banking houses throughout the country having become members of the American Group of the International Consortium.

Its rôle, however, has been a negative one; that is to say, up to date the Consortium has succeeded in discouraging and preventing the making of loans to China upon an irregular scale and in ways calculated to tie up and eventually dissipate the national resources of China, as well as to encourage the possible corruption of minor Chinese officials. Previous to the organization of the new Consortium, certain Japanese banks had started a rather wild career of money-lending to China. The so-called Nishihara loans (largely negotiated through the efforts of a Japanese agent named Nishihara) were well over a hundred million dollars and were secured on the pledge of various concessions in China, presumably of great value. To this sort of loan operation, calculated to dissipate Chinese resources without yielding her any adequate revenue for legitimate constructive purpose, the Consortium has been (since its organization three years ago) an almost insurmountable obstacle. The reason for this manifestly is

that the banking groups of America, Great Britain, France, and Japan, which together go to make up the Consortium, have, in effect, pledged themselves to make loans to the Government of China, or to the Provinces of China, only for constructive purposes. The day of the old administrative loans, when a small banking coterie (possibly at the instigation of its Government) might succeed in providing funds simply to fatten a weak and not impeccable Peking Government, is seemingly past.

The Consortium now stands ready, as soon as domestic conditions in China permit, to devise with responsible officials of the Chinese Government definite plans for constructive effort in China; the extension of existing railways or the building of new lines such as, for instance, would serve to connect the South of China with the North and so bring about greater political sympathy and unity throughout the Republic. The prime policy of the Consortium is the substitution of coöperation for that international competition in the economic and financial affairs of China, which, a generation ago, went far toward the establishment of the notorious 'spheres of influence' and almost accomplished the disintegration of China itself. This policy of the Consortium has, as its recent report pointed out, 'been definitely affirmed and endorsed in a larger sense by China and the Powers in the treaty signed at Washington on February 6, 1922' — this treaty being one of the notable results of the so-called Disarmament Conference at Washington. 'The treaty is, in effect,' as the recent Consortium report runs, 'an undertaking by the Powers to respect the sovereign rights of China, to preserve her territorial integrity, and to provide her with a free and unembarrassed opportunity to

develop her economic resources and maintain for herself an effective and stable government.'

To carry out this policy the Consortium is deemed to be an appropriate instrument. It is not, as many people have believed it to be, an organization for the fastening of financial control upon China. It is rather 'a temporary bridge by which China may be assisted to pass in comparative safety through the difficult period of transition from an unsettled to a settled state of government.' The Consortium hopes to assist China in the reconstruction of her credit until such time as she can obtain loans single handed and upon the strength of her own national credit. Furthermore, it is the settled policy of the Consortium to refrain from interference in the internal political affairs of China. Such interference has no part in the programme of the Consortium.

On the question of foreign control of Chinese government finances and of Chinese government public utilities, — as, for instance, the railways — the Consortium offers no programme more radical than such measure of regulation or supervision as might be required to assure the foreign investor who may be invited to subscribe to a Chinese loan that the proceeds of such loan shall be properly expended, and the principal of it duly repaid to him at maturity. With the Chinese railway system lacking, as it is to-day, in sound organization and management, it goes without saying that it would not be proper for the Banking Groups to offer to investors a loan secured upon such properties unless they could be assured of a management sufficient to safeguard the loan, and, what is of equal importance, to increase the operating revenues for the benefit of the Chinese Government.

The present disorganization in China is a matter serious enough, but it should

hardly be looked upon as indicating what is in store for China for the long future. The fact is that, up to date, China consists more of a people than of a nation. In the old monarchical days there was a fairly strong central power at Peking — strong, that is to say, in its immediate vicinity and in the surrounding region which it controlled; strong too in the tribute that it exacted from outlying provinces and in the method which it adopted of holding those provinces in line, by permitting an ample share of the local revenues designed for the support of the central government to be 'squeezed' out for the benefit of the local officials. When the monarchy was overturned in 1910 and a republic established, this movement was more or less in line with the spirit of the times, but no student of government could pretend that at that time China was fully prepared to become a republic. Industry, honesty, thrift, love of peace, devotion to family, reverence — these are all qualities which the Chinese people possess in abundance. But as for popular education, or knowledge of government, there was very little of that sort of thing in China thirteen years ago, and there is little enough to-day.

The situation, however, is gradually changing. A slow evolution from the ancient dynasty to a modern democracy is going on, but it is an evolution necessarily marked by errancy, discomfiture and turmoil. Such, however, are the innate sobriety and law-abiding qualities of the Chinese that, even with the disorder and banditry that are made so much of in our newspaper headlines, business goes on as usual in China. Trade, both domestic and foreign, increases; and wealth grows. Just how long it is going to be before the qualities that I have described as being a part of the Chinese character assert themselves in the form of orderly gov-

ernment, no one can tell. If, however, the foreign governments, which have given their seal of approval to the Consortium as an earnest effort to prevent strife and to promote friendly coöperation, and if the banking groups that make up the Consortium were not hopeful that the time of reform would not be too far removed, they would hardly be as determined as they are to-day to hold their organization intact and to stand ready to assist China when she bids them come. Even to-day the representatives of the Consortium at Peking are working together in an effort to lay out a plan of consolidation and readjustment of all the Chinese Government's outstanding loans.

This coöperative effort as applied to China should not, in its purposes and possible results, be minimized. We have here the picture of the nationals of four great nations, formerly engaged in attempting by cutthroat competition and frank endeavor to secure special concessions for themselves, now joining together in an effort to help put upon its feet, economically and financially, one of the oldest peoples of the world. Any such effort as this, to which the Japanese have cordially pledged themselves, is, whether the actual workings of the plan come to early completion or not, bound to serve as a great stabilizer of conditions in the Far East. It is hardly too much to say that the Consortium is one of the factors helpful to the preservation of peace in the Pacific Basin and in the whole of the Far East.

This effort, like the other two that I have briefly described, has had to be carried on in large measure by men of active business. Their difficulties of organization have been great. Large differences in national points of view have had to be reconciled. But those who have been endeavoring to bring

about this particular form of international coöperation have at least been unvexed by politics or by the necessity of making serious compromise of principle in order to gain a problematically useful end. America's share in these enterprises of coöperation has been large and important. For instance, the Austrian Loan Delegation urged upon us last May the consideration that without American coöperation the loan plan seemed almost doomed to failure; and they added that the very fact of our coöperation would quicken the pulse and bring new vigor into each of the several like operations in the Continental financial centres. Such seemed to be the case as it proved; for the moment America's participation was finally announced, the success of these other like offerings in Europe became assured. Doubt and hesitation in a few such centres were succeeded by confidence and initiative

IV

In no one of these three cases of international unity of action which I have been describing are the difficulties all solved or our problems at an end. We are not completely out of the woods in Austria or Mexico, certainly not in China. But in all three instances a strong start has been made and I may be permitted to testify as to the good faith and high spirit that, in all these operations, our foreign associates have shown. Never have I noted an instance in which they have tried to get the better of the American interests. I should hardly venture to mention this fact were it not that so frequently we hear among ourselves expressions of the greatest distrust of the motives of our European friends. Certain of our publicists are fond of saying that we in America are fashioned from a nobler clay, and that if we enter into close re-

lations with the nations abroad we shall inevitably be hopelessly out-manceuvred — put in a hole, as the phrase is.

My own experience, limited as it is, would lead me to believe quite otherwise. In these instances of coöperation that I have described, all these varying nationalities have worked shoulder to shoulder in the same spirit of give and take. It is, I believe, true that in no one of these great economic or financial reorganizations could the great progress already made have been realized without America's help, and, in a certain sense, even her initiative. America's participation in these three instances (Austria, Mexico, China) of financial coöperation having, then, proved vitally important and valuable, does not the question again come home to us, Is there no way in which we can helpfully participate, as a nation or a Government, in the solution of the other pressing problems of the world? Is it not arguable that if men of business of so many different nationalities can find common ground for construc-

tive action, then the nations that they represent, including clearly the United States, can work together for an end that is of international benefit? We Americans enjoy great good fortune in having been able to bring to bear the experience of many generations and peoples upon the problems of our own material and political development. Such good fortune should conceivably render us not unduly satisfied with our progress, but, rather, more tolerant, more sympathetic, and more eager to understand the problems of people less happily situated than we.

I shall not dwell upon the harmful economic effects which lack of solution for these problems has upon our agricultural and commercial life. I prefer to put the matter on other grounds and to ask whether we cannot show a spirit of keener and more helpful interest in the larger problems of our sister nations, a spirit of greater generosity that reck not of possible slight loss to us, if only we can bring immeasurable gain to them.

TURKEY AND THE EAST

BY AN OBSERVER

I

THE return of the Turk to Europe — the pivotal fact in all the Near-Eastern muddle — came about very simply. It was the old story of a group of strong men defying their fate. They 'took to the hills,' as so many others have done before them, gathered about them more and more support in the essential form of human will, and so at

last, by endurance and self-denial, won their cause.

This troubled world has seen the like many times before. When 'conquerors' are sufficiently wearied by the exhausting business of conquest, and their heads are sufficiently enlarged by the same process, to ensure their doing the wrong thing at the right time, the

determined rebels in the hills always have a chance of success. And both these conditions have been amply fulfilled by the Allies in the years that have followed the Armistice.

To one looking back on it, it is amazing how invariably the Allies played into the hands of the Nationalist Turks. Nothing else, of course, would account for the complete reversal of fortune which the Nationalists have been able to effect. Four years ago Turkey was more thoroughly beaten than Germany or Austria or Bulgaria. She was the only one of the defeated powers which the Allies proposed to cut up into their own spheres of influence. And to-day she is practically mistress in her own house.

The Allies blundered repeatedly. Within six months of the Armistice they introduced into the heart of Turkey the one element capable of reviving the spirit of resistance—the Greek army. Not content with the spread of that irritant,—though in truth it spread and irritated beyond all reason,—the British, in the following year, must need carry out a coup d'état at Constantinople. Many of the men they then suddenly arrested and sent to Malta were later released—in time to lead the Nationalist movement to victory.

The French in the meantime had got themselves into trouble in Cilicia, and could think of no better plan than to arm the Armenians against the Turks,—another irritant of the most virulent kind. The Armenians suffered, and the French were driven out of Adana and Marash with little prestige saved. A puppet Government in Constantinople was forced to sign the hopeless Treaty of Sèvres, to the further infuriation of all true Turks.

Constantine returned to the throne of Greece, an event which brought almost as much encouragement to the

Turks as disgust and confusion to the Allies. The Bolsheviki then began to take an active hand in the game, supplying the Turks with war material they had captured from Denikin, who in turn had had it from an all-too-trusting British Government. The French reefed their sails to the rising gale, and curried favor with the Turkish Nationalists by signing a treaty with them and putting them in the way of getting further material assistance. The Italians in the meantime had made a clean breakaway, leaving only a small detachment of troops in Constantinople.

And so the sad story dragged on. The Allies, wearied of war and blundering at every turn, would neither control the Greek army which they had allowed to go into Turkey, nor aid it in crushing Turkish resistance. Like Pilate, they washed their hands of the whole affair. But they could not rid themselves of it so easily, since in the end either the Turks had to be held down or the Allies had to give up the one essential they had gained—the all-important Straits and the bar to the return of the Turk to Europe.

The last act in the tragedy was perhaps the most characteristic of all. The Greeks, wearied at last by their hopeless war in Anatolia, attempted the desperate play of seizing Constantinople. Their army, aided by the Allied fleets, might at least have held the Neutral Zone of the Straits,—the one thing that really mattered to Western civilization,—but they found their way blocked by a line of Allied bayonets. There were few enough of those bayonets to accomplish any useful object, but there were enough to keep out the one force that might have provided the necessary man-power to bar Constantinople and Europe to the Turks.

Then, with dramatic suddenness,

came the finale. The war-wearied Greeks lay in their Anatolian lines, weakened by the detachment of troops they were trying to put into Constantinople. The Turks attacked and swept them into the sea. Smyrna burned. For a few dramatic weeks nothing but a few British battalions stood between the victorious and fanatic Turks and the Balkan powder-magazine. The resurgent East came up against the exhausted and blundering West.

For one must note that the West was dealing, not alone with Turkey, but with all the Moslem East that stood behind the Turks. Throughout the whole struggle the hands of the Western Powers were largely tied by their fear of trouble in their Moslem dependencies. In a treaty made in 1921 with another Moslem power, the Angora Government assumed the title of 'Guide of Islam,' and threw the mantle of its protection over its Moslem brother 'as a beginning of good fortune for the happy future of all the East.'

Islam is not the strong tie that binds all Moslems together in an efficient mutual-aid society, as some people would have us believe, but it is strong enough for propaganda purposes among peoples already drawn together by common repugnance to European domination. As a rallying cry, a slogan, it was most useful to those who could say that they were fighting the infidel to liberate the Caliph, and to regain the relics of the Prophet. It was not hard to scare the already bewildered politicians of the West by the bogey of religious uprisings. The politician hates religious fanaticism as the Devil hates holy water.

One must admit, however, that the Turkish revival was a highly creditable piece of work on the part of the few determined leaders and the mass of the people. Making all possible allowances

for Allied blunderings and the threat of Islam, it still remains a notable feat to have built up a beaten, impoverished, and demoralized country. So far as material resources went, they built it up practically on a shoestring. They lacked nearly every material means of resistance, even transportation for the munitions of war given them by the Bolsheviki and others. And they did it all without raising a foreign loan or debasing their currency by means of the printing-press. A much greater triumph than their victory over the Greeks is the exchange on the Turkish pound. While the German mark, the Austrian crown, and the Bulgarian lev have dropped to anywhere from one twentieth to one ten-thousandth of their pre-war value, the Turkish pound has never dropped below one ninth of its former value.

This has meant both determination and sagacity on the part of the leaders. And on the part of the humble peasants who followed them and formed their armies, it has meant the greatest personal self-sacrifice and devotion. Much of the present intolerance on the part of the Turks toward Europe and all things European, including the non-Turkish population of Asia Minor, comes from the fact that for the past three years all of them have stoically gone back to a primitive Eastern life, devoid of most of the things we Westerners have come to consider necessities.

II

But, much as one may admire the solid virtues the Turks have displayed in their national revival, one must not be led astray by them. The Turkophile would have us believe that they have had a change of nature. He would persuade us that the 'New Turk' will rule well and prosper through the coming years. Smyrna was somewhat

of a setback to this theory. Also the wholesale deportation of non-Turks from Asia Minor has been a little difficult to explain. But against these disagreeable facts are set the Turkish moderation at Mudania and their patience at Lausanne.

One may, if one likes, believe in the theory that the leopard sometimes changes his spots. But perhaps it is safer to wait for ocular proof of this phenomenon before putting too much faith in the continued success of the Turk as a governing power. The military clique that rules the nation showed admirable restraint in holding back their armies after their victory over the Greeks; but they may find it much more difficult to rule in peace than it was to win in war.

However, they must have their try at it. And the West can only wish them success. For, however much one may regard the return of the Turk to Europe as a calamity of the first magnitude for Western civilization, the fact remains that he has returned. Only by war could he have been kept out of Europe last September; only by war could he be put out of Europe now. And the simple fact is that no power or group of powers in the West, since the Armistice, has been prepared to fight the Turk for the abstract idea of Western civilization, or anything else.

This has been his great source of strength. The soldiers and sailors who have directed Turkish policies at Angora and at Lausanne have been unwilling to commit their people to further sufferings and hazards of war. But they have known all along that the West was still more unwilling to fight. This has given them a great moral advantage. They could afford to wait, or even, if necessary, to fight. The West could afford to do neither.

With calm persistence the Turks made themselves masters of Constanti-

nople and Thrace, even before the first Lausanne Conference. Constantinople was garrisoned by a small force, but it represented the flower of the British army. The Straits and the Sea of Marmora were held by the most powerful warships in the world. The great bulk of the Turkish army was bound by the Convention of Mudania to remain on the Asian shore, fifteen kilometres from the British lines. Yet quietly, step by step, the Turk came into his own again, and the Allies in European Turkey, as in Asiatic, found themselves masters only of the ground on which their troops actually stood. In Constantinople the police, the customs, and the other functions of civic administration were successively taken over. In each case the underlying cause was the fact that the Allies were unwilling to fight — and the Turk knew it.

In the East the rule has always been that those who will not fight must make way for those who will fight. This may shock our Western ideas. But it is well to remember it, and also to remember that the Turk has overthrown Europe's plans for the partition and exploitation of his country by force of arms, actual or potential. And until he is dispossessed by force of arms, he is going to run his country, including his bit of Europe and the Straits, as he sees fit. He may concede a little on paper concerning the treatment of Europeans in Turkey or the demilitarization of the Straits, but in practice he means to do as he likes.

But, says the European, the Turk has need of the foreigner: he has need of foreign money and brains. To a certain extent, he has — and he knows it. But he also knows that he can bargain for these things in a competing market. He does not have to accept them on any terms the West may choose to impose. He does not intend to accept

them at the price of his own independence. Circumstances have made him the champion of many peoples throughout the Near East and India who are acutely discontented with European rule and exploitation. He does not mean to throw away that position of leadership. Still less does he mean to repeat his old mistake in keeping in his midst unassimilable peoples who may be more astute than he, but who, through long centuries, have proved themselves to be parasites on his body politic. He is tired of seeing alien races in his land making money in ways for which he does not care. He is tired of constant disloyalty to his traditions and to his State.

Brutal and horrible as have been the wholesale deportations of Greeks and Armenians and other aliens from Turkey during the past six months, there is little use in denying the reasons behind them. Under the easy tolerance of the East, these people have been permitted to live in Turkey for many centuries. During all this time they have kept themselves apart. Neither the Turkish state nor the Moslem religion has been able to assimilate them. They have never been loyal subjects. And, like the Japanese in California, they have underlived the dominant race, they have made money in ways incompatible with its character, and they have surpassed it in the vital matter of the production of children.

Say what one likes about Turkish methods of getting rid of these people, the fact remains that no dominant race will, in the long run, permit other races on their own soil to underlive them, to outbreed them, to resist assimilation and to be disloyal.

III

That is the state of affairs to-day. Largely through Allied mismanage-

ment, and also through religious appeal to other peoples struggling against European control, the Turks have regained their country and come back into Europe. If we choose to remember that they did not do this entirely by virtue of their own strength and wisdom, we should not at the same time forget that the struggle has cost them much in self-sacrifice, and that, in their own minds at least, they have overcome their European enemies and won their right to mastery in their own house.

What is to come of it? Europe is prone to say that the Turk cannot get along without the foreigner — meaning the foreigner who has made money out of him and wants to make more. In this there is a suspicion that the wish may be father to the thought. What is more probable is that the Turk cannot get along without a dictator.

Autocratic rule is in the blood of the East. The Turk has never known anything else. The long line of Ottoman sultans and grand viziers was ably topped off by Enver Pasha, perhaps the most ruthless dictator of the lot. The Turk understands autocracy. It fits into his scheme of things. His extraordinary docility, which makes him such an admirable soldier, lends itself to autocratic rule. He does not question. He asks only to be let alone on his own plot of ground, or to be led if he needs must leave it.

Yet, paradox of paradoxes, when the Turkish Nationalists raised their standard of revolt and made themselves the champions of the East against the West, it was the most modern of Western governmental forms they chose to adopt. They went far beyond the Western idea of a republic. Sovietism, of course, left them cold, for inherent in Sovietism is the dictatorship of a class. Nothing but the purest form of democracy would suit them. No checks or

balances, no ifs or buts for them. The government must spring directly from the people, by universal male suffrage, and must repose solely in a single National Assembly.

The West, for a century and more, has tried out democratic forms of government a-plenty, and never found any of them altogether easy to run. But rarely has the West set up for itself so unequivocal, so uncompromising a democracy as this. All power, executive, legislative, judicial, — even religious, — is imposed on one single chamber of the direct representatives of the people. The executives of the government are appointed by the National Assembly from among its own members, and not only are responsible to the Assembly, but are removable at the will of the Assembly. During the crisis of their war with the Greeks, Mustapha Kemal himself held power only for periods of three months, renewable by vote of the Assembly. 'Sovereignty belongs to the Nation without reservation or condition,' says the Law of Fundamental Organization. — 'The administration of the Nation's sovereignty is based on the principle of the direct decision of the people.' Most amazing of all, the people's representatives have assumed the responsibility of separating Church and State, — far more inseparable in Islam than ever in the Christian West, — and of electing a Caliph, not alone of Turkey, but of the whole Moslem world.

This is the vox populi with a vengeance. In theory, yes; but is it so in practice? Ah, that's the point! On that question rests the future of Turkey, and perhaps much of the East besides. For democracy carried to the extreme of the Angora government is both difficult to carry out and easy to overturn.

Its difficulty lies in the very pureness of its form, in its utter dependence and

reliance on the vox populi. The West, with more intelligent people to work with, and far more liberal traditions behind it, has not found democracy an easy road. Even with all the elaborate machinery we have devised to protect minorities, — and sometimes, to protect majorities against minorities in temporary power, — the thing is not easy. The old car bumps a bit, now and then, in spite of the best shock-absorbers. And we consider ourselves enlightened people, used to power. But here is an illiterate people who have never shown any native intelligence in government, and who are quite unused to running their own affairs. If we know anything of the game, the Turks are in for a few hard knocks before democracy is made safe for them.

To overturn a democracy such as that of Turkey, one has but to seize the power of the National Assembly. There are no checks or balances, no counterweights to hinder. Cow the Assembly; turn it out, as Cromwell turned out the Rump Parliament, or force it to surrender its power into your hands, and the trick is done. It is a pretty paradox (and one which possibly has not escaped the notice of some of the Turkish leaders) that the nearer a government of docile people approaches pure representative democracy, the more does it lend itself to abrupt conversion into autocracy.

There are signs of coming autocracy, even now. In practice the Angora government, like most institutions in the East, does not march with theory. There is reason to believe that the elections in many instances are far from being popular. Candidates 'nominated' by the prominent Nationalist leaders have a way of being elected by large majorities, even in districts in which they are barely known by name. And, in spite of theory, there are distinct indications that all power does

not rest in the hands of the National Assembly. The last one appears to have dissolved itself at the bidding of a few of its leaders, though it was elected to sit until after peace was made.

A reasonable argument can be made for the reestablishment of autocracy in Turkey. It is the form of government which the people have had throughout their history, and which they understand. The electorate is both highly illiterate and indifferent to politics. What is really needed is peace, that the losses in men and material of the past twelve years of almost incessant warfare may be regained. A long period of peace, in which law and order should be maintained — much might come of that, under any form of government capable of securing it.

It cannot be said, however, that the prospects for peace are particularly bright. Bound Turkey as we used to do in our geography classes, and on all sides, except perhaps where the Mediterranean washes her shores, there is trouble brewing. To the north there is her old enemy, Russia. It is chaos, organized for the spread of chaos. Every state bordering Russia to-day trembles for the future, and Turkey has her own particular reasons for anxiety. There are thousands of Moslems in the welter of the Sovietized Caucasus. The bait of the Straits has never failed to attract the old Russian Bear. Then to the east lie unsettled Kurdistan and Persia — and oil. (What a combination!) South of her are the Arabs, hostile, turbulent, disunited. To the west are the Balkans.

Internally the prospects are not much better. War has become a habit. A military class has been developed which knows no other occupation. And there is still the tremendous problem of readjustment from an autocratic government to one under which

power may be won by any man or group of men strong or clever enough to seize it. Almost all the Nationalist leaders have come from the military professions, and so far they have run their country and won their war with little indication of internal friction or selfish ambition. But they are only human; time is a trying test, and environment and tradition are difficult influences to overcome. In a land of ruthless methods, with the example of such men as Enver and Talaat and Djemal fresh in their minds, it will be little short of a miracle if the ablest of the Turks display, year in and year out, that self-effacing patriotism which alone can bring about a peaceful development of their country.

Perhaps Turkey would have more chance of peace under a dictatorship than under any other form of government. In her present state of progress, democracy exposes her to both internal and external dangers. It is much more difficult to maintain, and a complete breakdown in government would almost certainly lead to foreign intervention, if not to armed invasion. Not a few foreigners frankly say the time to retake Constantinople, and whatever else the West may desire, will come in a few years, with the breakdown of the present form of government.

IV

And so indeed it may come to pass — or, again, it may not. The resurgence of Turkey amounts to an experiment of great importance to the world. She has set herself the task of running her own affairs, in her own way, independent of Western control, but on ultra-Western and liberal lines of government. The whole of North Africa, the Near East, and India are watching that experiment with intense interest. They, too, are sick of Eu-

ropean control, and particularly of the patronizing manners of their European mentors or masters. They, too, have drunk deeply of the theory of self-determination. If Turkey succeeds in maintaining complete independence of foreign control under a liberal form of government, so much the better, so much the more to be said for Eastern self-determination. But it really does not greatly matter how she succeeds, so long as she succeeds. To throw off European control and maintain her independence — that is the essence of the experiment in the eyes of the East. A dictator would prove their point almost as well as a National Assembly.

The influence of Islam on this experiment will be a most interesting thing to watch. Much depends on the extent to which Islam can be united behind the nationalist movements in the East. There is nothing quite so difficult to measure as a religious force when it is diverted into political channels. Of course, Mohammedanism is far more of a political religion than is Christianity. The Sheriat law, which is the religious law derived from the Koran, regulates most of the questions of personal and domestic life, such as marriage, divorce, and inheritance, in all Moslem countries. The Church enters directly into the civic life of the people to a degree unknown to us. And the Church and State are very closely linked together. Mohammed not only founded a religion, but made himself the head of a state. For six centuries his successors were temporal as well as spiritual rulers. The tradition of the indivisibility of Church and State, of religion and politics, is fixed in the minds of the people.

The brotherhood of all 'true believers' is very thoroughly indoctrinated into Islam. The lack of a sacerdotal class, of a real priesthood or clergy, tends to strengthen the bonds

between individual Moslems. There is a closer tie between Moslems of all races and classes than between Christians. Islam is a younger religion, more direct and much more simple.

And yet there are other things to be taken into account by one who would estimate the possible cohesive force of Islam in this struggle between the East and the West. The first is that, with all of its unifying tendencies, Islam does not and cannot present a united front. It has its schisms, its 'two-and-seventy jarring sects,' very much as Christianity has its divisions. Their lines of cleavage are not so deep as those which separate the major branches of Christianity, and the antagonism between them is not so bitter. But nevertheless the rifts in Islam destroy a great part of its cohesive force when applied to practical politics.

Furthermore, Islam comes into play only indirectly, for the revolt against Western domination is everywhere primarily political, and not religious. The Turkish Nationalists named themselves rightly, for their cause is almost entirely nationalistic. The mainspring of their action has been their intense desire to establish an independent national entity. Their slogan has not been 'The Crescent against the Cross,' but 'Turkey for the Turks.' It is the success of the Turks in recreating their country and freeing it from foreign control which has raised their prestige all over the East and made them the leaders in the new movement. The fact that they were Moslems fighting Christians enemies has had only a secondary and indirect influence, both on their own people and on other Moslem countries.

The idea of a Holy War, fought by a united Islam for Islam, has been pretty well exploded. Such a war was proclaimed in all solemnity in 1914 by the Sheik-ul-Islam, backed up by the

Sultan-Caliph (not to mention the All Highest in Berlin!). But the Mohammedan world did not respond. Arabs and Indian Moslems fought against the Turks, and few of their coreligionists supported them. The fact is that the Turks, even after having held the Caliphate in their hands for four hundred years, do not stand high as Moslems in the Mohammedan world. They are slack in their religious observances (including temperance). Their religious fervor does not burn with the same intensity as that of many other Moslems. The intellectual centre of Islam is the University of El Azhar, at Cairo. The great religious centres lie in the Arab lands. The mosques at Constantinople are little more than the glorification of the military prowess of the early Ottoman sultans. The Turkish Caliph, invested with the mantle of the Prophet, is nothing more than an appointee of the National Assembly, and as such carries even less weight in Islam than did the sultan-caliphs of the old Ottoman Empire.

Nevertheless, Islam, as a secondary force behind Nationalism, exerts an influence with which one must reckon. It is a common tie between Eastern peoples struggling for Nationalism; and a common tie is an excellent basis for propaganda. It is more than that, for it is the most intense religion in the world to-day in its hold on great masses of people. To throw off a foreign yoke, a people should believe that they are superior to that foreigner; that they have been given a light which has been denied him; that they are, in short, the Chosen People. There is nothing like a vigorous, intense religion to produce that superiority complex.

Islam is a force which the restless peoples of the East will not fail to use — as an adjunct to Nationalism. And, in being used, the religion itself will be seriously affected. On the one hand,

the Western Powers will probably exert all the influence of their present political control to widen the schisms in Islam and destroy its cohesive power. Furtive steps have already been taken in that direction. On the other hand, the Eastern peoples will tend to develop the religious power of Islam by the very fact that they keep it before them as a bond of unity in their struggle with the West.

So this Turkish experiment may be expected to have ramifications all over the East, and to affect not only the colors on the map, but the inner lives of millions of people.

It is an experiment abounding in paradox. The nation whose despotism has been proverbial is now trying to be the most democratic in the world. The people who lead the East in its revolt against the West are trying at the same time to be most Western in their government and in their attitude toward prohibition and women. The people whose harems have become a byword for female seclusion and enslavement are now liberating their women and advocating a feministic movement. The nation which calls itself the 'Guide of Islam' and assumes the protection of the Caliphate, at the same time smashes through the deepest traditions of the Mohammedan faith and is notoriously lax in its religious observances.

Paradox can go no farther. One is tempted to say that Turkey is setting herself the most difficult problems in national transformation that any people have ever faced, unless we except those with which Japan has dealt since 1854. And she proposes to accomplish these great transformations in one of the world's centres of intrigue, surrounded on all sides by enemies. One can only wish her well. But in the achievements of other people, and particularly in the past history of her own

people, there is little encouragement to be found for the success of so prodigious an experiment.

Yet it is an experiment of the greatest import to the Western world. Turkish character may not have changed, may not be susceptible of much change under the inhibitions of Islam and the inertia of the East. But the Turkish state has changed completely. No longer is it 'the Sick Man of Europe,' the old moribund affair of mediæval traditions which had to be bolstered up and kept going somehow because the West coveted its property and could not agree on a division of the spoils. For a century and more Turkey has been under European influences. They have been jealous and conflicting influences, for the most part; and by playing one against another Turkey has often been able to mitigate European domination. But on the whole the West has dominated, and Turkey has meant nothing to the world except a decayed holding corporation for property and interests which could not be peacefully divided.

Now she means much more. Now she is free from European leading-strings, and she means to keep herself free — if she can. She faces the West as the leader in Eastern self-determination. She is doing what so many other people in Asia and Africa have longed to do since the beginning of this period of nationalist awakening.

Many men have told us that the East is sick of Western rule. It is true. Nothing is clearer in the East. Twenty years ago Western superiority was granted unquestioningly, and Western control accepted with little protest. But now, from Morocco to the Philippines, a new spirit is in the air. The Russo-Japanese War was a great eye-opener. The World War was an arena in which the West drained its own life-blood. The settlements following

that war awakened the East to the full realization of Western weakness and folly. Rejuvenated Turkey is the result, and the inspiration to further revolt.

One cannot, therefore, see bright prospects for the West if the Turkish experiment succeeds. There may be peace on the shores of the Bosphorus, but what sacrifices of Western interests in the East will be demanded? How is the trade of the world to readjust itself if Western control is generally overthrown in the East? Western prosperity (and perhaps much of what we call Western civilization) has been built up largely on two things, the development of the New World and the exploitation of the Old. If, instead of continued control in the East, the West must face a series of successful revolts; if it must readjust itself to trade with many countries puffed up with pride in their new-found nationalism, and blundering in their first attempts at self-rule, the change will be great indeed. It may be a change for the betterment of the world in the long run, but one may suspect that the run will be both long and painful.

And yet, if the Turkish experiment does not succeed, the West must bear the consequent strain. If government breaks down in Turkey, either under a National Assembly or under a dictator, the West must bring order out of chaos or face the possibility of another great war. The old question of the inheritance of the 'Sick Man's' property will come up again, with the equally unsolved problem of the control of the Straits. (So many men have died trying to control those Straits!) Next door lies the Balkan powder-magazine. And next to the Balkans lie the greater explosives of Central Europe, extending from the Carpathians to the Ruhr, and north to the Niemen. Let the West look to itself if the prizes of Turkey are again to be had for the taking!

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MIDDLE CLASS IN ENGLAND AND IN FRANCE

BY EDITH SELLERS

I

It was the market day in a French manufacturing town, and the great square was closely packed with stalls, on which provisions of all sorts were displayed. Fish, flesh, red herrings, rabbits, and fowls, all were there; green stuffs, too, and fruit and nuts. And everything was appallingly dear! So at least the thrifty housewives, with whom the market was thronged, went about declaring: 25 francs for a chicken no bigger than a pigeon was *un prix énorme*, according to them; while a franc for a shriveled-up cabbage, or a handful of salad, was *un prix fou*. Some of them, indeed, waxed so righteously indignant as they went from stall to stall, that they refused even to haggle. The profiteering ways of those peasants who brought their produce into the town was a public scandal, they protested; and M. le Maire must really be made to interfere.

Among the marketers, it was evidently the working-class women who had most money to spend, and who spent it most lavishly. For much as the cost of living has risen in France since 1914, wages have risen still more.

Thus railway-men's wives, builders' wives, the wives of hand-workers of all kinds, indeed, are better off now than they ever were in their lives before. It is not they, but those for whom they used to work, who have now to pinch and save. It is the lower-middle-class folk who are to-day the poor in France, the new

poor; and thousands who, before the war, were in the higher middle class, are now installed in the lower. Professional men and women who have had no luck, officials who have failed to rise, functionaries, ex-professors, invalided soldiers — they and their women-folk all are there; and with them the great mass of the 'retired' — they who worked hard in the days of their strength that they might have the wherewith to live when too old to work.

In the in-between classes it is only they who have land, are in trade, or have had the chance to profiteer, who are now rich. For those who depend for their daily bread on pre-war fixed incomes, the yield of their savings, annuities, or pensions, life is one long fight to make both ends meet. And the fighters are, for the most part, alone-standing women. For while in all classes alike there are now more women than men, in no class are there so many more as in the lower middle class. Perhaps the men of that class drift away more easily than the men of other classes; or perhaps, in proportion to their numbers, more of them were killed in the war, or remained in the army when the war was ended. Be that as it may, there are now whole districts where there is hardly an able-bodied lower-middle-class man, while women of that class abound: women who are widows, or the wives of the unfit; spinsters who have no chance of

ever being wives. For many of them life is a struggle to keep the grim wolf at bay. In the market square that morning, it was quite pitiable to see how some of them pondered before spending even a sou.

One poor old lady who, unless her appearance belied her, had seen much better days, hovered about a fish-stall for a good half-hour before she could make up her mind to buy a herring. She had come to the market in search of a bargain — half a rabbit at a price she could afford to pay; and, as it chanced, there were no bargains to be had; even the skinniest of half-rabbits was dear, much too dear for her. That point settled, she made her way from stall to stall, seeing what was to be had, striving gallantly the while to look as if whatever there was or was not was for her a matter of no importance. She went about quietly, almost stealthily, keeping when she could to the darker end of the stalls; and if her fellow marketers waxed pushful, she with gentle courtesy at once stood aside. She never paused to bargain, very rarely to ask a question, although she always listened with keen attention while others bargained and questioned. And all the time she was weighing pros and cons, that was easy to see: was trying to decide what was best worth buying, what would serve longest as a *pièce de resistance*, to add to her coffee and bread. A calf's foot seemed to tempt her sorely; and, in spite of all her efforts, a touch of regret came into her eyes when she found that a foot cost as much as half a rabbit. Then the relative merits of sheep's trotters and veal bones were carefully balanced; but even trotters and bones were dear that day. There was nothing in the market, indeed, that was even fairly cheap, except herrings; and herrings evidently did not appeal to her. Again and again she went up to the stall on which they

were lying and scanned them over critically; again and again she turned away with an air that betokened, 'Something better than that can surely be had for a franc'; and she started off once more on her search.

It was all of no use: the something better she could not find, let her try as she would; and — well, she ended by buying the herring. There was a look in her eyes, though, as she went on her way, that would have touched the heart of the veriest Shylock had he seen it.

As it was with her, so is it with many another. Although there are many rich people in France to-day, much displaying of wealth, much ostentatious spending, at every turn one comes across women — men, too, but much more rarely — who are manifestly underfed; who look as if they had not had a good square meal for months. On their faces short commons is written in unmistakable terms; on some of them, semi-starvation. And they almost all belong to the lower middle class. I saw but one working-class woman who looked hungry the last time I was in France.

Now, before the war, even lower-middle-class people could live in France in a fair amount of comfort, sure of a well-cooked dinner every day, a cheerful little room in which to eat it, and decent clothes to wear. They had not much money to spend, it is true; for the salaries of functionaries, as of all of their kind, have never been high. Still, what money they had was turned to good account; for the French of their class have a perfect genius for making five francs do the work of ten. In the provinces many a widow or spinster was then passing rich on £40 a year; while on £100 many a couple lived, thrived, and brought up children, saving money the while.

A captain's pay was well under £200 a year, even if he were married and had two children. Yet on that, together

with the yield of her own little dot, the average captain's wife could house, feed, and clothe her husband, her children, and herself. It was a pinch, of course, for she, as an officer's wife, had a certain position to maintain; yet do it she could, and did; and, when New Year's day came round, she had, more often than not, francs left over for festivities, or perhaps for the building-up of a dot.

To-day things are different; for while the cost of living has risen quite woefully, — it is three times as high now as it was in 1914, — official salaries, professional incomes, annuities, and pensions have risen but little, some of them not at all. To make matters worse, the yield of past savings has fallen, fallen to zero if invested, as many middle-class people's are, in 'Russians' or 'Turks.' The pension of a retired official, whose salary was 9000 francs, is 3000; that of his wife, should she survive him, will be 1500. An invalided captain's pay is from 2420 francs to 2575. To a captain's widow 1550 francs are given; and very many of those who were wives before the war are widows now. She has only 300 francs a year more, even if she has two children. Thus, whether she be widow or wife, with children or without, life is a hard fight. And she is regarded as one of the lucky. Many widows, wives, and spinsters, too, among her own kith and kin, are poorer than she is. They must live from hand to mouth, always on short commons, going down in the world the while, slowly but inevitably.

Going down in the world is at best a painful process; and it is doubly painful when they who are going down see others, who were below them, stepping into their places — the places in which they had hoped to see their own children installed. That is what the new poor in France find so terribly trying. And if they are women, and most of them are, they are practically helpless:

they must stand aside with folded hands while the process is going on. For it is almost impossible for an elderly middle-class woman to find a lucrative post in France to-day; and it is very difficult for those who are middle-aged, or even fairly young.

For, until the Congregation Laws came into force, the great majority of middle-class girls were educated in convents, by nuns; and many such girls are still being educated by nuns, who have changed their names and dresses, but not their methods. And nuns, although they teach their charges music, manners, and morals, together with housewifery and many good things besides, do not teach them how to make money, do not fit them to earn their own daily bread.

In pre-war days almost every bourgeois girl had something in the way of a dot. Even *la petite bourgeoisie* had her few hundred francs, her little store of household goods. The nuns, therefore, took it for granted that those under their care would marry, unless they became nuns, and thought that the thing to be done was to fit them for their work as wives and mothers, or nuns. Thus the average bourgeois widow, wife, or spinster is heavily handicapped, if forced to enter the labor market: she is an unskilled laborer, a mere casual, so far as well-paid work is concerned. She cannot compete on equal terms with the women and girls who are not only better fitted for work than she is, but better educated all round from the business point of view. And the name of those girls is legion, and they are increasing in number from year to year. For even the highest of the State schools opens its door, gratis, to all who have brains, — quite rightly too, — and the skilled hand-worker can better afford to keep his children long years at school, than many a minor official or professional man.

So many girls who, before the war, would have been domestic servants, become teachers now, state officials, that there are but few places left for middle-class women, none at all for women educated in convents. The only work for which they, as a rule, are fitted, is *pension*-keeping, small shop-keeping, or housekeeping; and shops, as well as *pensions*, require capital, while there is no great demand for housekeepers.

For them, therefore, there is but little hope of finding work by which to eke out what they have. Practically the labor market is closed to them, unless indeed they choose to become servants. And for that many of them are too old, many too feeble, and still more, too proud. For servants are *ouvrières*; and between the *ouvrière* class and even the *petite bourgeoisie* there is a great gulf, one which many a *petite bourgeoisie* would rather die than cross. Many a *petite bourgeoisie* is now battling against starvation because she does not choose to cross it.

'Our workmen want for nothing,' the official responsible for the poor of a large department assured me last winter. 'It is the bourgeois who are in need, especially the petty bourgeois. I know some of them who need everything: they have n't enough to eat, not even of fire to cook with; and they won't accept anything from anyone, no matter who. It is pitiful!'

II

The official was right: the present state of things in France is most pitiful, so far as the 'between' classes are concerned. For them, indeed, it is pitiful everywhere, in this our day, in some respects even more pitiful in England than in France.

In France the small shopkeeper can still make a fairly good living; the small

farmer, a very good living; while in England small shopkeepers and small farmers alike esteem themselves lucky if they can make both ends meet. Moreover, in France every man who has the strength to work and the will can find work to do; whereas in England it is far otherwise. Here thousands of men and women of the middle classes spend their days tramping round from office to office, shop to shop, seeking vainly for employment; while more than a million of the working class stand about in the market place, waiting to be hired, and no man cometh to hire them. And the greatest misery that can befall man or woman is, surely, to be forced to stand idle, while those for whom they care are lacking bread.

In England the cost of living is very high — higher, compared with what it used to be, than in France. Housing, lighting, heating, food, and clothes have all risen hugely in price since 1914; while rates and taxes have gone up by leaps and bounds, and are now much higher than in France. Still, salaries also are much higher in England than in France; but then they were already much higher in 1914. Since then the earnings of the average middle-class man or woman, apart from officials and soldiers, have risen comparatively little; and, what is much worse, their chance of employment has actually fallen. The yield of most of their saving, too, has fallen, while their annuities, pensions, and the like, have stood still.

The result is that thousands of men and women who, in pre-war days, never thought twice before spending a sovereign, must now think many times before spending even a shilling. They lived in great comfort, perhaps luxury, then; now they live in what seems to them poverty, bereft of all that makes life pleasant.

Still more thousands, many more,

who, when the war came, were living quite comfortably, are now in actual poverty. Then they not only had money wherewith to provide themselves with necessities, but they had something left over for pleasures, something wherewith to buy books, entertain friends, defray the cost of a trip to the seaside from time to time. They belonged to the higher middle class then; now they belong to the lower, and every penny they have is earmarked before ever they have it. For necessities cost so much that, when they are paid for, not a penny is left for anything beyond. And there are many who are poorer than they; who are so poor that their pennies often come to an end before bare necessities are bought.

Even at the best of times, the lower middle class is, in England, the luckless class, that in which the struggle for life is keenest. It is always a large class, and now it seems to increase in size from day to day. For besides those who are born in it, all sorts and conditions drift into it, both men and women — the failures of the higher classes, the snobbish of the lower, the unfit of both. For neither great physical strength nor special brains are needed for the work most lower-middle-class people do — the work of a clerk, a minor official, a shop assistant, a lady's companion, or even a mother's helper. Moreover, it is eminently respectable work, work that even the 'genteel' can do without losing caste. And there are always more hands to do such work than the amount of such work to be done requires; and the result is they who do it are always underpaid. The average clerk does not earn a fourth so much as the average bricklayer; the young woman in a shop, not a third so much as a cook; while the clerk or the young lady must spend twice as much as the bricklayer or the cook on housing, shoes, and clothes.

Thus, of the respectable classes, the lower middle class is always the poorest; and it is poorer than ever now, not only because the cost of living is so high, but because so many of the new poor from the higher middle class have joined its ranks. And in England, as in France, it is the class in which there are most women; for when once a woman is there, there she stays, whereas a man often makes his way higher or lower. And in that class, life for women now spells a struggle to make money do more than it can do, a fight to keep up appearances and not go down in the world.

On avoiding that, they are just as bent as any petite bourgeoisie is, just as ready to starve rather than go out as servants; unless, indeed, they belong by birth to a higher class and have come down into the lower. I have known but one born lower-middle-class Englishwoman who, of her own free will, went out as a servant; and I have known a fair number of women of a higher class, who have not only gone out as servants, but have done their work well.

Even before the war came, with its all-round leveling, I had a visit one day from two girls, gentlewomen evidently, who had come to ask me to find work for them. Through no fault of their own they had been reduced, at one fell swoop, from comparative wealth to poverty, and must find means of earning a living.

I asked them what they could do, whereupon they told me frankly that they were not clever enough to teach, not clever enough to do anything with their heads, or to do anything, in fact, except housework. One of them was sure that she could dust and clean, the other knew that she could cook. They had, therefore, decided to go out as servants, and were eager for my help in finding them places. Within forty-eight hours, I had won the eternal gratitude

of a very kindly old lady by providing her with an excellent cook and housemaid.

Only the other day another gentlewoman, one well over sixty, presented herself in reply to an advertisement. She had the speech and manners of a well-bred woman; and, in spite of her shabby black clothes, she might from her appearance have been a duchess. None the less she had come to apply for a place as servant. For her, though, as her face showed, the coming had been terrible. I very much doubt whether anything short of the grim wolf would have induced her to come; and had she been a born lower-middle-class woman, she would have faced the grim wolf rather than have come. Of that I am sure.

Quite recently I came across a gentleman, one well-known to me by name, who was living on what he made by selling boot-laces.

III

So far as things material go, life in the lower middle class is almost as hard in England as in France. For, although the English have more money than the French, as their salaries are higher if they are in work, the French are much more skillful than the English in turning money to account. They are much more thrifty, too, and much better cooks. The average Frenchwoman can concoct a good dinner out of what seems to the average Englishwoman mere refuse; and a good dinner is like sunshine—it oils the wheels of life in a wonderful fashion.

Still, things material are not everything; there are things beyond; and it is precisely those things beyond that make the lot of the new poor so much harder in France than in England, make it so terribly hard for them if they are women who have daughters.

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For then they have quite special troubles to face in addition to their poverty — troubles from which most English mothers are as free as the birds of the air.

In France, even the best of grown-up daughters is now a great trial to a new-poor mother, a cause of endless worry, anxiety, and often of self-reproach. For she has practically no chance of ever marrying, as the young men of her class, and there are but few, must seek brides who have dots, so high is the cost of living. And the daughters of the new poor have no dots. To most of them, therefore, marriage is barred; and that to their mothers is a real grief; for a French mother's heart is always set more or less on securing good husbands for her daughters. That is doubly the case now, when she has no means wherewith to provide for them, and has more often than not, never fitted them to provide for themselves. That is the rub, the cause of so much self-reproach, as well as of friction; for, had they been fitted to provide for themselves, the lack of husbands would not be for them the tragedy it is.

Then, too, even as children, girls are often a great care to their mothers; for not only must they be housed, fed, and clothed, but they must be educated; and of all the hard problems a poor French mother has to face, the hardest of all is that of deciding by whom to have them educated.

The great majority of bourgeois mothers were educated in convents, we must not forget; and, whether frequenters of churches or not, they are as a rule staunch Catholics, with a keen desire that their children also shall be staunch Catholics. They, therefore, bitterly resent the closing of the convents; for so long as the convents were open, they had schools to which they could send their daughters with an easy mind, sure of their being kept

safely in the orthodox fold; whereas now, more often than not, the only schools within reach are the State schools, in which the education given is secular. And the average bourgeois mother, especially petty bourgeois, is firmly convinced that, if she sends them to a State school, they will sooner or later stray from the fold, will cease to be good Catholics.

Nor is that all. Whether a devotee or not, she wishes her daughters to have good manners, to demean themselves as well-brought-up girls were expected to demean themselves in pre-war days. For she is not only staunchly Catholic, but, in what concerns girls, staunchly conservative. She has a great horror of the new girl that has sprung up in France, as elsewhere, since the war — the girl who sets her mother at nought, has male friends, and smokes; and she is as sure as sure can be, though without either much rime or reason, as it seems, that the new girl is a product of secular education, is manufactured in State schools. And she is sorely afraid lest, if she sends her daughters to a State school, they may become new girls, bent on going their own way, and that way a wrong way.

The average French mother of the lower middle class has undoubtedly a great dread of secular education for girls. She does not approve of it even for boys; still, for them, it is a necessary evil, she is inclined to think; but for girls it spells disaster, she is firmly convinced. And in that she is right, her clerical adviser assures her. Secular education is the source of all evil, according to him; while it is the veriest anathema according to her old convent teachers; and she still attaches great importance to what they say. Little wonder, therefore, that her heart sinks at the thought of sending her girls to a State school.

It sinks more deeply still, though, at

the thought of not sending them there; for she is just as eager to do her best for them in what concerns this world, as in what concerns the next. And she knows that they will have to earn their own living; knows too, that, if they are to have a fair chance of earning it, they must go to a State school. For if they go to a clerical school, even supposing that there is one in the district, as their teachers would probably be ex-nuns, lucrative work would be barred to them, as it is barred to her and to their middle-aged cousins and aunts, perhaps even to their own elder sisters. Moreover if they go to a State school, they will be educated in a great measure gratis; whereas, if they go to a clerical school, fees will have to be paid, unless she is prepared to accept charity; and charity she will not accept.

Let her do what she will, she is sure to be blamed, accused by her clerical friends of hurling her daughters into perdition, or, by her male relations, of sacrificing them to her own superstitious fears and antideluvian notions. To make matters worse, she knows in her heart that, let her strive as she will to do what is right, her own daughters may later rise up against her, and join in singing over her a solemn Tekel.

As time passes things will right themselves, no doubt: even the most devout of lower-middle-class mothers will lose some of the fear with which she now regards State schools, and will realize that secular education does not necessarily entail either a lack of religion or bad manners. Moreover, there is always the hope that the Church and State may bury the hatchet, and join hands in trying to make sure that the best shall be done for the children of Clericals and anti-Clericals alike. Should that day come, it will bring great comfort to many sorely tried mothers, and set their minds at rest.

IV

Fortunately, in England, the troubles entailed on lower-middle-class parents by the education of their children are social and economic, rather than religious. Still, to many a father of the new-poor section of that class, it is a heart-breaking matter that, through sheer lack of money, he cannot send his sons to a genteel school. He feels that he is not doing for them what he ought to do, not doing what his father did for him, not giving them the chance that was given him of starting life as a gentleman. And to him that seems the first real step down, the beginning of that going-down in the world, the dread of which haunts him day in, day out. And the same sort of feeling prevails more or less throughout the lower middle class; only, among those who have always belonged to that class, the feeling is much stronger with the mothers than with the fathers.

The average lower-middle-class mother is a very good mother — a worthy woman to boot; and, in what concerns most things, she is level-headed. None the less the mere thought of sending her children to a County Council Elementary School may, and often does, act on her nerves as a red rag on a bull. The teaching in those schools is infinitely better than that given in any private school to which she could send them; and it is free, while in private schools it must be paid for. Yet the chances are that she will promptly wax resentful, if one ventures to suggest that she should send them to a County Council School instead of sending them to a private school. Rather than do so, she will not only pinch and save, but will go almost without anything, without bacon, fish, or beef, for six days out of seven; and, when the time comes, as it often does now, that send them there she must, it

is for her a heart-breaking matter. And all because County Council Elementary Schools are not 'genteel'; because in such a school her children must sit side by side with working-class children, be treated in all ways as equal with them, and may perhaps — who knows? — become as they are! And in her eyes that would indeed be a going-down in the world; and in no other class is there quite such a horror of that going-down, as in the lower middle class, especially among the women who were born in it. The horror smacks of the absurd, of course; none the less it is at the root of much that helps both men and women to 'run straight,' holding their heads high the while.

In England and France alike, the in-between classes have now undoubtedly a heavy burden to bear; and for the most part they are bearing it very bravely. The French are bearing it very patiently, too, much more patiently than the English. For although doggedness may be the badge of our tribe, sufferance certainly is not.

I have sojourned in fourteen different countries in my time; and, so far as I can judge, in no other country is the average native quite so lacking in patience as in England. And they who lack it most are to be found in the lower middle class, among the women born and bred there. They who abound in it most of all are also to be found there, it is true; for it is emphatically the extremists' section of that class, the section in which the lovers of peace are the most fervent, the lovers of a fight the keenest and most aggressive, the dreamers of dreams the most visionary. In no other class, surely, are there so many women who have in them the making of an Elizabeth Fry, a Charlotte Corday, or a Donna Quixote. To hear what some of them say, one might think them the veriest Ishmaels; to see what some of them do, is to know that,

were justice the order of the day, they would take high rank among those to whom hats are doffed instinctively.

Again and again I have had hard tussles before I could induce poverty-stricken lower-middle-class women to accept old-age pensions. Again and again such women have refused them because of the fear lest, should they accept them, they might bring discredit on some well-to-do relative, who did not care a whit whether they starved or not. There is neither bound nor limit to the sacrifices some of them make, make gladly, for the sake of the most worthless of sons, most heartless of daughters. One poor old lady, to whom an old-age pension was offered during the war, refused it almost indignantly. 'No! No!' she cried, 'I will wait until the war is over. The Government need every penny they have now.'

Among such women political feeling often runs high; for the average woman of the lower middle class is much more keenly interested in public affairs than the average woman of either the higher class or the lower. She reads newspapers more than they do; books too, half-educated though she may be. A public library is to her a source of endless pleasure, especially if she be alone-standing. It is to her what society is to some of them, cinemas to others. If she is not a staunch Radical, she is fairly sure to be a staunch Conservative, one of the die-hard type almost as often as not. Communism does not appeal to her — she dearly loves her own belongings; while as for Bolshevism! were it proposed to hang every Bolshevik tomorrow, I doubt whether she would raise a protest. Whatever be her creed, her 'views,' as she calls them, are equally strong: there is hardly a subject on which she has not quite made up her mind; hardly a grievance but she has some pet scheme for redressing it,

and is prepared to fight for the redressing with tooth and nail. For, although there are many very patient women in the lower middle class, the average woman born there is a fighter, a righter of wrongs by instinct, no matter whose the wrongs be. She bitterly resents the shameful way in which, as she maintains, the Government neglect those of her class, doing nothing for them at all, beyond raising their rates and taxes, while lavishing money on the working class, which, according to her, has already more money than it knows what to do with.

Nor is she content with resenting the wrongs of her class — she is bent on having them righted, let the cost be what it may. In that she differs fundamentally from the average woman of her class in France. When her sense of justice is outraged, she betakes herself straight to a public meeting, or to a political demonstration, if one is to be found; whereas the Frenchwoman betakes herself to church.

There is something infinitely pathetic in the uncomplaining fashion in which lower-middle-class Frenchwomen are now demeaning themselves. Among them there is no cherishing of grievances (excepting that of the closing of the convents); not a touch of that rankling sense of wrong that is so rife among their English sisters; hardly a trace of any effort to draw attention to their distress, and have a remedy for it devised. On the contrary, it almost seems as if their one wish was to hide the fact that they are poor, to keep themselves and their poverty well out of sight.

The average Frenchwoman of the lower middle class was always primarily *une femme de l'intérieur*, it must be remembered. Her business was, she held, to take care of her children, if she had any, and to tend her men-folk, to feed them well, so far as she could, and

make life easy for them, they in return providing her with the necessary money. And now, more often than not, she has no men-folk, or only men-folk who are maimed. She never had any great interest in public affairs, and now she has lost any little interest she ever had: she has barred her doors as it were against the outside world and its concerns. She never cared much for reading, rarely touched even a newspaper; for she relied on her husband, father, or brother, telling her if anything special happened. In her better days, going to the theatre, entertaining her friends and relatives, buying and furbishing clothes for her Sunday promenade were her recreations; but they are out of her reach now, as they all entail expense. Thus, beyond churchgoing, she has not a recreation, not a pleasure in life, hardly an interest, unless she has children. And if her children are daughters the interest they afford her is fraught with pain.

Her life, therefore, is terribly narrow, as well as sad; and what makes it the sadder and the narrower is that she sees no chance of its ever being less narrow, less sad. Among the women of her class, and the men too, there is un-

doubtedly great despondency at the present time. They have lost all hope. They have even ceased to seek a remedy for their misery, so sure are they that there is no remedy to be found. They are, in fact, many of them, haunted by the fear that they and theirs must go down in the world; that the class to which they belong must cease to exist.

Perhaps they are right; it is not for me, a mere outsider, to say whether they are or are not; but, if they are, France will certainly be the poorer. For the lower middle class is a solid element in the State, one that makes for righteousness as well as peace.

As it is in France to-day, so it may be elsewhere in the days to come; and wherever it is, women will be the first to suffer. Everywhere, therefore, it behooves mothers, surely, to see to it that their daughters are fitted, while yet there is time, to cope with the new state of things that may lie before them. If every girl, no matter what her rank, what her wealth, were taught some calling by which to earn her own daily bread, come what may, she could face the world bravely, secure against the worst kicks the Fates can give.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE GREEN-RIBBON CLUB

FRANCE has always been clever and forehanded in arranging the marriages of her sons and daughters. Good Parisian fathers and mothers have this matter on their minds. Most of our own words that openly refer to such preliminaries are borrowed from the French: such words as escort, chaperone, rendezvous, beaux, bouquet, bonbon, vis-à-vis, tête-à-tête, and billet-doux, all the way up to the fiancée, the dot, and the trousseau.

But the latest matrimonial venture of Paris deserves, if we may say so, the *Grand Prix*. They have established (according to the report of an astonished British editorial) a Green-Ribbon Club, designed and regulated expressly for 'young men and women who are honestly in search of partners.' To join this club, you must furnish full information as to worldly situation, and a complete moral and medical history, and you must openly declare your intentions in advance.

The London editor concludes with the wistful remark that 'we are not informed what physical and moral defects bring down the blackballs.' But one would infer there might be preferences in choosing among the Bourbons, the Rousseaus, the Lafayettes, the Apaches, and the Pasteurs.

To an expert in racial earmarks, the notion of the 'complete moral and medical history' sounds not entirely French. One suspects that this card-catalogue idea came straight from the sterner lands of the Edwardses and the Jukes. But the Green Ribbon itself is Parisian enough; and, as with many a

ribbon of France, there is a temptation to import it.

Would a Green-Ribbon club in New York or Boston 'take'?

At this point I hasten to remark that I myself am no longer eligible to this club, except as a graduate member of the board of trustees. My interest in the matter is founded on the fact that once in my early spinster days I had the temerity to chaperone and abet a mild American version of the Green-Ribbon Club myself.

No member of it was, of course, outspokenly and 'honestly' in search. Quite the contrary. If one of the girls ever referred to her dawning friendship with one of the men, it was in some such terms as this: 'There is no nonsense about *him*. He is just a great big brother to me.'

This choice coterie gathered without avowed purpose or ribbon or ritual, in the haphazard fashion in which America always opens the marriage mart. They happened to gather in my study, for I was keeping house by myself that year, in a tiny cottage at the end of a suburban lane. To reach my door, you left the busy city streets, and you walked a long and picturesque journey out from town; and, if you came on a Sunday afternoon, you found there a brisk assembly of other young free lances like yourself — conservatory graduates, masters of arts, electricians, college girls, and mechanical engineers. They all came ostensibly to see me, an understanding that brought with it an assured sense of safety, and a noncommittal footing that was vastly stimulating to us all.

I entertained no conceited delusions

as to my own position in this scheme of things: I was an Approved Chaperone, by virtue of householding and diluted professorial rank. To these healthy young tramping couples, stranded in the city far from their own homes, I was a Beloved Destination, and no more. So I used to build up my fire with apple wood and pine cones, get out the music and the fudge-pan, and prepare for a meeting of the fraternity each Sabbath afternoon. The club itself adored itself. Its emblems should have been a log fire and a corn-popper, bordered in early springtime with globules of maple-sugar wax cooling on bowls of snow.

This sounds idyllic, and I would offer my services as trained duenna to any Green-Ribbon club that might be formed, if my spirit had not been broken by one memorable event.

It happened that one of the Great Big Brothers wrote from a distant city to one of the girls, making her an offer of marriage in the most unexpected way. She rushed over in a driving snow-storm to tell me, but I was out. So she pinned a note on my door, assuring me that, since she had no home of her own to take him to, they would be over to see me next morning, when he was to be in town for her answer.

At the time, I stood in complete terror of all couples newly engaged. Besides, I had an unbreakable appointment out of town. Therefore, failing to reach her either by messenger or telephone, I, in my turn, pinned a note on my door next morning, regretting my absence, enclosing a key, and telling my visitors they might come in out of the blizzard and talk over old times and use the Cape Cod firelighter on the logs in the fireplace, if they chose.

But as I went down the drifted steps of my bungalow, I remembered that I had left the window part-way open in my kitchenette, and I was afraid the

pipes would freeze. Back I went, closing the front door against the snow. I darted into my kitchenette, and the swinging door between kitchen and study closed behind me as I went over to shut the window at the rear. It was stuck fast with frost and sleet. I pushed and pulled for many exasperated minutes, but it would not budge. At last, I climbed up on a shelf, so that I might grapple scientifically with it at close range. Absorbed with my efforts, I must have been dead to the world, because presently I became aware that there was a murmur of voices conversing in my study. With a great thud of my heart, it dawned upon me that the engaged couple had found my note, had let themselves in, and had made themselves at home. From what I could overhear, they must have been there some appreciable length of time.

Paralyzed, I found that I could overhear all too perfectly. A New England conscience of the tenth generation is pretty well run out; but what there was left of mine rose up in horror against eavesdropping at such an hour. They might, moreover, come in and find me at any moment, for my larder was always a communistic supply-kitchen for starved gentry from the Siberian wilderness of restaurants and cafés. I thought of escaping by the window, as in the *Perils of Pauline*; but the window, of course, was stuck. I thought of heating the teakettle and unfreezing the window quietly with steam; but even so, there was a shed-roof outside, along which I should have to climb in full view of the large windows in the study where my visitors were. Unless, like Falstaff, I could be carried out with the laundry, my escape must surely be seen.

Of course, by this time, I had let the perfect moment go by. I knew that I ought to have dashed out at once, if I was going out at all. Here I indubi-

tably was, entrapped in my own kitchen — listening, listening, like Polonius behind the arras; though I will say there was nothing much to hear. Still, it was morally impossible to remain there; equally unthinkable to emerge.

I remembered with nightmare irrelevancy that my costume was in my favor. At least, I looked the part of a person keeping an imperative appointment out of town. I was completely appareled for the blustering winter weather, with goloshes on my feet, furry coat fastened high about my neck, and on my head, as Daisy Ashford would say, a small but costly hat. Buoyed up by the thought of my elegant haberdashery, my courage rose. Stepping down from my shelf, I began to rattle cosily about my kitchenette, humming a little tune, and clashing now the egg-beater, now a kettle-lid. As I clattered, I mentally swore a great oath that never never would I have to do with Big Brothers any more.

At this point, firmly clasping my umbrella beneath my arm, I walked into the study, just in time to witness the last mad endeavor of my callers to disengage the meshes of the young lady's dark brown hair-net from the button on the sleeve of the young gentleman's tweed suit. A hair-net knows how to wind itself thrice around a coat-sleeve-button and tie itself neatly there, like a cobweb in a clovehitch.

My guests assured me that they were delighted to see me; but it is the memory of my incomparable stage entrance that forever dampens my enthusiasm for Green-Ribbon clubs. Such things are too disquieting for the tardy Anglo-Saxon mind. The French touch is needed to keep the situation chic. In the future, marriages must be made exclusively in Heaven, or in Paris; not, at least, within a three-mile radius of my kitchenette.

I was bitter, as will be perceived,

and my Polonius-complex has persisted to this day. But though I shall not be responsible for such proceedings any more, the club life will not languish for lack of me. For the world is a club; and the Green Ribbon is every river-bank, and every strip of growing grass along the edge of a city esplanade, and every slender cat-tail leaf that swishes against the rim of a canoe. The Green Ribbon is also every shining blade of beach grass beside the board walk; every turf border of every tennis-court; and the winding curve of all village roads and garden paths and country lanes. At the sign of these green ribbons, Aucassin still goes seeking Nicolette.

If we had the French instinct for form, we might organize this club. But with the individualistic English-speaking race, the discovery of a partner is usually casual and accidental in its preliminary details. It is one of the stock conversations of lovers, to retrace in memory the steps that led them to find each other. One slip in the time-table, and they might never have met. The devious path whereby two spirited young creatures travel the world to meet each other is the most mysterious itinerary under the orbits of the stars. No wonder the astrologers went to the horoscope for explanation of these strangely intersecting paths.

In the French Bible, the Psalmist praises God, 'l'Éternel,' for 'ses grands exploits.' Doubtless, we ought to translate that debonair French psalm into serious King's English, and 'praise Him for his wondrous works.' But for special occasions, it seems to me, we might keep it as it is, praising the Eternal for his grand exploits. The process by which men and women are led across the universe to meet their perfect partners is the chief exploit of the Eternal—a very miraculous and quite ungovernable thing.

WHERE THE BOOKWORMS MEET

Arma virumque cano — so is it ever. It is of those lusty souls who travel by airplane from Berlin to Moscow, and cruise from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Land of the Midnight Sun, that the book of the American summer exodus tells. The migrations of the bookworms go unsung.

I wait to see in that faithful expression of our national spirit, the American press in Paris, such a note as this 'Miss Mary Smith of Mid-Western State College has arrived in London. Miss Smith will spend the months of July and August in the Reading Room of the British Museum, editing Early English metrical romances.'

There are dozens of Miss Smiths and Mr. Smiths living in London in the summer months, fattening the inn-keepers of Bloomsbury. We are to be seen, any week-day morning between nine and ten, with our national insignia of bone-rimmed glasses and brief-cases, converging upon the gates of the British Museum. We pass the police at the gates and the pigeons on the steps, bore through the groups of tourists inquiring the whereabouts of the Museum's choicest mummies, march between two more guards at the door marked 'Readers Only,' pass the tolerant admonitory sign, 'It is particularly requested that SILENCE may be observed as strictly as possible,' and enter into the dust and haze of the great domed Reading Room.

Perhaps there is something of symbolism in the long journey; for the path of learning which leads to the British Museum Reading Room is a rough one, and narrow is the gate. It is more difficult to become a properly certificated reader than it is to enter — the state of matrimony, for instance. The pursuit of knowledge is not re-

garded by the Museum authorities as a thing to be undertaken lightly, or in the first flush of youth; it is an avocation for the soberer years of maturity.

To pass the door marked 'Readers Only' one must have achieved twenty-one years. The reader-to-be must also own to some recondite purpose in his researches — no surreptitious reading of modern fiction! Finally, he must fortify his (written) application with a letter from a London householder (*sic*) testifying to his honorable intentions.

The casual-minded soon learn that the Museum will accept no substitutes. It was late in the summer when I made my first assault upon its gates, and the few householders I knew were still away on their holidays. To be sure, the fever of my minority had passed and I had come decently of age, and I had exceedingly erudite works in prospect; but the crux was the householder. I flourished evidences of membership in more or less learned societies, murmuring that they were rather better evidence of my fitness to use a library than a note from a college friend's husband was likely to be. No use. I must first catch my householder. With a new docility I sought and found him, and from that moment the pursuit of knowledge was unobstructed.

I later came to think that it would be better in the long run if the Museum authorities required a physical examination as well. Of those who pass the gates only the physically fit survive. The first part of our daily routine consists of a muscular exercise which has been neglected — wrongly, I think — by Walter Camp, probably because it is the product of a complex society, and the tiger knows it not. The device of the card-catalogue has not yet been introduced into the Reading Room. Its place is filled by hundreds of ancient leather-bound books, each weighing

about as much as a bound volume of the *Times*, in which the entries are pasted in an approximation of alphabetical order. These are disposed in cases just above the level of the floor, so that the seeker performs the feat of hoisting them by their leather straps to the top of the case, describing an arc like that of an athlete putting a heavy shot.

It is a strong man's work, and bit by bit it is weeding out the weaklings from the Intelligentsia. In time, the delicate college-professor of fiction will disappear from our ranks.

Behind the battlements of books achieved we look rather like a menagerie of intellectuals gathered in one great cage. The Americans, padding about in the flat-heeled shoes, and the quick-moving English are the most common species. But mixing with them are Continentals with clipped beards, dark men and women from India, in strange and graceful clothes, Orientals, and Near-Easterners of unclassifiable nationalities. West and East and North and South are met, never to speak, and never to meet again.

We work at strange tasks at our shiny black desks. The little man who reads interminably on endocrinology sits next a thatched-headed woman in a burlap dress who is writing music for songs. Next her is a bearded fellow who is compiling figures on the cost of armaments in the United States. Just beyond is one of the bone-rimmed clan, reading folk-tales of the Papuans.

Side by side we go our inexplicable solitary ways. Some of us are obscure and will end our lives in obscurity. The names of a few will be pasted many times into those great leather books. Upon us all for a little while a kind of magic sifts down through the dusty amber air, a fleeting sense of the internationality of scholarship, the brotherhood of the printed page.

THE PHILOLOGY OF BABY TALK

FEW mothers are aware that Baby Talk is a true language, as susceptible of linguistic study as Latin, Greek, or modern French. I was not aware of it myself till recently — but then, I am not a mother. I am, in fact, a bachelor, of rather fixed habits and prejudices, and it has long been a peculiar eccentricity of mine to number the very young of the species in the category with fountain-pens. Personal observation could never have led me to discover, or even to suppose, the astonishing fact that we are all of us born equipped with instinctive language, with grammar and vocabulary and, possibly, irregular verbs. This is apparently all born in us, just as the songs of the birds are hatched with them from the egg. By language, I mean, of course, much more than animal cries, emotional outbursts; I mean articulate speech, words, ideation.

Instinctive speech suggests the language of the angels. Indeed, I have dug this arresting hypothesis out of a little old stray book by an African missionary of the last century, who was hoping, by study of the primitive Bantu dialects, to discover the long-sought-for language of the Garden of Eden. He is very guarded about it, as one sensitive of ridicule from the Darwinian party. Also, there had been considerable dispute during the Middle Ages as to the original and perfect language spoken by God to Adam; and men had grown a bit sensitive about it — by the time the Dutch had put in their claim. To be sure, the subject was 'old hat,' even among the philosophers of ancient Greece. Herodotus begins his second book with the relation of how Rham-sinitus isolated two infants with silent attendants, in order to discover what language man would speak by nature.

In fact, speculation upon the origin of

language is as old as it is perennially fresh. There is hardly a month's issue of periodicals that does not contain some story of a Tarzan of the Apes discovering or inventing language for himself.

My African missionary is probably no credited authority among philologists. Bantu represented to him almost pure Edenic as spoken by Adam 5891 years previously (Archbishop Usher's reckoning). But as few persons of intelligence still hold to the literal account of the Creation, I have ventured to read 'language of instinct' for 'language of Eden,' and so to apply to a new and interesting hypothesis philological observations quite wasted upon a lost cause.

We may not all be descended from Adam, but we are, with no exceptions that I can think of off-hand, all descended, in the sense of being grown up, from the infant state. It is quite possible, I think, to trace certain elements in all languages of mankind to that basic root-language, that universal Sanskrit, which every living one of us spoke first — Baby Talk. I do not pretend that chairs of Baby Talk will ever be established in our universities, or that Esperantists will hold their next international conference in this *lingua franca* of the bassinet. I present only what I feel would interest a mother, and what she may verify by observation without bothering to look up text references.

Infant speech begins with the sound 'Ah!' A natural remark and one that adult speech retains in its purity, as an expression of surprise and astonishment. This *ah* sound is hardly a vowel, because the mouth does nothing to shape the natural tone as it emerges direct from the throat. Upon this *ā* the closing of the lips imposes the interruptive consonant sound M. When baby begins to say 'mama,' he is referring to

himself. It is the first vocal expression of personal consciousness. Roughly translated it means, 'I am getting along in great shape.'

Bubbles are next blown. The lips are here engaged with the consonant series *pi-beta-phi* (Grimm's law). '*P-brrr-fff*' becomes 'puffs,' as in English, and is accompanied with a gesture of airily waved fists thrust upward out of the cradle. 'P'ff' is rather a term of derision. Compare Pooh! Bah! Pshaw! Faugh! It is applied in Baby Talk to almost anything that is above baby's comprehensions, that is up in the air, airy, vapid. The gesture is that of a Podsnap flourishing away the French nation. But baby still regards his hand as a wing. He blows with his lips and fans with his wings.

In due course, baby will begin to crow and chuckle, and otherwise to emit gargling sounds of the consonant series *kappa-gamma-chi*. These gutturals (*k, g, ch*.) express life, motion. 'Gaga' may be translated 'Something doing!' By aspiration, the consonant is intensified. 'Gha-gha!' 'This is jolly!' The reserved English alphabet has no letters by which we can render phonetically the crowing sounds. Arabic, however, has several such aspirates, which carry the intensification through the gargling, chuckling stages of aspiration, almost to the hiccoughs — which is where aspiration of the guttural ceases in Baby Talk. The laughter of adults may easily be traced back to the root *ga* (go, something going on, a lively time).

'Ta' is, of course, 'take,' without the *k* of adult executive action. 'Ta-ta' is accompanied by a reaching gesture. 'Da-da' (see Grimm's law again) is a softened or more polite form — 'I'll thank you to hand me that.' 'Ta' expresses an emphatic demand, hence the explosive consonant. The gesture of grabbing may in moods of temper be

reversed, when 'ta-ta!' will have the meaning of 'Take that, you!' (*ta'-tha'*).

These then are the consonants. *P* for airy trifles, for fluttering frivolity. *K* for life and a gay one. *T* for desire. *M* must be added, for, from a mere closing of the lips, it comes to signify reserve, retirement, self, whatever is within. *N*, or nasalization, is a later accretion. It is an intensification of dignity and importance. Babies probably do not grunt instinctively; they learn to do so as they grow older, by association with their parents and the world.

The three vowel sounds are *ä*, properly *aa* (as in laager beer), *oo*, and *ee*.

Aa, the most elemental, a mere bleat, has a meaning in Baby Talk that is best expressed by the spreading gesture of the hands. It expresses urbanity, the broader point of view, the generous generality, horizontality. 'Ga' may thus be seen to be composed of *G+Aa*, which is to say, the guttural of action with the vowel of horizontality. Hence 'ga' as a root means go, something going on, on the go. 'Ma' (*M+A*) in its verbal sense will be readily seen to mean 'I myself am getting along, broadening out in my views, extending my acquaintance,' and so forth.

Oo, the second vowel, requires considerable practice in shaping the mouth. The vowel is generally acquired in conjunction with the consonant *P*. *Oo* sounds an early note of criticism. The accompanying gesture is upward, as if measuring the fullness of things, or estimating higher qualities. 'Goo'

(*G+OO*) means, of course, 'good.' Adults naturally associate the *d* or the *t* of grabbing with anything that is *goo*.

Ee is introspective. It is by far the most difficult vowel to pronounce, and it marks the highest development of instinctive speech. It expresses personal identity, physical consciousness, pain. When the infant, gazing inward upon his still soul, cries 'Me' (*M+E*), he has achieved that self-expression which we recognize as the ultimate purpose of language.

These primitive roots apparently all exist in Bantu, and may be traced, more or less, through all languages. Thus *ta* — English, *take*; French, *tiens*; Spanish, *tome*; Latin, *teneo*; Arabic, *a'ta*; Japanese, *dasu*, etc. Comparative philology is the easiest thing in the world if you go about it the right way. You can always find a word sounding something like what you want it to sound; meaning something like what you want it to mean. And in doing this you pass over about a thousand exceptions. All this is allowed, and is quite regular. But I am not going to go into this part of my subject.

In conclusion, I will say that whether or not two shipwrecked, orphaned infants brought up on two desert isles by maternal crocodiles would, upon attaining their respective manhood and womanhood, speak the same language, is a question that seems to me of slight practical interest, if any. But the popularity of this type of story shows that people are still wondering, as Rhamsinitus did, about it. I can't help wondering myself.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WE wonder if there has been any subject discussed so universally and so intensively in America in the past year or two as Prohibition? In that period argument and special pleading pro and contra have run their course. The *Atlantic* publishes this month an article based on living examples in order to refocus thought upon what has become a condition and not a theory. The author has never written upon the subject of Prohibition and is not professionally allied with groups either for or against the amendment. Mr. Haywood's business is adjusting fire losses; his avocation writing short stories, mostly about golf. ¶For fifteen years, as a newspaper correspondent in Washington, Elmer Murphy has been gathering materials from Congressmen, office-holders, political advisers, diplomats, and presidents for this intimate diagnosis of government. Carroll Perry is rector of the Episcopal Church at Ipswich, Massachusetts. His father, Arthur Latham Perry, was for long years professor of political economy at Williams College. We doubt if the true feelings of college graduates at their twenty-fifth reunion have ever been as vividly and accurately set down as in 'Twenty-five Years Out.' E. M. Forster is an English novelist, author of *Howard's End*, *Pharos and Pharillon*, *The Celestial Omnibus*, and other novels and short stories. Rebecca West remarks that there is no one quite like him except Jack Frost. 'His novels are richly imaginative, wildly and strangely beautiful.'

* * *

Atlantic readers will recall a number of papers, in recent issues, touching on marriage and divorce, 'What God Hath Not Joined,' by Joseph Fort Newton, and, last month, 'What Is Marriage?' by A. Maude Royden. Katharine Fullerton Gerould, essayist, novelist, and keen critic of American society, brings to the subject wisdom and a shrewd analysis. A. Edward Newton, who writes in this number of a famous

English playhouse, the 'Old Vic,' has himself turned playwright and achieved the unusual — if not the impossible — in writing a popular play upon Doctor Johnson. Every *Atlantic* reader knows his *Amenities of Book-Collecting* and *The Magnificent Farce*. ¶We wonder if it is at all widely known among the readers of Amy Lowell's poetry that, besides her half-dozen books of poetry, she has written a volume of critical essays, and a book of poems translated from the Chinese. For many months of each year she lectures on poetry in every quarter of the United States. Margaret Baldwin will be remembered by her paper, 'The Road to Silence,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for December 1917. William Beebe, who has written so many accurate and vivid sketches of Jungle Life, is director of the British Guiana Tropical Research Station of the New York Zoölogical Society.

* * *

Among the younger writers of novels, Robert Nathan has achieved a singularly sure and personal style. Though writing delicately and very simply upon such matters as schoolmasters, hay fields, manufacturers of puppets, and little girls who play with them, he has a curious skill in hinting at the same instant of both the pathos and the irony of human life. 'The Marriage of the Puppets' is selected from his novel, *The Puppet-Master*, to be published in the fall by McBride and Company. ¶Professor of English at the University of Minnesota, Joseph Warren Beach is a poet and author of a number of critical studies in English literature. George Herbert Clarke is professor of English at the University of the South, and editor of the *Sewanee Review*. He was the editor of *A Treasury of War Poetry*, 1917, Second Series, 1919.

* * *

The Merchant Marine has been discussed from nearly every angle but the

human one. Why are fewer and fewer young Americans following the sea every year and what can be done about it? William McFee turns his pen for a few moments from his sea stories to tell us. Clifford H. Farr is professor of botany in the University of Iowa, and author of 'The Psychology of Plants' in the December 1922 *Atlantic*. Of his present paper, 'The Mind of the Molecule,' he writes: —

The question may readily arise as to what business has the botanist bothering with mind on the one hand or molecules on the other. I can only reply that the study of plants holds a peculiarly central position among the sciences, with physics and chemistry below, and zoölogy and psychology above. It may after all therefore be left to the botanist to weave it all into a harmonious cosmic philosophy. This work will then be not so much a matter of his research, nor yet of his recreation, as it is of his religion. And it is with this attitude that I have written this paper.

Edward W. Bok, former editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and now much in the public mind because of his offer of \$100,000 for the best peace suggestion, discourses in this number of the *Atlantic* on what is the matter with advertising, and how it can be made both more artistic and more truthful.

* * *

Had Thomas W. Lamont chosen to tell his story less impersonally, credit for the success of the critical world-negotiations he records would go where credit is due. Member of the house of J. P. Morgan and Company, he has placed his experience and wisdom at the world's service. Since Mr. Hoover's withdrawal from Europe, no American has accomplished more than he for the general good. ¶Are Turkey, Russia, China, and Japan 'facing East'? We publish this month the first of several papers showing the development of an 'Oriental consciousness,' which implies in certain ways a great loss in Western prestige, and a new confidence in Oriental ideals and destiny. The author is in a position which enables him to write with freedom only in case his name is withheld. ¶An English essayist and student of social conditions, Edith Sellers has devoted the past year to

a study of lower-middle-class life in France and England.

* * *

Here is a legitimate complaint, it seems to us, from a disabled veteran against the disparaging use of the 'consumptive-looking person' in literature and the creation of a heroic race of he-men and womanly-women: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Is it common for authors to choose one type of unfortunates to bring out the qualities of he-men and womanly-women? Really I am tired of taking up a book or short story and reading about that 'consumptive-looking person.' Not only that but many authors seem to think that it increases the value as characters to compare them with so-called consumptives. Does he realize in dealing with them in this manner that he deprecates them in the public eye? Does he realize that many make a return to health? Does he realize that in most cases it is only he-men and womanly-women who become consumptive?

Am I any the less a man because I am tubercular? I do not think so. I fought in France with the Marines. Surely I deserve a little consideration as a man. I am paying the price of patriotism. Nor am I a consumptive-looking person in the way our authors are prone to describe them.

I take this issue to *Atlantic* because I am a reader of it, considerate people read it, most writers read it. I appeal to *Atlantic* to help us in asking that we be held in a better light. I appeal so that the public will not be horrified when it learns that we have been in sanatoria for T.B.

I appeal to the authors to give us a chance. If they are going to use consumptives as material I hope they will use us kindly. We are he-men and womanly-women though we be afflicted with this trouble.

A DISABLED VETERAN,
A. E. BEATON.

* * *

Here is a chance for some modern Joseph not yet Freudianized.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In rebuttal of the idea expressed in 'The Land of Nod' (August *Atlantic*), I venture to tell a dream. I was taken prisoner by a heathen potentate, who gave me eight pieces of cardboard on each of which was drawn the picture of a pig, and was told that I must place the eight pieces touching each other, and at the same time they must cover one mile in length.

'Pigs have hair,' said I.

'Yes,' said the king.

'And hair is fur.'

'Yes.'

'And fur is long.'

'And eight furlongs make a mile!' triumphantly declared I.

'You are free,' said the king, 'but the night is dark and the forest is full of wild beasts; take these with you.'

And he gave me a long piece of white muslin and two tin dishpans. Soon I was beset on every side by lions. Crouching low I tied one end of the cloth around my neck, and giving a terrific spring upwards, I crashed the pans together with the white streamer trailing behind, and so safely passed through the forest.

P. B. CROSBY.

* * *

Are there materials for a true Liberal Party in the United States that would be like the British Liberals? Curtis Nettels of the University of Wisconsin expresses his skepticism in an able comment on 'Progressivism Old and New' (July *Atlantic*): —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Merz suggests that the Progressivism of 1923 is somewhat akin to British Liberalism. It is doubtful if the United States at an early date will produce a genuinely liberal or truly progressive party. A liberal party, devoted to the uplift of the oppressed classes, is not actually needed in the United States as it was needed in Great Britain before the passage of the last reform bill, because all of the classes of people here who feel themselves oppressed have been schooled in political action, have the instruments of salvation within relatively easy reach, and generally, in hard times, are not disinclined to use them for their own purposes. Accordingly they do not need a set of benevolent, liberally minded men to sympathize with them and to act in their behalf.

Besides, conditions throughout the rural sections of the country are not favorable to the formation of a permanent and consistent liberal party. The farmers have their periodical grievances, and at different intervals give way to bursts of radical passion. But the materials of a permanent progressive or liberal party have not yet been assembled in the agricultural districts. The farmers have among themselves no particular class of individuals who stand as a symbol of social injustice — no class which excites sympathy among and inspires liberally minded men to political action for their benefit. The class as a whole is homogeneous and when political action is accomplished for its benefit, it is accomplished by itself. When it does act, it acts as a unit, and

when it acts as a unit, it tends to be radical, not liberal or progressive. When farmers are dissatisfied, they are all dissatisfied; when they are contented, they are all contented. In the past they have not been, for a long, unbroken period, either consistently satisfied or consistently discontented — and there is no reason for anticipating that they will be consistent in either in the future.

Accordingly the permanent basis of a real party, liberal or progressive, is lacking. The farmers may be driven by hard times into radicalism, as in 1896, but the return of prosperity will change them into moderates, as in 1900. Moreover, there still remains a good deal of individualism on the farms. Life in rural districts is not so cramped as to necessitate the formation of a political party which will exist in order to rescue the individual from a series of conditions which socially minded people feel are not good for him. This is essentially what a liberal party does exist for.

Among the discontented voters, in the city, the case is altogether different. The conditions under which a great number of them work are not conducive to individualistic enterprise, and consequently there exists the need of organized political effort for the improvement of those conditions. In the second place, the conditions that cause the kind of unrest which finds a political outlet are more permanent in the cities than on the farms. The chief of these conditions is that each day every one of a great many men has to spend eight hours in contact with a dirty, ugly, unattractive, even repulsive economic system, from which he receives nothing desirable except his pay. There is in this condition a source of discontent and the permanent basis of a political party — not a liberal party, though, but a radical one instead.

The foundation of a real union between city workers and farmers is lacking. The fundamental grievances of the two groups are not the same. Within the cities, among the workers in basic industries, there is a marked solidarity of interest. But among all the other urban classes, there is no unity of sentiment — and although the interests of the middle class usually incline it toward Conservatism, still there is no telling how the American democratic tradition may modify that normal interest of the middle class in preserving the status quo, and what state of political-mindedness the two working together and reacting one upon the other will produce. For the present, it seems that only small minorities representing the extreme views of conservatism and radicalism can form the permanent bases of parties separated as Mr. Merz and his friends of the New Republic would like to see them separated. The great mass of people in

between not yet vitally touched by the great problems arising from the age of machinery do not take their politics nearly so seriously as they take their sports and motor cars and the other similar things which right now have the strong hold upon the public affections.

* * *

We think that readers of *The Quare Women* either in the *Atlantic* or in book form will be interested in the following:—

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wonder if the people who have read about the doings of the 'Quare Women' in their 'cloth houses' on the hill above Troublesome Creek twenty-three years ago realize that these were very real experiences, and that that summer's work resulted in the founding here at Hindman, on the Forks of Troublesome, in the heart of the mountains, of the Hindman Settlement School, in which academic and industrial training are combined with various forms of social service? This school, the pioneer of its kind in all the mountain regions, and the one upon which later settlement schools have been modeled, has for twenty-one years been doing most solid and valuable work.

Because of the extreme sensitiveness and pride of our Kentucky Highlanders, and their aversion to being held up to the world as a peculiar people (qualities which we greatly respect and admire in them, as we do their sterling characters and great natural intelligence), we have never given much publicity to our work, and are still unwilling to do so.

Since the work is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions, this reticence has been a handicap; and had it not been for the faithfulness of many old friends — some, individuals, others, women's clubs and organizations of various kinds — who have stood by us year after year, we could not have kept the school going.

It is my hope that *The Quare Women* will make new friends for us, who will be interested in helping these children to a chance in life. At present we have about eight hundred boys and girls on our waiting list, but cannot take them for lack of scholarships and room. A scholarship of one hundred and fifty dollars provides for a child through the year, together with the daily labor done by the child.

If any of the readers of the *Atlantic* wish to write me on the subject I shall be glad to answer their inquiries; if they belong to any clubs or

organizations which would be interested in having one of the 'Quare Women' talk to them about our work this fall or winter, I shall be glad to know of it.

Sincerely yours,

LUCY FURMAN.

HINDMAN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL
HINDMAN, KNOTT COUNTY, KY.

* * *

Experienced readers of the *Atlantic* will mark the distinction between those interesting human vagaries often described by the adjective 'phony' and the philological achievement expressed by the generic noun 'Fono.' We are glad to print the following communication from its inventor, S. N. Stewart, C.E.

As am absnt minded frm old aj frgot to say:
If u akspt any of my artcl u r to publish it not
latr thn in ur Oct. isu becauz I uz it erly in Oct. as
an xrciz in Fono (my unvrsl languaj) whch isus
erly in Oct.

* * *

Harold Vinal wrote a poem for the February *Atlantic* in which the moonlight 'burned.' The controversy over that supernatural phenomenon still rages.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Quite probably there have been and will be other defenders of 'burning moonlight' against what is called a 'successful thrust' of a railroad man which you print in the August number. To my mind it is not a convincingly successful thrust — however, everyone to his own taste. For I have seen the moon smoulder — dropping behind the hills across the Hudson River on a hot July night, seen from a certain Quaker Bridge road which crosses the Croton River. And it has smouldered so hotly that it was with held breath that we awaited its burst into flame.

And surely the Erie R.R. man has known of the potency of white fire! Shelley would bear me out in this. For I have felt the fire of the moonlight 'topside' a coasting steamer in the China Sea, and a Burma moon could burn all common sense and practicality from a teacher of mathematics! As for the smoke that he mentions — I may leave that to other students of moonlight for refutation.

Very truly yours,

ELIZABETH L. VAN BRUNT.